

INSIDE  
RECORD

SEXMAKING ON TELEVISION

PART 1, 2, 3

ROBERT H. RIMMER

92 NARRAGANSETT RD

QUINCY, MASS 02169

Enjoy it...hate it...or change it!

## SEXMAKING ON TELEVISION

The final battle in the sex  
revolution that's taking place  
right now in the privacy of  
your and your neighbor's home.

By

Robert H. Rimmer

## Alternate Titles

### VIDEO SEX

The final battle in the sex  
revolution.

Or Another Alternate Title

BOB RIMMER RATES THE SEXVIDS



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### ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY...Approximately 100 Related Books

### ALL BEST SEXVIDS AND SOME OF THE WORST...Listing Featured Actors

Actresses, Directors/Producers and Annotated Comments, Based on  
New Rating System Described in Chapter 11

This book is dedicated to

DAVID FRIEDMAN

Chief Factotum of the Adult Film Association who was making adult films when most of the present actors, actresses and directors and producers were playing in their sandboxes—or playing doctor with each other

I also could not have written this book without the guidance of Al Goldstein and his newspaper SCREW--the sex newspaper of record since 1968

or without the <sup>specific</sup> help of

Richard Aldrich, <sup>Al Bloom</sup> Sidney Niekerk, Ron Sullivan, <sup>Jim Holaday</sup> Anne Perry, Ava. Leighton

and the following distributors who went all out and loaned me the video tapes which appear in the filmography and are discussed throughout the book.

Joseph Periano of Arrow Video  
Al Bloom of Caballero Control  
Fred Hirsch of Adult Video  
Jim Dolan of Blue Video  
Jerry Deming of Bizarre Productions  
David Clarke of Broadcast Quality  
Sidney Niekerk of Cal Vista  
David Goldin of Class X Video  
David Gussek and Michael Hannan of Astro  
Cecil Howard of Command Video  
Robert Sumner of Quality Video  
of Kenyon Video  
The Mitchell Brothers  
David Jennings of Love TV  
Paula Casey of Niles Cinema  
Bruce Swanger of Home Entertainment  
William Gluckman of Media Home Entertainment  
Sal Esposito of Scorpio  
Bud Schaeffer of Select Essex  
Alan Roberts of Selecta-a-Tape  
Dennis Kawicki of Super Sight & Sound  
David Friedman of TVX  
Arthur Morowitz of Video X Pix  
Andre of Vid-X-Home Library  
Merril Fine of Vid America  
Jack Gallagher and Jim Holaday of Wonderful World of Video  
Tom Sinopoli of Visual Entertainment  
Joseph Bardo of Xtra-Vision  
Marie Tobalina of Hifcoa  
Saul Saget of VCX  
<sup>CHUCK CUMMINGS OF VIDEO GEN</sup>

And the following publishers of the new "adult movie" fan magazines as well as some of the sex magazines who have hopped on the video sex bandwagon

|                 |          |         |              |
|-----------------|----------|---------|--------------|
| Adam Film World | Cinema X | Video X | Porn Stars   |
| Velvet          | Genesis  | Gallery | High Society |

## PART ONE

### Visual Sexmaking From Cave Drawings To Deep Throat

4      An expressive society would have need for  
neither pornography nor oppressive controls.  
Replacing them would be celebratory sexual  
art and expression: the phallic art of the  
Greeks, the promiscuity of Elizabethan England...  
We are beginning to understand the difference  
between masturbatory and celebratory sex.

Richard Schechner  
Pornography and the New Expression



~~PART TWO~~  
 CHAPTER ONE  
 THE COMING SEXVID EXPLOSION

On your television, you are arriving in Amsterdam. The camera is taking you across the canals to a vine covered mansion. Now, you are watching a woman squatting on a bidet. As she soaps herself, the camera explores her vulva, and it fills your television screen. A man with a metal hook for a hand crawls into the bathroom and kisses her feet. She hits him violently. And now you're watching another woman dressed in an exotic black lace gown. She hands a man a pair of scissors, and he slowly cuts her dress open exposing first one breast, and then another, after which he strokes her nipples with the closed scissors. She watches him with a lascivious expression on her face. Now, he is slitting her red panties, revealing her lush delta. She opens her legs wide to make her clitoris accessible to him, and you are watching him tongueing her crotch. Now, you are watching a man tying a woman with red ribbons. Lying naked on a couch, her legs are splayed. She's panting and sighing in total ecstasy. Now, he's plunging his penis into her open mouth, and then he's stabbing her between her legs with his engorged organ. Finally, he withdraws. Now, you are watching his gyzym spurting over her stomach while she ecstatically massages it into her flesh. And now you are watching the man with the metal hook exploring the vulva of a woman moaning ecstatically. And a few seconds later you are in an Amsterdam sex club. You are watching a writhing, naked woman tied to a wheel. The camera takes you to two lesbians rubbing their vulvas together, and now you are watching a man in his sixties lapping the anus of a young woman, and biting her buttocks. Now he ejaculates on her face, and she happily gives herself a sperm facial. And now you are looking up into the hairy vulva of a very pretty woman. A man is underneath her, kissing it. And now she is urinating on his face. Openmouthed, he is ecstatically drinking it. You are ~~only~~ half way through an hour and a half video tape of a movie called SENSATIONS, and you are watching it in the privacy of your own home.

If you're not laughing, you may be crying - or maybe you're just furious, not only at the person who is showing this movie to you on television, but the filthy pornographers who made it.

If you've ever watched an X rated movie and told everyone, "One is enough for me." - "After watching one, you've seen them all." - But nevertheless you are titillated enough to try again, hoping for a better portrayal of your fantasies, hopefully, you <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ smiling. But win or lose, if you <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ chuckling a little at such insanity, you have already chosen sides. You're against censorship. Well, maybe not all censorship. Certainly "kiddie porn". And you probably believe that non-consensual sex in video tape movies, or any other way should be outlawed. If you have young children, particularly young females in their early teens, you wouldn't want <sup>them</sup> ~~to be~~ <sup>to catch you</sup> ~~caught~~ watching this movie, ~~by them~~, and you probably most certainly wouldn't show it to them and share your thoughts with them.

And whether you're male or female, while you very definitely wouldn't want to be raped, and you are shocked when you see males displaying aggressive behavior <sup>or</sup> trying to dominate women, (but not so shocked in reverse <sup>when you see</sup> a woman dominating a man) - still, if psychiatrists are right, you probably have fantasized, <sup>at least</sup> occasionally, forced-sex with <sup>some</sup> a person of the other sex-who you are dominating or who is dominating you. But there's a difference. In your fantasies, you probably love the person you are dominating, and you hope that he/she loves you.

And if you are laughing, you probably wouldn't censor R rated movies like Straw Dogs, or Last Tango in Paris, because, watching someone else's rape on film, if it's not too descriptive or gory, has a certain kind of eroticism for you. But why you feel this way is probably an emotion you don't want to probe too deeply.

If you are crying, or just plain furious, you are either a feminist, a believer in a Jesus and a God who doesn't condone sexual

lust, ~~or~~ a member of Morality in Media, <sup>a contributor to Moral Majority</sup> or similiar organizations who are running national campaigns to convince you that there is no such thing as a victimless crime. Or, you may believe that pornographic movies degrade women, make them sex objects, and the vast, billion dollar flood of pornography is undermining the family structure.

If you are like me, you don't quite believe any of these things. When you watch these beautiful naked human bodies, male and female on your television, perhaps you're just a little sad because, only rarely, in the vast story telling, fairy-land of television and movies are our novelists and screen writers, the people who should be entertaining us, and occasionally revealing the truth about life to us - producing stories which are sexually optimistic - stories and pictures that exalt the wonder and joy of human sexuality. And, if you are like me, you're optimistic and you're grinning a little. Dick and Jane finally grew up and are writing books and making movies, but they still haven't learned to flush the toilet. They enjoy saving their own excrement (perhaps because it's part of themselves and they love it) - and now Dick and Jane are making adult movies. But you can't really be angry with them. They may be calling a spade a shovel, but they are hacking their way through a forest of sexual repressions, too. And if you're like me, you may believe you can show them the light - give them new directions, and teach them to pull the chain, at least occasionally. Because, like me, you believe that the final battle of the sex revolution, the battle of visual sex will be won by loving laughter and not censorship.

Whichever side you may be on, the battle lines are drawn. Whether you are a sexual yea sayer, or a nay sayer, during the last half of the 1980s, it's going to be increasingly difficult to stay out of the fray. Sex on video cassettes and video disks, for viewing in the



privacy of your own home is going to change the manners and mores of America more than any other country in the Western world. Home viewing of sex on television in the next decade is going to put us star years at variance with Islamic cultures and Communistic dictatorships.

The opening guns in the battle were fired several years ago. On December 15, 1979, the Wall Street Journal reported in a brief survey of the rapidly changing video scene: "Pornographic films usually cost more, but they appear to have half the video tape market." The Journal did not extrapolate what that means. But think about it - three million video cassette recorder players -VCRs - have been sold. They are now selling at the rate of 800,000 sets annually. The lowest prices - around \$600 for a VCR - are expected to drop rapidly, especially if video discs gradually invade the hard core sex market. To get the selling price of VCRs down, they soon will be offered in the area of \$250 without recording capacity. Like video discs, they will be able to play various entertainment, but not record it.

At the moment, you have a choice. You can be an observer to the battle reports which will be increasingly described in your magazines and newspapers, often with tongue licking puriency, or you can be a participator. The cost of participation, actually watching adult sex movies in your home is less expensive than you might think. You don't have to buy sexvids which cost \$75 to \$90 for the better ones. You can rent them. Magazines such as Video Review, or Home Video, have numerous advertisers who offer low-cost rental programs which include adult movies. Also many of the men's magazines carry advertisements of distributors who rent adult movies. Two of the main distributors of quality cassettes and home entertainment offer rental services also, and these companies, unlike some of the others who rent, actually

control the distribution of particular adult movies. If you can't afford to buy a VCR, the chances are good if you mention your interest to friends, you may be surprised to discover how many of them already own one - along with a couple of sexvids, too, that they would just love to share with you!

The inevitable triumph of home entertainment, either in the form of video discs, or VCRs, which you control yourself, was predicted by the president of RCA. In ~~late~~ 1979, he told RCA distributors by the late 1980<sup>s</sup> the total market for video discs and video players will exceed \$7 billion annually. If video tape players, which RCA offers, grows in proportion, by the end of this decade, Americans will be spending \$10 to \$15 billion a year for video entertainment on their television sets, and spending their time mostly watching only programs of their own choosing and within their own control.

Because the technology of video is changing so rapidly, I'm not going to make any attempt to compare the technical differences between the Sony Beta system or one of the many VHS systems, or compare the merits of the many VCRs on the market (all of which are manufactured in Japan). All you have to do to get acquainted with the video market is to subscribe to one of the new video magazines. They will not only tell you all the ifs and ands of the two major tape systems, which are incompatible with each other, but they will tell you about the RCA video disc system which uses a needle to play the discs and is incompatible with the Magnavox, the North American Philips system which use a laser beam as well as the recently announced General Electric system which is not compatible with any of the above. You will also find predictions in these various magazines that the only way a mass market video system can survive and capture public interest is to ~~do~~ build software volume with porno movies on video discs.

Otherwise, most <sup>for the first time</sup> ~~prohibitions~~ <sup>let it</sup> ~~see~~ that with the plethora of movies on cable and subscription television, home viewers have little incentive to buy a video disc system <sup>offer in the same form and</sup> which is unable <sup>to record</sup> off the television set.

A recent Time-Life study of video, estimated that, at the moment, the average VCR owner has four video tapes, ranging in cost between \$35 and \$90. If you merge these figures with the Journal's estimates that 50% of the tapes are sexvids (a more appropriate name than adult or X rated movies) -- then already more than two million sexvids have been sold at a price that averages about \$75 each. In a so-called "sting" operation in Los Angeles (March 15, 1980), the Los Angeles Times reported that "business records seized in the raids indicated that nine distributors (keep in mind there are many more distributors located in all the major cities) sold about \$185,000 sexually oriented video tapes in one month. The average videotape wholesales for about \$45.00, representing a monthly gross of at least \$5 million." My guess is this is only the tip of the iceberg. At retail the sexvid business is already a \$200 to \$300 million annual business and it's only in it's infancy.

While I think ultimately the major producers of sexvids will censor themselves to expand their market it is important to remember that on the dealer's shelf <sup>the actual tapes,</sup> and enroute to you via United Parcel (because sexvids are rarely mailed through the U. S. Postal system) -- for censorship reasons) -- they are sexless. By current censorship standards, unless we elect a new kind of president and Congress who knows what's good for us -- and we believe them -- I don't believe that sexvids can be censored under present community standard criterions. Actually if they have any effect on community standards it will be because the purchaser himself is flaunting them in his apartment or neighborhood and showing them to underaged children which when you stop to think of it is not only funny but rather unlikely. On the

other hand I am convinced that the story line quality of sexvids is deplorable and can be improved. The sane way to do it is by convincing the producers that new kinds of story lines that project healthy sex and laughter and sex wonder is the key to their profits and survival.

At the moment there are at least 3000 adult films available which run thirty minutes or longer and at least half of these have a running time of 1 hour to an hour and a half. Most of them have been transferred to tape from films that have been made over the past fifteen years. The filmography at the end of this book lists more than sixteen hundred of them. An additional four hundred are listed that I have actually watched. If you read the annotations on these four hundred you will not only get a liberal sex education in abnormal and deviation sex but you'll find that some of them actually portray normal sexual loving and caring relationships. In addition to producing adult films directly on film and transferring them to tapes later, many tapes are now being made directly with the video camera. This is a new development that I predict will become a big factor in the industry in the coming years as production techniques improve. Current production of adult films, not including direct totape sexvids, which are not produced for showing in adult theaters but are sold directly to the home audience is probably in excess of two hundred new full length films annually.

According to David Friedman, past President and leader of the Adult Film Association for many years: "There are approximately 780 X-rated theaters in the United States playing to approximately 2½ million patrons per week, equalling a box office gross of \$10 million weekly." Think about that. This is box office receipts of over a half billion dollars annually, and while the Adult theater owners

don't think so, in my opinion, Adult film theaters by their nature, and the censorship environment in which they operate, cannot increase their audiences. Nevertheless, at the moment, they are, in total, a very big business. It's important to understand that in the past ten years, adult theater audiences have been underwriting the production cost of sexvids. Both producers of the films and theater owners have been making good profit without any secondary-income sale from sexvids.

In his presentation to the stockholders of Video Corporation of America, a video tape rental company with facilities to transfer films to tape, George Gould, Chairman of the Company, who was not including sexvids in his projections, predicted that in 1979 most of the major film producers would begin limited video tape release to the VCR market. Gould projected that in 1980, modest budgets would be made to produce original movies for direct sale to VCR owners without prior theater showing. In 1981, he has predicted that with 5 million VCRs sold, release of Hollywood and foreign movies to VCRs would be ahead of their availability via cable or subscription television. By 1985, new movies would be released to VCR viewing immediately after first run theatrical production.

Reality is keeping pace with Gould's projections. Movies like "10", "The Four Seasons", "Nine to Five" and many others have been offered on tape for approximately \$60 to \$75, simultaneously, or within a few months after theater release.

You are watching Pretty Peaches. She's about twenty-five, with the saucy, loving face of a twelve year old who is aware of her budding sexuality, but who can stare at Daddy with saucer eyes, so innocently that it makes you want to hug her, but never, never violate her--or even have an erection if she should put her arms around you. You are watching her drive into a filling station, in a jeep, to buy gasoline. If you are a woman past forty, you won't identify with her--



she's just too sexy--but your man, of any age, will. If you are a younger woman, you might be able to match her obvious sexiness, but you probably don't dare. Watching her impudently ask for directions to the ladies room. You watch her sashay toward it as the camera concentrates on her tight, tight shorts which reveal the cleavage and lower curve of her buttocks. Now you are watching her as she miscalculates a curve in the road and is flung out of her jeep. She's lying unconscious on a grassy roadside. Two youngmen are surveying her helpless body. But she's breathing. They loosen her clothing and awefully feel her lovely breasts. One of them, unable to restrain himself, pulls out his penis and puts it in her lovely delta while she moans happily--but she's still unconscious. Now, you are watching Pretty Peaches entering a night club?--to search for someone who will restore her memory which has been lost in this accident. Suddenly, she's snatched through a sliding door by a Harpo Marx-like character, and she's in a men's room where he tells her that he is a doctor and convinces her that her memory will return. All she needs is a good enema. Now, you see Pretty Peaches with her lovely buttocks in the air being filled with gallons of water, which she groaningly ejects into the face of the doctor. You are half way through a sexvid, PRETTY PEACHES. If you are male, when it is finished, you may still love her. If you are female, she's a dangerous competitor!

If you project current purchases into the future, there will be at least twelve million owners of VCRs and six million owners of video disc players in the coming three or four years. Alan Hirschfield, Chairman of the Board of 20th Century Fox (reported in the Film Journal November, 1981) estimates that by 1986 there will be 20 million video cassette players and video players in consumer hands with up to one hundred million of them world wide. Based on current purchases, the owners will probably be purchasing at least ten million sexvids on cassettes or video discs annually. And this estimate may be improved substantially <sup>Keep in mind</sup> ~~because~~ explicit sex is something you can't see on cable television or pay TV, and millions of people, whether they will admit it <sup>physically</sup> or not, are interested in watching sex making on their television tubes. Inevitably, if the video disc player is going to achieve wide market acceptance (inflation and prices being a factor), all of the best sexvids which are now available on tape will be available on discs, in prices running \$25 or less per disc. When this happens, this will

force tape prices for adult films into the same area. Actually a few of the distributors are now pricing adult films, on which they probably have to pay no royalties or residuals to the actors and actresses, in the area of \$35. Keep in mind, video discs, unlike tapes can be manufactured as cheaply as phonograph records. Assuming a combined market of at least one sexvid per owner (disc or tape), I estimate that by 1985 more than 20 million sexvids will be sold annually. And that estimate may be low. If only a few of the proposals for "reforming" sex on regular network television become a reality, then a "frustrated viewer market" of 50 million units annually would be much closer. Based on an average price of \$25 for sexvids in 1985, despite inflation, the production and distribution of sexvids could be a multi-billion dollar industry and could represent the biggest segment of the video and film industry in America.

In an article which appeared in Panorama, July, 1980, titled Pornography Unleashed, Howard Polskin tries to anticipate the future. He points out that the largest collection of sex films in the world, 22,000 of them, is owned by the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. In late 1981, Ted McIlvenna, a Methodist minister, who runs the Institute, released five video tapes, the first of many more to come, using some of his film resources. They are called "The Sexual Pleasure Series". The individual cassettes sell for between \$39.50 and \$49.50 (see filmography) and all these tapes show sex making activity between average human beings who are not professional actors or actresses. Nevertheless, even the McIlvenna tapes are still not priced at a mass market level. But he assured this is coming.

Many people in the developing video disc industry do not believe that sexvids will be offered on discs, at least in the near future. William H. Fields, publisher of Video Disc News, in a letter to me

in July, 1980, believes "that hard core porno films will not be pressed on video discs in the near future. Only large, high technology companies can afford to build the manufacturing facilities needed to press discs, and they have decided not to associate their company images with porno films. When more companies are producing discs under licensing agreements, you will see it happen, but I think that's years away."

Argus Research Corporation in their report on the emerging video disc market feels that "Adult oriented discs are likely to be pressed by both RCA and MCA and marketed under independent labels. RCA's Executive Vice President, Herbert Schlosser, states in the Panorama article, "We won't license it. We won't distribute it. We won't press it, period." But M.C.A. Disco-Vision has already licensed Russell Meyer soft-core films which have previously been distributed in regular theaters, usually with an R-rating. John Reilly, President of Disco-Vision, hedges. "If it's an underground pornographic movie, we don't do it." But he admits he doesn't know what he means by underground.

In the Panorama article, the chief legal counsel for the Adult Film Association, Joseph Rhine, points out: "If some agreement were reached by disc pressers to exclude adult films from the disc market, it would violate anti-trust laws."

Straws in the wind that underground or not, sexvids will appear on video discs is an Investment Proposal offered by Dennis Sobin who publishes TAB REPORTS (see bibliography) and among many other activities operates the Red Light Museum in Washington, D.C. Sobin's proposal is dated November, 1980. It offered an investment opportunity in the world's first erotic video disc which will be a visual catalog of erotic art, sculpture, and books and films with a stereo soundtrack.

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Manufacturing costs of 1,000 discs would be \$15,000 (test run). Retail price of the Pioneer Laser Disc would be \$39.95. Profit potential was estimated at a minimum of \$13,000 with a maximum of over \$1,000,000, "If demand calls for re-pressing the disc as anticipated."

I think Al Goldstein's prediction (in Screw) of the video future is closer to reality. "If I owned a porno theater, I'd be investing in parking lots. In fifteen years, porno theaters will be dead." But Dave Friedman, one of the producers and distributors of sexvids, has other worries. He fears: "The day a video cassette or video disc of Deep Throat is sold without an eyebrow being raised is the day our business will wither on the vine. But Dave under estimates men (and women's) pre-occupation with their own sexuality. Playboy and Penthouse have survived for years with basically the same naked women. Of course, with millions of discs and cassettes being purchased for home viewing, there will be millions of other nay-sayers. Upright citizens who will try to prevent sex making (healthy or unhealthy) from appearing on network or cable television. But they will lose the battle. Tomorrow's children will grow up, not only seeing human beings naturally naked when it's convenient to be naked, but making love together in every imaginable way, and they will see it in the privacy of their own homes and probably in many cases view the sexvids with their parents.

If you have read any, or all of my eleven novels you may wonder why I am laughing, or why I have written a book about video sex, and porno (a totally inadequate word) movies. In my novels, I have attempted (often to the total exasperation of my editors and critics) to depict human sexuality not only as a joyous, laughing, blending of human flesh, but as the ultimate path to an awareness of the I-am-Thou experience which identifies each of us with the ultimate mysteries

of life and death. After food and shelter, I have re-iterated, over and over again, that our sexual drives are the life-long motivation and reason for our achievements both as individual persons and as members of civilized societies. Unlike Freud, who in Civilization and its Discontents attributes human progress to repressed sexuality, I believe that our cultural and technical miracles are a direct reflection of un-repressed human sexuality. My hero is a Picasso, painting erotic pictures when he was ninety and excoriating in his fifties the war in Spain with his famous painting Guernica.

In contrast, most sexvids don't celebrate human sexuality, they seem to degrade it. Women are not only sex objects, but the men who screw them don't seem able to carry on much more than a two-syllable conversation. Sex is not loving or caring. It's a boring piston and pump arrangement of two robots with the male stabbing his penis endlessly into a complacent vagina. Worse, in sexvids, sex is often sick, kinky-sex that is often balancing on the edge of violence. You may even go further and tell me that sex is over-rated anyway. You might suggest that I read a book titled The New Celibacy, by Gabrielle Brown, which offers evidence 'that the fever for uninhibited orgasmic pleasures which began raging in the 1960s is cooling down... growing numbers of people in their twenties and older are now opting for sexual abstinence, even in marriage.'

But I won't agree with you. In fact, if you finish this book, I may convert you. Remember, I'm a Pollyanna - a Doctor Cunegonde! I believe that in America, and in many Western countries, we are on the verge on the next great leap forward in interpersonal relationships. Millions of men and women are discovering a new loving understanding of their sexual, and interpersonal needs and behaviors. They're learning that a combination of mental openness, and verbal defense-



lessness, combined with a laughing, caring acceptance of each other, both as potential and actual - totally erotic sexual creatures - for an entire lifetime - is the only way to live a fulfilling, self-actualizing life.

Living your life as a laughing, fully sexual person can transform you! It will not only increase your longevity, but it will make you handsome and beautiful when you are eighty or ninety, and it will keep you out of senior citizen centers or nursing homes. And you'll never grow so old that you wonder why you lived so long. You will know! You are alive at eighty or ninety or one hundred to love - and be loved. So, the reason that I am writing this book is that I believe that the Sexvid explosion which often degrades human sexuality will eventually set the stage for a new kind of visual sex that is just as explicit as any of the current sexvid offerings but instead exalts human sexuality and dares to deal with it in a mass media for the first time as the most amazing facet of our existence as human beings. Eventually, in the process, a frank uncensored recognition of our sexuality could lay the groundwork to transform our families, our religions and even our society. How? Simply by utilizing this great new technical wonder, the VCR and the VCR camera and video disc and using them as a launching platform, to create a new kind of sexvid software that would make laughing, uninhibited sexuality a fully realized ingredient of our lives.

Before that can happen you have to believe that words like laughing, wondering, joyous and playing are the sine qua non of healthy human sexuality and loving. Many animals, birds, fish, insects give the impression that they enjoy playful sex, and in some species there is evidence of a caring relationship, at least during the time the female is gestating and raising her young. But only humans are both the product of their sexual drives and have the potential to evaluate them. We can think about our sexual necessities, wonder about our

need to give love and sex and receive it, and we can both objectify and subjectify our sex needs in hundreds of ways from caring to laughing to lusting, in self-created erotic environments. We may be descended from monkeys but no monkey and no animals can do that.

Sadly, while we all have this ability, millions of people are so hung up on their parental and/or religious conditionings that they are shocked by sexual laughter or any display of exuberant sexuality. From an early age, millions of us grew up in homes with locked bedrooms and bathrooms. Most of us never saw our parents naked, or just in bed hugging each other, let alone actually making love. Millions of us, even in two children families, never saw our siblings naked. We grew up in environments where bodily functions were not discussed and were taken care of in total privacy.

In many respects, as I will try to prove to you, in the course of this book, our sexual behaviour in the 1980s really only reflects a superficial sex revolution. Nakedness and human sexuality, for most American, is still not quite nice--and for many it is even sinful, and they are unable to cope with the reality that an erect penis and a moist vagina is a joyful fact of human existence.

A doctor friend of mine, who is a general practitioner, and hence often functions as a sex counsellor, tells me that even today many of his patients, married couples, never have seen each other naked. Millions of women still go to bed wearing bras and panties, or are huddled under shapeless night gowns, and their male companions join them in bed wearing pagamas or shorts, and if they make genital contact under the covers, you may be sure that the lights are turned off.

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## A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE WAR OF WORDS

You are in San Francisco. Snowy is a maid in a nineteenth century mansion. Her beautiful, but evil step-mother is looking into a mirror and asking "Who is the fairest of them all?". Only a few years older than Snowy, who it is now apparent is a modern day Snow White, Mrs. Weatherly, is reassured by her mirror. Now, you are watching her and the butler in bed. After an interminable session of kissing and sucking each other's genitals, Mrs. Weatherly mounts him and is rocking his penis inside her lustfully. You are watching him ejaculate on her face, and then in a quieter but nasty mood she tells him that she wants him to seduce Snowy, abuse her sexually and corrupt her. And you know it isn't going to be difficult because you are now watching Snowy pause from her dusting. She's playing with herself having an orgasm with the handle of the feather duster. Later you are watching the butler confront her as she cleans the bathroom.. He slowly removes her clothing and they make love erotically. If you're female, perhaps you will feel some identification with this man and woman who suddenly out of context to the silly plot, have become lovers. Now they are enjoying a naked sex, love ballet which later continues to sex making on a deserted beach where, playing in the sun and wind and water, they literally adore each other's body. Like twenty year old kids, they are splashing in the water, building sand castles on the beach. You can see the outline of Snowy's breasts through her water soaked dress and now he's undressing her again. And they are making love on the water's edge with the waves splashing gently over their bodies. Amazingly, (it rarely happens in sexvids), he tells her that he loves her, and he is being paid by her stepmother to seduce and corrupt her. Now, you are watching Mrs. Weatherly dancing naked around a huge simulated, three-foot phallus and she is evilly carressing and lapping this huge plastic prick. You are half way through a sexvid SEVEN INTO SNOWY. If you watch it to the end you will see Snowy corrupted by her evil stepmother in various orgies in which at least seven men penetrate her. And finally, Fedora Weatherly --yes-- that's her name, is dead and Snowy is a more lascivious Sex Queen than her stepmother was.

It's not my intention to write a history of the long battle and final victory in the war of sexual words, or the continuing battle over visual sex. But understanding, historically, how we got where we are is necessary to put the coming sexvid explosion into perspective. Hopefully, in the 1980s, most people do not want to return to a sexually censored past. In retrospect we should be laughing, or at least

gently smiling, at the long battle against sexual words--really a tempest in a teapot.

The American battle lasted nearly 100 years, and began when Congress in 1873 passed laws designed to suppress obscenity. Nearly 100 years earlier, in the seventeen hundreds, while such books as The Memoirs of a Lady of Pleasure (Fanny Hill which was written in 1749 by John Cleland) were available in England and France. Most of this literature had not been printed in the United States. Actually, commercialization of human sexuality didn't begin until the 17th century. The reason is obvious, of course. Printing had only been invented three hundred years earlier, and only by the 17th century were people generally literate enough to read sexual words. Exploiting sex through the medium of sculpture, or painting limited this to a very small and upper-class market.

But the American obscenity laws, instigated by Anthony Comstock, weren't designed just to suppress sexual literature, or art like September Morn, Comstock wanted to stop such nonsense as John Humphrey Noyes' belief that human sexuality had an amative function (non-ejaculatory sex with friends) and a propagative function (sex with friends with the purpose of having children) and to force Margaret Sanger and her cohorts to cease and desist flooding the mails with literature to teach women how to avoid pregnancy or how to plan their families.

The Comstock laws controlled American sexual impulses in print and in art for sixty years. They finally suffered their major defeat in 1933 when Judge John Woolsey ruled that the descriptive sex in the last section of James Joyce's Ulysses (Molly Bloom jerking her husband off in her handkerchief on their honeymoon in Gibraltar, among other things) was written in the framework of great literature and wasn't obscene. But his ruling didn't save Samuel Roth. Twenty-four years later, in 1937, Roth was convicted and sent to jail for distributing

books like Lady Chatterly's Lover, in which the game keeper on a large English estate makes love to Constance Chatterly and in the process uses words like cunt and fuck in a very loving way.

If Norman Mailer had dared to use the word fuck in the Naked and The Dead, in 1946, instead of the expletive "fugg", he and his publisher probably would have been arrested too. But five years later, James Jones in From Here To Eternity used all the four letter words and they were partially responsible for making his book a best seller.

Samuel Roth had previously been convicted in 1936. He served three years in the penitentiary for distributing The Perfumed Garden, and The Life and Loves of Frank Harris (Harris was really a romantic old crock who someone should use as a hero, and protagonist? of a super sexvid) and then after serving his time, Roth was convicted again, not just for the scatological contents of books like Aubrey Beardsley's Venus and Tannhauser, but for pandering to the public. Pandering was to raise it's head later. Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the



hardcover magazine Eros, (which by today's standards would seem Puritanical) went to prison in 1966, not so much for the contents of the magazine but for pandering. What is pandering? Basically, it's a Christian revulsion at capitalists who would encourage human lust by sexually exciting and tempting people to buy their products - of course, this does not include automobiles, or <sup>alcohol or cigarettes and other</sup> ~~other~~ products which are continuously given sexual images to attract American purchasers.

Ralph Ginzburg's conviction for mailing hundreds of thousands of erotically written advertising pieces from such places as Intercourse, Pennsylvania (as one example) was a backhanded way of entrapment. Not much different really from finally getting Al Capone on income tax evasion when no one could stop him from his major crimes of Mafia mayhem.

If you want an easy reading summary of <sup>the</sup> various battles and the final victory in the verbal war, read Thy Neighbor's Wife. Among other things, ~~in this book~~ Gay Talese not only gives a brief biography of John Humphrey Noyes and his battle over words and ideas which Noyes expressed in Male Continence, but Talese details Hugh Hefner's war against visual sex censorship and the experiences of many unfortunate rebels like Samuel Rotn, and Ralph Ginzburg, and William Hamling, ~~who~~ went to jail for publishing an illustrated edition of the Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography Report.

The final battle in the war of words was really won on July 21, 1959, but it is ironic that in later interpretations of the same Supreme Court decisions on pornography and obscenity that sent <sup>Roth +</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>Ginzburg</sup> ~~men~~ to prison, the groundwork was laid for the final victory in the battle of words. In 1873, President Ulysses S. Grant appointed Anthony Comstock an unsalaried agent of the Post Office and <sup>he</sup> gave him the right to open any letter, book, pamphlet, or package passing

through the mails; ~~and~~ In addition Comstock had the power to decide what was lewd, indecent or obscene. Eighty-six years later, Judge Frederick Van Pelt Brown, who was fifty-five at the time, and as a result of his decision received hundreds of angry letters reviling him as a dirty old man, ruled, in a thirty page decision, that neither Postmaster Arthur E. Summerfield, nor any other postmaster, was qualified to, or authorized to judge obscenity.

The decision, instigated by Barney Rosset, publisher and owner of Grove Press, not only freed Lady Chatterly's Lover, but paved the way for publication of Henry Miller's sexually descriptive novels beginning with The Tropic of Cancer, which a Pennsylvania Supreme Court judge ~~had~~ described not as a book "but a cesspool, an open sewer in a pit of putrefaction, a slimy gathering of all that is rotten in the debris of human depravity."

The dam of sexual words and sexual descriptions overflowing in the minds of repressed authors had finally been broken. No one was more startled than Henry Miller, ~~who~~ <sup>A</sup> few years before his death in June, 1980, <sup>he</sup> was asked if he was bothered that he would be remembered as a writer of dirty books. Miller replied: "It doesn't disturb my sleep, but it irks me to think that is all they have found in the great body of work that I have done. I don't consider myself as having written pornography. I wrote obscenity. Obscenity is pure. Pornography is impure. It's a caricature of the real thing."

Are you smiling? The battle of sexual words had <sup>been</sup> reduced to defining pornography and obscenity, which we will consider later. And <sup>also</sup> try to answer the question, can sexvids that incorporate "good sex" be considered pornographic? Which will lead us, still laughing, I hope, to answering "What is good sex?"

But the fascinating reality is that twenty years later, anyone ~~one~~,

including teenagers or younger, can purchase novels at the corner drug store or supermarket <sup>which have</sup> ~~with~~ every written description of human sexuality imaginable, and some <sup>sexual descriptions which the novel is</sup> ~~what~~ appears in ~~the~~ best selling authors like Judith Krantz, and Harold Robbins, <sup>that</sup> go beyond imagination.

Some forty years ago, when I was a young rebel at Harvard Business School, thoroughly bored by my peers, who were committing all their daytime waking hours, and not sleeping much at night, to fulfill requirements of a course called Business Statistics (we were predicting gasoline consumption for the United States for the next fifty years at a time when the Middle East was still a sandy desert and the Arabs were enjoying the 13th century) I discovered a Harvard Square book seller who admitted to me: ~~that~~ "Yes, I can get you a copy of Tropic of Cancer by Henry Miller. It's an edition printed in Mexico." He was sure that I couldn't pay his twenty dollar asking price. Twenty dollars? Those were the days when a one ounce Hershey bar still cost a nickel (today's price 25¢). Somehow, after scrimping for nearly a month, I managed it. In 1941, I was the owner of the only pornographic novel that had crossed Soldier's Field Bridge into the monastery of "B" School. If I had been smart, I could have paid my tuition renting it to avid readers. As it was, I spent hours keeping track of who had loaned it to whom, after I had made the mistake of letting it out of my possession. <sup>For</sup> American businessmen, <sup>was</sup> then, and <sup>now</sup> now, ~~were~~ continuously thinking of sex as a very necessary bottom line phenomena.

Fifteen years later, still living in a very prudish world, and having survived World War II in India and China as a Finance Officer, I had not only discovered that Anglo-Indian women, although they were rejected by their severely ethnic parents, were among <sup>the most</sup> ~~those~~ beautiful women in the world (the good Lord must be pleased when men and women

of different races go to bed together, but I had also discovered many Indian sex manuals--including line-drawing, illustrated versions of the Kamasutra, which I brought back from India, along with photographs of the bas-reliefs of the Sun Temple at Konarak: and I was amazed by the thousands of sexual sculptures which had been carved by people who lived six hundred years ago, and who very definitely believed that loving, laughing, joyful, spiritual sex was the highest priority of daily existence. Six hundred years ago! That was the 13th century. In Europe, it has been called the Middle Ages. A thousand year span, during which the Christians tried to convince their millions of followers that sex and the devil were synonymous!

And then the war was over and I was back in Quincy, Massachusetts, a very sedate shipbuilding city, and I was working in a family printing business, and writing my first novel, which extolled the then undiscovered Eastern religions, and Tantric sex, the "left hand path to God" which in contrast to other Indian yoga disciplines insisted that the way to salvation for this time in the life of man was via the five Makaras: Madya, liquor; Mansa, flesh; Matsya, fish; Madura, corn; Maithuna; sexual intercourse. In essence, Indian theology believed that wine, women, and song were also a legitimate way to Nirvana!

Later, at Bowdoin College, now thirty years old, Erma and I were invited to chaperone a Bowdoin house party, scenes from which I would later incorporate in The Harrad Experiment. Instead of paying much attention to what was going on in the "whoopie rooms" as they were called in those days; in the basement of the fraternity, I discovered The Perfumed Garden, a famous bit of Persian erotica by Saad al Mafzawi, in one of the fraternity brother's rooms. And even more important, that it had been published by Maurice Girodias

of Olympia Press in Paris. The time was 1955. Within a month, I was importing not only all of Henry Miller's books, and D.H. Lawrence's, but seven volumes of The Life and Loves of Frank Harris, Memoirs of a



Lady of Pleasure, My Secret Life (eleven volumes), Justine, Juliette, and the Bedroom Philosophers, by Marquis de Sade, as well as current sexual literature such as, Lolita, by Valdimir Nabakov, The Story of O, and many contempory productions which Girodias had commissioned especially for production by Olympia Press. In the following six years, for the first time in my life, and I'm sure that it's true of many writers of the time, I read descriptions of human sexual activity that previously could only be read in Krafft Ebbing or Havelock Ellis, where they ~~were~~ <sup>had been</sup> carefully translated into Latin and for doctors only. I even shared my bonanza with my doctor friend who was pretty naive, too, and he couldn't wait for the next package Air Mailed from France, with Agnes Rimmer's - a fictitious relative living in Paris - return address.

It was a game of chance, and someone named Irving Fishman, who worked for the Treasury Department, Bureau of Customs was playing against me. Every third or fourth shipment would fall into his hands and he'd send me a form letter. Here's a typical one dated April 16, 1957:

Sir: You are advised that a small package addressed to you from France, found to contain the following listed merchandise, has been seized as in violation of the provisions of Section 305 of the Tariff Act of 1930.

Books, Black Spring and Quiet Days in Clichy by Henry Miller.

Section 305, above referred to, deals with the prohibition from importation into the United States of obscene, immoral articles. There is enclosed, herewith an assent to the forfeiture for the above described merchandise. If you desire, you may sign this form and mark it for the attention of the undersigned in which case the prohibited merchandise will be disposed of in accordance with existing law and regulation.

I protested my rights under the First Amendment but received no answer. Amusingly, a few months ago, I discovered from a retired

police detective in Quincy that the FBI had arrived and conferred with local police as to whether I should be investigated more fully, especially because, in addition, I was subscribing to the Peking Review, (Air Mailed to me from China long before Richard Nixon decided we should be friends with the Chinese) as well as the Moscow News, both of which are printed in English and won't make you Communist, but will give you a barrage of <sup>equally nasty</sup> political words <sup>from</sup> ~~on~~ the other side of the fence. ♣

Fishman wouldn't listen to me when I told him that I really wasn't a sex maniac, or totally depraved. ~~Anyway~~ <sup>And</sup> he didn't appreciate it when I accused him, by letter, of building his own personal pornographic library at my expense. I told Erma, who was a bit nervous: "Don't worry, I got <sup>the</sup> Henry Miller <sup>books</sup> on another shipment that Fishman missed. ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> If I should die tomorrow, the Olympia Press books are worth more than my entire library, <sup>— A few thousand books</sup> ~~which~~ I had put together in bits and pieces, in those days, for 25¢ or 50¢ a volume."

Barney Rosset didn't know it, but he and Marvin Miller, whose Supreme Court case added "Community standards" to the mulligan stew of censorship, destroyed the entire ~~value~~ of my and Irving Fishman's library. Seven years later, in 1960, the battle of sex words had been so completely won that anyone could buy Henry Miller's book at the corner store, and most large paperback stores in every city in the United States could supply all the books and many more that I had imported, in cheap paperback editions from Olympia Press.

In addition, by this time the austere New York Times was hailing The Story of O, which was finally published in this country in the 1960s as great literature, and even in June of 1980, tacitly admitting that art and pornography can be bedfellows, reviewed Alberto Moravia's new book Time of Desecration with high praise, as follows: "Most of

the plot can be summarized by a catalogue of what, in a simpler era than ours, used to be called unnatural acts. Desideria, (the heroine) while still preserving a technical virginity, participates in, toys with, or at least witnesses sex-a-trois, lesbianism, incest, anal intercourse, oral intercourse, masturbation, voyeurism, exhibitionism, sado masochism, and prostitution. In several memorable instances, genitalia end up smeared with excrement, vomit, or blood...'

Thus, in 1980, a world famous novelist exceeds the deviational sex, and community standards of most sexvids and is praised by the good, grey New York Times. Amusingly, the Italian police have tried to censor Moravia's book, but probably not for sex, because, again, in the words of the reviewer: "Sex has symbolic action", <sup>(in Moravia's book)</sup> Sex as the arena of virtually solipistic fantasy becomes an eerily appropriate model for the "expressive politics that constitutes the terrorism in our time."

The battle of sex in words has not only been won, but sex in written descriptions become art if they <sup>the words are</sup> ~~are~~ symbolic of something else. <sup>obviously</sup> ~~Unfortunately~~, we still don't live in a world where healthy, nappy human sexuality doesn't have to apologize for itself.

## WHO ARE THE SEXUALLY SOPHISTICATED?

You are walking, and then driving, through the streets of San Francisco with Johnny Wadd. Now you are watching a stripper in a night club on the Gold Coast revealing herself totally to the audience, and particularly to Johnny, as she does a very erotic strip dance. The camera moves to Johnny Wadd's office, identifying him as a detective, and an attractive woman, who will be his co-investigator to stop a cocaine shipment due to arrive in the city momentarily, asks for his identification. Johnny coolly pulls down his zipper and shows her his magnificent unerected ~~penis~~<sup>twelve</sup> inch long penis. Now you are watching his tongue slowly tasting, ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> circling and sucking her nipple and then, as he is exploring her shaved delta with his tongue, she sighs; "Oh, Johnny, oh Johnny, fuck me! Fuck me!" And now you are watching her face intercut with his penis plunging into her vagina endlessly. If you are a woman, perhaps you are enjoying, emphatically, Johnny's tremendous staying power, but you may get angry when he ejaculates on her breasts. Now the scene shifts, and you are watching Wanda, another naked woman, tantalizing ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> handcuffed FBI agent, and you are watching her give him an overdose of heroine that ~~will~~<sup>will</sup> kill him, ~~and~~<sup>and</sup> while he is dying, she sucks, and kisses his penis and caresses his testicles. You are half way through one in a series of Johnny Wadd, ~~Detective~~, sexvids called LIQUID LIPS.

In 1456, after five years of labor, Gutenberg produced the first Bible from movable type. It was one of the first examples of printing in the world. Prior to that time, for more than one thousand years after the Sumerians had developed a written alphabet, the written word could only be immortalized <sup>in clay or</sup> ~~on~~ stone, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ much later, <sup>could words be</sup> circulated in hand written copies, produced by copyists and monks. But it really didn't matter. Only a few monks and priests could read the written words, anyway.

Boccaccio wrote his Decameron in 1353, but it wasn't published (hand copied in all probability) until 1419; and Chaucer completed his Canterbury Tales in 1400. Chaucer, <sup>was</sup> presumably inspired by the Decameron, and possibly The Thousand and One Nights, though no one knows how he managed to obtain copies of them in England.

In our world of daily Future Shock, it's important to keep

in mind that the commercialization of sex via the written word began less than three hundred years ago. Actually, prior to 1640, historical records exist on only about 26,000 books that were published during the first two hundred years after the invention of printing. Contrast that with about forty thousand new books published each year in the United States. Not until the 1700s, when the writings of Boccaccio and Chaucer were available in print, in various languages, and when contemporary writers like John Cleland were beginning to write bawdy stories, could sexual ideas and fantasies be communicated by words to large audiences. Even then, only a small portion of the European and American population could read. Not that humans weren't totally involved with their sexuality, but other than songs (of which there were many with joyously sexy and bawdy lyrics) and stage presentations of pre-Elizabethan playwrights and Shakespeare, with directors who had to depend on males to play the female roles--comparisons, in words or pictures, of one's sexuality and sexual drives with another person's were limited. All that was available to the masses was the spoken word. And, of course, only a relatively few people, probably mostly males, witnessed plays at places like the Globe Theater in London during the 16th century.

Those who could read were becoming more sexually sophisticated, but they were relatively few in numbers and mostly were upper income class males. In those days, books were a luxury, and women, who were still second class citizens, couldn't read. Even today, what remains of the battle over sexual words, and the continuing battle of visual sex, is being fought between a very small portion of the people living on this planet.

Before we try to discover who these sexually sophisticated people are, let me define the words. You are sexually sophisticated if you enjoy human nudity, your own or others. Though you have probably

not seen many, or any live people sex-making, you would enjoy watching a man and woman making love within your own personal, pre-defined limits. You have read many descriptions and seen many still, and moving, pictures of men and woman in the sex act with detailed closeups of their genitals. Your specific reaction is not important but you are not shocked by these pictures. About the only thing that does shock you is rape, sexual violence and children and sex. But at what age children--especially girls--cease being children (menarche is now approximately at twelve and a half years) is a bit confusing to you, if you are male. You would keep hands off a fifteen year old girl, but you might, if you're past thirty wonder what it would be like to make love to a teenager again especially a breathless, not quite innocent one who adores you. You probably have read Valdimir Nabokov's Lolita with considerable amusement.

You believe that sexual words and descriptions of others engaging in sex broaden's ones horizon and give both men and women an opportunity for comparison. In all probability you enjoy oral sex. You may or may not have had an extra marital experience (recent statistics indicate that the percentage of both married men and women who have is now close to fifty percent). If you haven't, you would consider it. And, of course, you may have had more than one sex partner in your life, because the average length for monogamous marriage in the United States is about seven years. Basically, if these general approaches to life and loving correspond with your own, you are probably not only more sexually sophisticated than most of your friends, and many of your relatives, but you are among a very small percentage of the Earth's population who are.

Please note that in the following generalizations I have not identified swingers in the category of the sexually sophisticated.

Not because they aren't, but rather because the estimates of 5 million Americans engaging in social sex (spouse exchange with other married couples or single) would mean that they represent about one half of the following estimate of those who are sexually sophisticated. Moreover, the truth is that leading alternate life styles is not a criterion of sexual sophistication. My experience with many people in the human potential movement, who have been involved in sexual relationships with more than one partner is that they are often as shocked by visual portrayal of sex, especially sexvids, as rather "straight" monogamous couples.

So, let's try to estimate how many sexually sophisticated people there are in the world. This is important because the continuing visual sex revolution, just like the previous war of words, will be battled out between a very small portion of the worlds population. The battle lines are drawn. The nay-sayers are those who are afraid of new ideas, new approaches to living. They are afraid of change. They believe that there are things that God does not want us to know or experience and that man is continuously tempted by thousands of Devils.

Today, there are approximately four and a half billion people on earth. Predictions are that by the middle of the 21st century there will be six billion of us struggling together to survive. According to the World Bank, which is in business to try and lift undeveloped countries by their bootstraps into the 20th century, nearly one billion human alive today are close to starvation. Obviously, if you are hungry, neither sex words nor pictures will have much meaning in your erotic life. Amazingly, you still may seek surcease from sorrow in whatever remains of the joys of flesh. If the population of India is any criteria, hunger doesn't weaken the sex drive for millions of males.

The next question is: how many of the remaining three and a half billion people alive today can read? Probably less than half. Walter Cronkite recently reported that half of all of Americans have never read a book. The inability of Americans to read is so serious that officials in the Pentagon are increasingly worried about the caliber of the American Army. A very large percentage of the volunteer soldiers can't read at all, and hence can't learn how to operate sophisticated military equipment. Awareness of the world may be increasing, but not through understanding via words. <sup>A But</sup> Right now, we are living through a "seeing" revolution which began in the 1950s with the widespread sale of television. The U.S. Office of Education reports that the average first grader has watched television for six thousand hours before entering school. That means that a youngster has spent one year of his first six years of life watching the tube.

During the past thirty years, more books and magazines and newspapers have been sold <sup>than ever before</sup> ~~in the past~~, but percentage wise, fewer people are reading. Whether the ability to read matters or not, or whether Americans, who are spending a third of their waking hours watching television, are really learning anything; or whether in the future only a small portion of the population will be able to understand and cope with their machines will be a continuing social problem of the 21st century. But one thing is predictable, watching television in the next ten years, human beings are going to learn more about themselves as sexual creatures than all the people on Earth who could read ever did. Whether this knowledge and growing sexual <sup>so-</sup> ~~sex-~~ sophistication will be for better or worse will depend on whether we can consciously create a demand for healthier, more honest, more loving depictions of human sexuality - particularly in our movies and in sexvids. In the process, we must challenge centuries of



religiously induced sexual fear.

To dare to do this, millions of Americans must face reality. Our interpersonal and sexual lives have always been subtly manipulated by the writers of books, plays, movies, drama, advertising copy, and even reporters of the daily news. While written words have gradually created a few sexually sophisticated people in the past, words don't compare with the power of pictures, especially moving pictures which insinuate themselves into one's mind and are a thousand times more effective in manipulating people than any written or spoken word. Only recently, a relatively small number of Iranian students proved this by massing in front of network television cameras and giving Americans the impression that the entire Iranian population was up in arms against us.

Despite the coming visual sex revolution, most of the sexually sophisticated people in the world today are readers. To find out who they are, we must extrapolate largely from the known readers of the written word. Despite the impression given by New York publishers that everyone is reading the current best sellers, which are usually a blend of sex with religion, or sex with success in business, (sex=cess?), or sex among the rich, the total sale of a top best seller via hardcover <sup>and</sup> ~~or~~ paperback, seldom exceeds four million copies. In any one year, there are only a handful of these million copy sellers. The most popular sex manual ever produced, Alex Comfort's The Joy of Sex has sold about four million copies since publication in 19 . Despite the furor over Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer, and many readers believed that Miller opened the floodgates of sex in literature, according to Grove Press, Miller's publisher, only three million copies have been sold both in hardcover and in paperback.

You are arriving at Sex World on a chartered bus. The

club's social director is informing the passengers, whom you have met previously in various aspects of their sex lives, that for the next three days and nights their every sexual fantasy will be fulfilled. "We offer you everything and anything from bondage to water sports, frottage, masturbation, group sex, oral sex, even incest. Your partner in Sex World will be whomever you want her/him to be. We are not here to judge you. We are here to pamper you." Now, you are watching a white<sup>man</sup> with racist feelings capitulating to an aggressive black woman. Then you are watching two women undressing each other, making love and inviting you to join them as they both lave your penis with their tongues and take turns ~~in~~ sucking it. You are watching a woman experiencing a lovely slow motion sexual dance with the girl next door. And now you are watching another woman indulging her fantasies and demanding "a man with a huge gorgeous cock, and big balls who will talk dirty to me." And you see her husband, watching him slap her silly and you discover <sup>she</sup> she now ~~has her~~ <sup>is</sup> her dream ~~is~~ a macho man who doesn't call her "Momma" when he screws her. You are half way through a video tape called **SEX WORLD**.

Magazines like Playboy and Penthouse, which built their circulation, not on the excellence on the reading material they provide, but visual sex, have a circulation of four to five million copies. Probably about 50% of these are crossover readers. When it comes to the very sexily sophisticated magazines like Hustler, and Forum (circulation of about one million each), or Screw, circulation one hundred thousand, or Select, the <sup>2</sup>largest of the swingers magazines, circulation one hundred and thirty thousand, it's obvious that super

sexual sophistication either has a diminishing audience or local censorship keeps it in line.

Probably a combination of censorship via local ordinance, <sup>combined with</sup> vocal religious prohibitions induced by churches and synagogues which equate human sexuality with sin <sup>plus</sup> ~~and~~ a wide-spread inability to enjoy reading (because most people are slow readers) coupled with the high cost of sexual books, particularly those with drawings or full color illustrations, has prevented millions of people from becoming sexually sophisticated. The Joy of Sex in paperback which is fully illustrated with line drawings is <sup>presumably</sup> ~~probably~~ affordable in most low income budgets but millions of potential purchasers probably have never seen it because they never visit a book store. The very sexually sophisticated Forum magazine with an annual subscription price of \$12 has been unable to expand it's circulation beyond a million copies. ~~and~~ When it comes to the men's magazines or a weekly sex newspaper like Screw, only upper income people can afford the nearly thirty to fifty dollar annual subscription cost.

~~but~~ In the visual area of cinema and television the sexually sophisticated population increases substantially. Nevertheless, the audience for X-rated films which is supposed to be in the area of ten million people weekly obviously pushes the limit. Nationally promoted, big budget X-rated pictures like Midnight Cowboy, Last Tango In Paris, Caligula, and The Canterbury Tales may double this audience, but they <sup>attract</sup> ~~attract~~ a sporadic group of <sup>the sexually conscious</sup> ~~viewers~~ who are titillated by big advertising budgets. Interestingly, when it comes to movies like the R-rated Saturday Night Fever and Animal House which combines sex with a Chaucerian kind of bawdiness in environments which the less sexually sophisticated can easily adjust to, and because the humor is essentially sexually derisive, the audience

tripled to sixty and seventy million people.

In all probability, the sexually sophisticated in the 1980s certainly don't exceed 10 million people in America and less than five percent of the people alive on this Earth. In the United States with a population of 220 million people of which about 140 million are over sixteen, this is less than 14%. A good generalization would be that less than one in ten adults in America are sexually sophisticated. Interestingly, this is proved by the fact that the history of sexual relationships does not really reveal much sexual progress. As I will try to show you, in the next few pages, since about 1000 B.C. in the Bronze Age when our ancestors learned to scratch their sexual emotions on the walls of caves, sexual sophistication - the ability to fully accept each other and most aspects of human sexuality as a normal part of life has steadily declined as a percentage of the population. If you don't think so, refer to the Christian Bible <sup>and</sup> particularly the Old Testament. <sup>9</sup> But today, three thousand years later, really very little time in the history of man, ~~the~~ visual sexual images will increasingly dominate our waking lives. <sup>For the first time in human history</sup> ~~Because~~ much of the sexual inhibition and many of the evil aspects of human sexuality that have been built into the human psyche over the past twenty centuries can be exorcised in the privacy of one's home. It's my prediction that the sexually sophisticated will rapidly grow to more than fifty percent of the American population by the year 2000.

#### SEEING IS BELIEVING

30,000 B.C. to 100 A.D.

If you wish to join the ranks of the sexually sophisticated,

you most certainly should read Peter Webb's book Erotic Arts. Unfortunately, it's an expensive book and not easy to obtain. But perhaps you can convince your librarian to buy it. With the help of many contributors, Peter presents a complete historical survey of visual sex, with hundreds of photographs.

One of the contributors, John H. Field, offers a fascinating essay on visual sex from the Paleolithic era when, unlike now, primitive man was totally aware that he was living in a "sexualized universe." Dating as far back as 30,000 B.C. to 10,000 B.C., archaeologists have found drawings of human vulvas and penises on the walls of caves in Europe, and later, during the Neolithic period, (9,000 B.C. to 7,000 B.C.), when the Ice Age was over, many clay figurines with protruding breasts and vulvas and chalk phalluses were carved by primitive man. Organized religion, based on fertility worship, was slowly evolving, and these were the first visual images which would be finally refined into specific gods who would be worshipped for their sexual prowess. Many thousands of years would pass before they were stamped out by the one god Jewish and Christian advocates. During these years, all over Europe and in the Middle East, with no shame or sense of sin, primitive man was carving statues with huge phalluses, or naked, open legged women exposing their vulvas.

In Egypt, a thousand years before Christ, papyrus drawings (now in the British Museum, which has the largest collection of erotic art in the world - more than the Vatican or the Kinsey Institute) show the sexual activities of their gods. One illustrates the sexual frustration of Geb (the Earth god). "His long phallus is thrusting skyward in a vain attempt to unite with his beloved eastern wife." But interestingly, in whatever Egyptian art has survived, there are

few illustrations of men, or their gods, sex making. Field believes <sup>in Egypt for some unknown reason</sup> that the first visual censorship existed, ~~and for some reason~~, such portrayals were "barred by the establishment."

In Mesopotamia, visual sexual art was widespread. Naked people copulating, and involved in every conceivable kind of sex act have been discovered in terra cotta reliefs that were carved nearly 5,000 years ago. They anticipated, or proved as sexvids do today, that human sexuality is an endlessly fascinating subject. Mesopotamians even had their first feminist, Lilith, a female divinity who was created before Adam and Eve, and who refused to acknowledge male supremacy. She is portrayed in stone "as a nocturnal succubus who caused erotic dreams' and who climbed naked on the top of men while they were sleeping and rode their erect penises in wild abandoned lust. ✓

In every culture existing on earth, erotic art was a natural ~~part~~ of one's daily life. But it tended to be symbolic and dealt with the mysteries of the gods and human fertility. Then, about 530 B.C., in what is known as the Greek archaic period, sex was humanized and immortalized on Greek drinking cups and vases which were distributed widely, and later, in the Hellenistic period, on statuary and painting. It was a century when Sidhartha Gautama, who will one day be known as Buddha, was born (528 B.C.) and Confucius reigned in one part of China. The Greeks were fighting the Persians, led by Darius, who was trying to take over the country. The battle of Marathon had been fought, and ten years later, in the bay of Salamis, the Greeks sank a thousand Persian ships and the war was over. During this time, despite the ravages of war, (perhaps because of them) the Greek artists were <sup>celebrating</sup> ~~reflecting~~ a joyously loving, and despite historical inaccuracy, a predominately heterosexual world, on

thousands of drinking cups, many of which have been preserved.

From the Greek archaic period to the later so-called Classical period, as Field has noted, 'Sex, religion, magic were closely interwoven: Art objects, from lamps, vases, to painting and sculptures show explicit sexual activities in a completely open manner, with no intimations of guilt. The close connection between sex and shame had yet to be invented.' Another expert in Greek art, Otto J. Brendel, in a book, Studies in Erotic Art, amplifies the thought. "The artists of the time were simply portraying the erotic reality that was a customary part of banquets, symposia, and everyday life. Love was companionable."

~~Incidentally,~~ In my book, The Love Adventurers, I have suggested, in a long essay, that one way we could bring laughing joyous sexuality back into the mainstream of life was to teach the long history of pornography (a better title would be The History of Men and Women's Erotic Lives) in high school. In this essay, I suggested that in high school auditoriums the visual story of human sexuality could be told by using an opaque projector, and at least one parent would be required to take the course with his teenager. The course would be offered on an optional basis to any junior or senior high school student and would be given by a specially trained counselors. The course I had in mind would be projected over thirty two weeks and would be offered once a week from seven to ten p.m. in school auditoriums. While the proposal, in the light of a continuing backlash against sex education, public school may sound Utopian, offering the same kind of course via sexvids, so that parents could view them with their children in the privacy of their own home, very definitely is not. This is only one of the many thousands of different areas that sexvids can both enlighten and entertain.

You are watching eight pretty high school cheerleaders taking a shower in the locker room. They want to go to Dallas and try out for the Texas Cowgirls. To get there they have to earn money. How else? ~~Now~~, If you are male (and possibly female?) you are enjoying ~~the~~ fantasy you had all through high school. The football squad sneaks into the showers, and you all are together naked, giggling, washing each other and trying penises on for size in willing vaginas. Now you are watching Debbie working in a sporting goods store to earn money for the trip. Mr. Greenfield, the owner, is offering her ten dollars for a quick suck, but if he goes any further, she'll tell her mother. Back in the locker room she convinces the other girls that they have what all the men want and can sell it to pay their air fare to Dallas. Now you are watching one of the girls, Roberta, making love to herself using a red candle. Then, the other cheerleaders agree to undress for Mr. Bradley before his wife comes home--price ten dollars, advanced to twenty for the privilege of kissing them all over. You are watching DEBBIE DOES DALLAS. Before they get there she and her friends offer males, young and old, every male fantasy including oral sex, anal sex, and spanking on a bare bottom by the high school principal.

Only a large size art book, or video <sup>tapes on discs</sup> ~~on discs~~ can really present the <sup>historical</sup> scope of visual sexual art. In this book, we must depend on words. If you study the photographs of ancient Greek drinking cups, you will find men and women of all ages, happily consorting together naked. Erect penises are being laughingly fondled by women. As Brendel points out: 'Most of the participants busy themselves with railleries and preludes to love. Some chase each other, ready to catch and be caught. On many cups, women with stylish hairdos are making love with very virile men. On a cup which is now in The Louvre (masterpieces of Greek art are spread throughout the world) a naked woman is stretched across four men. She is sucking one man's penis while another man is trying to penetrate her anus. This cup was fired nearly 2500 years before Marilyn Chambers used all of her orifices in Behind the Green Door.

On other cups, women are carrying artificial phalli and men are kneeling enjoying women's vulvas. But keep in mind Socrates



statement in the Symposium: "Union between man and woman is a creative act and has something divine about it...the object of love is a creative union with beauty on both spiritual and physical levels."

It was a world of sex without sin, and sex without shame, and while marriage was for life, people didn't live long lives and fidelity was of a little matter, especially for men. The Greek meaning of pornography was not our meaning. Sex had not been degraded. Pornography, writings about the lives of prostitutes the courtesans, the netaerae revealed a world where most people fully accepted human sexual drives. In his Sixth Dialogue, Lucian (one of the many <sup>Roman Poets who</sup> writers <sup>told about</sup> women who sold their sexual favors) has Corinna being instructed by her mother: "Well, Corinna...it's not such a terrible misfortune to lose your virginity...to earn a lot of money, you must not restrict yourself to younger men, but be equally pleasant to all men...especially those not so goodlooking, not so strong, not so well built." Corinna's advice could be studied by future makers of sexvids!

In his study of Greek erotic art, Brendel offers three factors "which probably proved essential for the formation of any erotic art on a level of quality comparable to the Greeks. Basically, joyous erotic art requires "a closed social group of cultivated habits". Really, a society which enjoys its secular life and is not dominated by religious fears or pronouncements of anthropomorphic dieties (translate that <sup>to a</sup> world of laughing, dancing Gods, with no Jehovas Or Ywhes). Second: the society must have a frankly appreciative and humanized attitude toward sex, and an extrovert taste for the communication of social pleasure", and finally, it must provide an environment where artists have a freedom "to create an erotic art that demands a range and variety beyond the <sup>primitive</sup>". Obviously, most of these preconditions do not exist in America today.

As Brendel points out, during this vibrant three hundred years of Greek culture, for the first time in the recorded history of man's sexuality "to make love is a part of people's social lives, and so the artists of that time registered people's ways of doing it with a keen perception of fact, and a gusto that is most likely sympathetic."

Human sexuality was being celebrated, and it would continue to be even in the early Roman periods which were totally influenced by Greek art and literature. During the Hellenistic or classical period of Greek art which persisted from 470 B.C. down to the first century before Christ, although Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus presented a more tragic picture of human sexuality, especially when it got mixed up with the vengeful gods, nevertheless, they put much bawdy, laughing sex in their dramas; so much so that Plato disapproved. And of course, Aristophanes must have really shocked him. Lysistrata was really the first feminist. "Let us wait at home," she advises the wives of their warring husbands in Aristophanes' play of the same name. "With our faces made up, and then advance to greet our husbands with nothing on but our little tunics...then, when they are panting with desire, if we slip away instead of yielding, they will soon conclude an armistice...So no more legs in the air and no more playing at the lioness on the cheese grater."

As John Field points out in his essay Sexual Themes in Ancient and Primitive Art, "the Romans inherited many of their ideas and customs from the Greeks, but the highly civilized attitude towards sexuality manifested by the Greeks in art and life did not find a parallel in Rome, where lustful brutality tended to become characteristic of sex relations as the years passed. Nevertheless, before the gradual deterioration and decline of the Roman Empire, the inter-linking of sex and religion with phallic worship, and fertility cult

was widespread and produced both lighthearted, comic, bawdy sexual literature such as The Golden Ass by Apuleius, and the Satriycon by Petronius, as well as Ovid's lighthearted sex manual The Art of Love, that detailed the fine points of seduction. The Roman paintings, discovered in Pompeii in 1900, the brothel paintings, ~~which~~ as Field ~~points out~~ ~~states~~ "are more concerned with love ~~than~~ with sex, and could be illustrations for Ovid's famous volume of poems". And the amazing twenty-nine life size paintings in the Villa of Mysteries, <sup>in Pompeii</sup> reveal a romantic as well as sensuous and sadistic approach to sexuality. They were all part of the Dionisian rites which today <sup>what</sup> have come full circle in some of the Mazola party orgies that are a frequent accompaniment and climax of sexvids today ~~without the mystery element of~~ <sup>love-god worship.</sup>

But finally, as the Roman civilization collapsed, human sexuality among the ruling classes, particularly during the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, became sadistic and bestial. Interestingly, <sup>the sexual degradation of this era was</sup> ~~they were~~ not visually immortalized until many centuries later by Hancarville, who produced three volumes of drawings which he claimed were copies of Roman cameos and illustrated the Roman orgies in detail. Essentially, Hancarville was one of the first to attempt to mass market visual sex, and even today his drawings are not generally available.

Field's observation that the latter debauchery to which moralists attribute the breakup of the Roman empire, "ignores the fact that such debauchery was merely symptomatic of the political and economic chaos.", <sup>has</sup> ~~are~~ interesting parallelisms with the 1970s and the 1980s. Unlike the Classical world of Greece, and a later culture in India, (which we will look into next) <sup>(which)</sup> sex-making and love-making today has such strong umbilical attachments to Christian and Judaic morality. ~~that~~ Very few of our authors and filmmakers and playwrights <sup>even today</sup> can rise

above the degradation heaped on human sexuality. Millions of people alive today believe <sup>what</sup> St. Augustine wrote about the bestiality of pagan holidays, <sup>but and</sup> ~~and~~ they completely ignore the fact that these holidays <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ really celebrating and praying for the fertility of man, beast, and crops for another year. Today, in the 1980s, once again we are at the crossroads. In the coming years, we can drift in two different directions. Led by evangelists and Bible fundamentalists who, according to Gallup studies, number well over thirty-five million people in America, we can return to a new style Middle Ages where sex and the Devil are synonymous, or we can create a legal censorship stand-off where sexual censorship is defeated, but the prominent theme of our visual arts is neo-Roman and tinged with sadism, bestiality, and non-committed, non-laughing human sexuality. Or, instead, thousands of our writers, philosophers, and religionists can dare to reinforce the future producers, directors, and writers of cinematic and video sex. If we dare, we can challenge and manipulate a whole society, (and don't forget, all of us have been manipulated in one direction or another in the past) toward a new kind of world where joyous people celebrate their god-given sexuality and make it a laughing, wonderful part of their lives.

## SEEING IS BELIEVING

100 A.D. to 1500 A.D.

You are on another planet where sex doesn't exist. A robot is teaching an astral Princess about sex on Earth. Sex began in 1950, he tells her, in Monroe High School. Presto--you are there. Adam, a teenager, driving his chrome covered automobile arrives with Eve in a secluded parking area. A human snake sitting in a tree convinces Eve to offer Adam a pineapple. Now, you're watching Eve stretched out across the hood of the car while Adam eats a banana out of her snatch, to the accompaniment of rock music. Now the robot tells the Princess about the Devil and you have suddenly returned to the days of the silent films. Two Dracula-like figures are raping a young woman, but not really. She is cooperating. You're watching STAR VIRGINS. Before you are finished, as the robot continues to educate his Princess in Earthly ways of sex, you will see a football hero knocked out cold. Carried to the locker room by the female cheerleaders, two of them happily remain with him and revive him by sucking his penis and sitting naked on his face. Now you are watching an erotic dancer blowing out a lighted newspaper with air from her vulva, and then she is dancing with a long black snake entwined between her legs nudging her vulva. Before the sexvid concludes, the robot offers a final question. Is this the end of the human race? Depending on your ability to laugh, the question may not be ironic.

Long before the Middle Ages in Europe--somewhere between 200 B.C. and 600 B.C., visual sex in the form of ceramics was widespread in Peruvian cultures. Except for the Inca society, where the ruling class was evidently opposed to sexual representations, Peruvian pottery continued to reflect a non sinful attitude to human sexuality well into the 15th century. The basic themes are hetero-sexual sex-making and genital display. But as Paul Gebhard points out in his Studies in Erotic Art, none of the pottery reveals masturbation, group sex, cunnilingus, lip kissing, breast kissing, or homosexuality. This, of course, reflects a patriarchal society. In this brief

survey of visual sex, two things are important to keep in mind. Up until the invention of photoengraving in 1875, (five years before, photographs which were taken in the Crimean war were redrawn in lines so that they could be printed.) the sexual education of the masses depended on art forms that could be hand duplicated, one at a time. Neither paintings nor large sculpture fit this definition, but pottery, ceramics, and small carvings do. Essentially, on a limited scale, they were the sexvids ~~in~~ of their era. The second point to remember is that, only in the past thirty years, largely due to the discovery of the pill, and the use of the diaphragm, have women achieved much greater sexual equality with men.

The early church fathers such as St. Augustine blamed Adam and Eve for the disgusting act of sex, and as Reay Tannahill points out in her Sex and History, Arnobious called sexual intercourse filthy and degrading, Methodious unseemly, Jerome unclean, Tertullian shameful, and Ambrose a defilement. But fortunately the world wasn't a global village yet, and not everybody living heard their pronouncements. Only a few thousand miles away, in Islamic countries, and in India, and in China, while sex in Christian countries was being driven underground, human sexuality was being happily integrated into Buddhist and Mohammedan religions. People in the Eastern countries were learning that sexmaking was not only a joy and a pleasure, but also could be a way of transcending oneself in an extended, ritualistic merger of male and female flesh. Lovers could achieve for a brief moment a glimpse of Nirvana, the God-head, or blend themselves with the ultimate. Nevertheless, even though the yang and the ying, the lignam and the yoni, and Shiva and Shakti were symbols of the male/female balance in the world, just as in the Christian countries, <sup>the</sup> laws of these societies were male oriented.

If sexvids could have been produced any time in the past 1900 years, they would have reflected a Johnny Wadd mentality. Ecstatic females worshipped the erect phallus, but the vulva was given scant attention except as a convenient sheath for the supposedly superior organ.

At the end of the 11th century, in 1099, after three years of effort, Jerusalem fell to the Crusaders in their first all out battle with the Moslems. The city was drenched in the blood of 40,000 infidels who were slaughtered in the name of Christianity. For the next six hundred years, while ever warring Christians were absorbing or trying to reform heathen sexuality and were transforming pagan sexual holidays into Easter and Christmas, less than a six hour flight away, in India, in approximately the year 400 A.D., Vatsayana was writing his Kamasutra. Sheikh al Neflawy wouldn't tackle The Perfume Garden until nearly a thousand years later, but even today it still reflects a Mohammedan culture much more attuned to the joys of sex than was possible in Europe at the time.

In China, Taoists texts, by writers still unknown in the West today, were detailing arts of love for the upper classes who could read. (For a fascinating examination of these writings, with applications to your own sex live, <sup>read</sup> ~~see~~ The Tao of Love and Sex. <sup>by Iolan Chang</sup> But although erotic love poetry was being produced in Islamic countries as well as The Thousand and One Nights, there was very little visual portrayal of sexmaking in China or the Arabian countries. ~~On~~ <sup>the</sup> pronicition ~~which~~ <sup>today</sup> still exists ~~in the~~ Arabian countries, perhaps because open ~~port~~rayal of female nudity and explicit sex undermines a middle class male power. Richer Arabs, who could have four or more wives, and royalty who could have harems, obviously had sufficient sexual variety in their private lives, anyway. Nevertheless, unlike Christianized countries, in China and Islam, sex, in this

era, was a natural part of daily life. Arabs never ~~have~~ had the same kind of love affair with Mohammed that Christian monks, nuns, and priests were having with Jesus Christ. And Mohammed never asked his followers to forsake all others (including women) and follow him.

During this same period in China, visual sex censorship prevailed for basically the same male power reasons. For the first few hundred years after Buddha lived, following his teachings, his followers renounced human sexual needs. But gradually the asthetic side of Buddha's teachings were modified to include the left hand path to God. A few centuries later, although the Chinese abided by Confucian law considered which, the portrayal of sexmaking frivolous, in their personal lives, they were joyfully following ~~the~~ much more pleasurable Taoist teachings. And even though Confucius disapproved of visual sex, he was not sex negative. Male chastity shortened one's life, Confucius told his followers. He believed that every man should dip his penis in the Jade Fountain (a woman's vulva) at least <sup>once</sup> every five days until he was seventy, and more often, if he felt the need. But the male shouldn't ejaculate, even ~~if~~ <sup>when</sup> his lover reaches an orgasm or several orgasms. Sexmaking for the male was <sup>the</sup> way to absorb the female essence, which, when you stop to think about it, creates the kind of male lover every female is looking for--even today. Obviously, such a lover is not a current sexvid hero who <sup>really</sup> doesn't enjoy browsing in the female vagina, and after a few thrusts ejaculates, either in her mouth, on her breasts, or on her belly.

I'll come back to China and Japan later. ~~When~~ The Taoist sexual theories and the Japanese reorientation of Buddhism finally flowered visually in the 15th century in the form of warm, laughing sexual paintings and ceramics. But first let's take a quick look at the



first culture in the world where the female principle achieved equality with the male principle, and was joyously immortalized in stone sculptures produced between 200 A.D. in India up to the 11th century. ~~Consequently~~, Seen by millions of Indians on their annual trek to the river Ganges, these sculptures imaged a new world of sexual delight and equality for over a thousand years. ~~until~~ <sup>Then</sup> the British ~~finally~~ arrived in the 19th century and suppressed, or drove underground, the first joyous merger of sex and religion and human loving to appear on this earth.

It's tempting for me to try to explain the famous Indian love temples in terms of Tantric sex, or the left hand approach to God which they epitomize. One contention of this book is that sexvid producers are in a unique position to combine the ancient Tantric approaches and the Taoist concepts of yin and yang into a new idealization of human sexuality which could be an underlying sexual theme of many films and ultimate sexvids. At the same time, these producers and directors could lay the groundwork for a new idealization of human sexuality which seems to be beyond the scope of any religion today. Ray Tannanill calls the Indian temples "The Kamasutra in the Round" which has some justification, but the Kamasutra is not really a manual of Tantric love making, though it may point in that direction. Readers of my novels are aware that Tantric sex and extended sexual intercourse (a feature of Taoist love making, too) is a constant theme that I have played with in novels such as The Harrad Experiment, and Thursday, My Love. In Love Me Tomorrow, I went further and detailed a religion for the 21st century (Unilove) in which sexual meditation and ritualistic sex making is a part of the <sup>religious</sup> ceremony as it was and still is in Tantric sex and also was in many Chinese religious ceremonies before the reign of the Manchu

warriors drove the depictions of overt sexuality underground. Fortunately, in the past twenty years, since I first introduced Eastern sexuality in my novel The Herellion of Yale Marratt, many excellent books have been written on ancient Chinese and Hindu approaches to human sexuality. They should be bedside reading for sexvid screenwriters, producers, and directors.

The famous erotic sculptures of Meru, the home of the Gods, in the temples at Kailasanath, and Konarak, and Kuharjo located in Southern Bengal were probably completed over a period of several hundred years between 900 A.D. and 1100 A.D. Alan Watts described the Sun Temple at Konarak as a vision of erotic spirituality. In his essay on Konarak which is the most famous of the Temples, Watts asks his reader to imagine these stone images; of which there are hundreds <sup>of</sup> ~~in~~ various acts of sex making, ~~to imagine them~~ in their original state "stone polished and in vivid color", and he goes on to say, "modern apologists for these images are doubtless right on one point: that they are pornography in the eyes of people with dirty minds", but as he points out, "we are not looking at some ancient version of the 'stag film', or girly magazines, for the faces on these sculptures are innocent of the leer which always masks shame and guilt at finding pleasure in filth. There is no attitude of secretiveness or of the intent to shock by doing openly what (supposedly) should be done in the dark."

Watts elaborates what these erotic sculptures are defining for the masses. They suggest a state of "reality--awareness--ecstasy" ..or as William Blake said, "energy in eternal delight". Watts believes that most of us living in the 20th century have little occasion for ecstasy in our lives apart from sex. "Ex-stasis means to stand outside, to be liberated from the bondage of oneself, the

conceptual ego." Essentially, feeling ecstasy in the act of sex making merges one with the total world. But, alas, most Western people have been conditioned by esthetic teachers and various sex manuals which overemphasize technique instead of mental rapport between the lovers. Or they have been totally desensitized by thousands of novelists and screenwriters (not to mention sexvids, which are only a small factor in sexual devaluation at the moment) that the ecstatic blending of flesh is not a common experience. Sex making for millions of people today is still a physical act that takes approximately ten minutes and ends in an embarrassing convulsion.

Watts points out that sexual union could (given the proper instruction of youth and a new ambiance for love making) be an effective way of obtaining an undiluted awareness of reality. "But this would not be the wham-bang-thank-you-ma'am style of intercourse that generally prevails through the world." In contrast, Watts offers the discipline of delight which is the essence of Taoist sex-making and teaches the male how to retain semen and refrain from premature ejaculation. Tantric-Taoist sex making reflected in the Konarak sculptures is a ritual dance of joyous, laughing, love making. Love is religion and it is not solemn nor is it pompous. Making love is not work. It's play! "Religion," Watts reminds us, "without sex is a rattling skeleton, and sex without religion is a mass or mush. The whole human organism is an erotic zone." This philosophy of sex never appears in adult films and only shows up rarely in <sup>the</sup> current commercial Hollywood product. But it was clearly understood by early Hollywood film directors, as we shall see later. While most of the readers of this book will never visit Konarak nor the other love temples in India, fortunately Alan Watts essay is available in a beautiful quality paperback (see bibliography) with

closeup detailed photographs of the sculptures. <sup>It is that</sup> ~~and~~ was ~~available~~ <sup>(Kamark)</sup> in the mid-1970s for under \$10. Study of these photographs reveal that ~~he~~ was built as an enormous chariot for Surya, the Sun God. On his "diurnal joy-ride" he is accompanied by asparas (courtesans) with full bosoms and curvaceous buttocks and devas (angel Gods) with erect penises. Most of the riders are engaged in some form of sexual play: Masturbation, oral sex, cunnilingus, and <sup>erotic</sup> ~~relation~~. Kissing and enticing each other, the lovers are enjoying their antics in a joyous love orgy.

Compare this few hundred years celebration of human sexuality in Indian history with sex in the 1980s in the Western world. Today, the innocence is gone. Surya's float shows a divine will being done 'as it is in heaven and where among the angels there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.' A world, in other words, 'where love is not a legal possession--and has to be given as a concomitant of receiving.'

Can this kind of nappy, sexual ambience be recreated in tomorrow's sexvids? I'm sure it can and is <sup>occurring</sup> ~~happening~~ right now in <sup>briefly in</sup> ~~occasional~~ scenes in sexvids such as Pretty Peaches, Alice in Wonderland, and Lipps and McCain to mention a few. <sup>But</sup> Keep in mind that ~~even~~ today in India, most Hindus are dominated by the same kind of mentality that exists in Western nations. The right hand path, the Brahmin, ascetic way is the only path to God. Hindus guides apologize for these temples and are embarrassed to show them to Western curiosity seekers. In villages of India (and most certainly in the Indian cinema) the only people you'll ever see naked are ~~the~~ Indian children. Even when Indian adults bathe in their streams they do so with their clothes on. Many religious Indians relate better to Gandhi, who slept with his wife but did not make love to her, and developed his willpower to

refrain from sex by sleeping with untouched virgins. His actions denied his heritage with Konarak.

Watts concludes his essay, touching both on Western Puritanism, and Brahmin asceticism. "Which then is the more blasphemous to see sexual union as an image of the divine ground of the universe, or to see it as mere fucking?--as in the expression "Fuck You!" And this thought is a good springboard to think about China and Japan, where about 500 years later once again a new kind of loving, visual sex blossomed and then disappeared in a wave of Far Eastern militarism. Loving sex and conquest can never coexist. Naked lovers sharing each others bodies in a total loving way can't think of war and hatred. For the sword slashing, gun-toting, macho Ghengis Khan or General Rommel or General Patton nothing is so weak minded as the joys of sexual ecstasy.

"Basically, do what you are told."

"And that's all?"

"Yep, everything is turned around here."

You are watching a woman giving a man a manicure. "Jesus, your nails are a mess." ~~She tells him~~

~~She~~ says to another woman, "Finish him, off."

I'll get the perfume. I'm going to get you smelling real good, James."

The other woman continues to talk to James.

"I don't care what you call me as long as you realize that I'm the boss around here."

I don't like smart asses. The Doc says that you are clean. Let's keep it that way. No outside pussy. Hump when you are told to hump. Stick it in when you are told to. Don't ask any questions. Don't come unless the customer asks for it, and that's the only time. This is a class place with a class clientele. Nothing sleazy. If you fuck that up in anyway, I want to remind you, I'll have you by the balls and I can squeeze anytime it's necessary. Is that clear?"

"Yes m'am." James replies.

You are watching BABY FACE. Our six foot hero is a male whore enjoying his first night in a house where the customers are all beautiful women. You've only begun. James escapes the nymphomaniacs who adore his prick and next gets involved with an under age woman who leads him on. Perhaps, this sexvid should have been titled Woman's Revenge.

Give or take a century or two <sup>during the time</sup> ~~when~~ Vatsayana's sex manual, The Kamasutra was guiding Hindus in the art of love, on the other side of the Himalayan mountains, Chinese doctors or specialists in sex, such as Li Ting Huan, and others (whose texts ~~illustrations~~ <sup>illustrations</sup> have survived) were writing totally different kinds of sex manuals, not only to guide the Chinese male in the art of love but to insure his longevity. Unlike Vatsayana's writings, most of these manuals were in the form of dialogues between highplaced men and lovely young women who were instructing their masters how to enjoy their women friends.

These early manuals may have been illustrated, but none of the drawings have survived. Beginning with the I Ching which extolled sexual union in the form of sixty-four yin-and-yang hexagrams, later texts go into extensive detail on how the male can preserve his yang and eliminate ejaculation, or at least delay it and thus be able to copulate with ten or more women in one night, enjoying a "Thousand Thrusts" or more, and at the same time absorb the life-giving yin fluids of his mate.

Huan philosophized on the meaning of the sexual act, thus: "Man is the most sublime of all creatures born in Heaven. Of all appertaining to man nothing can be compared to sexual union. Reflecting the harmony of Heaven and Earth, it regularizes the yin and governs the yang. Those who understand it's true meaning can nourish their being and prolong their life: those who do not will do themselves harm and shorten their days."

Basically, what Huan is saying, and even in the 1980's, some fifteen years later it has not been disproved, is that practicing coitus reservatus as it was later called, or extended sexual intercourse, the male could absorb the female essence or her yin of which she has a superabundance and not only prolong his life, but make both

of their lives healthier. While the longevity of some Popes and priests, who presumably never enjoy a woman may weaken this argument, here's an interesting theory on the opposite side of the fence. In July 1980, Dr. Arne Gjorgov of the University of Pennsylvania, in a study of married women between the age of 32 and 65, half of whom had lost a breast through cancer and were matched with a control group showed that 17.4 percent of the women with husbands who used a condom developed cancer--five times as many as women who used a pill, diaphragm, pessaries or rhythm. Gjorgov believes that seminal fluid is of prime importance in preventing breast and possibly ovarian cancer. "It's absence seems to effect hormonal balance in women," he stated.

The ancient Chinese would have nodded approvingly. Good health via sexmaking is a two way street. It wasn't that Chinese men never ejaculated in their females, they simply tried to do it less frequently than our current day sexvid heros do and ~~thus make~~ it possible for them to service and enjoy more than one woman every night. And the reality is that men and women do absorb each other's fluids. It is well known medically that within a very short time after intercourse, a slight seminal odor will appear on the female's mouth. Is vice versa an impossibility?

While the Chinese didn't have sexvids to stretch their imagination, they were taught in their sex manuals how to prolong sex making and make the act continuously interesting by using hundreds of different positions such as the Unicorn's horn, Winding Dragon, Fluttering Butterflies, Peversed Flying Drakes, Wailing Monkey, Galloping Charger, Jumping Tiger, to mention a few.

One of the famous instructional dialogues occurs between The Yellow Emperor and The Plain Girl who divulges the secrets of the bedroom to her master who has asked her to explain the benefits

from not ejaculating. She ignores (purposely?) the advantages to the female who the Chinese male was well aware could reach orgasm after orgasm even while she is impregnating her lover with her vital fluids. Instead the Plain Girl replies, "If the man performs the act once without releasing his semen, he will add to his vital flow. If he performs twice, his hearing and vision are sharpened. Three times and all illnesses vanish. Four times the soul finds peace. Five times, the circulation of the blood improves. Six times his back is strengthened. Seven times, his buttocks and thighs grow strong. Nine times he will live to grow very old. Ten times he will be like the immortals." Presumably, the Yellow Emperor who is reputed to have made it twelve hundred times without ejaculating became immortal.

Adult films, which work on the opposite principle and must prove that the hero is ejaculating, with camera closeups of his juices spurting all over the female, will have a difficult problem photographing this kind of sexmaking. Compromises, however, showing women admiring their lover's weapon, which has remained inflated and is happily ready, after providing hours of continuous ecstasy, and many climaxes (for her) may be much more intriguing for the new female sexvid audience than closeups of supposedly adoring females swallowing their lover's gyzym. Which on the other hand, if Dr. Gjorgov is right may be good for her--no matter how she ingests it.

Despite their current day interest, we must remember that Taoist theories of love making depended on hand copied manuscripts and remained the sexual secrets of the upper classes. Visual portrayals of the joys of sexmaking did not appear in China until nearly a thousand years later in the 15th century. And because much earlier Chinese art is symbolic rather than representational, it is necessary to understand that, prior to the Ming Dynasty when Realistic sexual



drawings began to appear, Taoist sexual ~~beliefs~~ <sup>beliefs were</sup> ~~was~~ treated symbolically in many different ways.

Peter Webb ~~notifies~~ <sup>guides</sup> us in his Erotic Arts: "The patron of longevity is Shou Lou, and he is usually shown as a very old man with a dragon staff (yang or penis symbol) in one hand and a peach in his other. Chinese peaches have a deep flesh color and a lovely vulva-like cleft. Shou Lou's portrait appears with horns (another yang symbol) and was reproduced on robes, porcelains, sculptures, and some drawings." He is usually in the company of dragons. "The celestial dragon, the imperial emblem of authority represents heaven and is believed to have mated with the earth (which is female) and is represented by a less ferocious dragon." Jade is so precious because it represents the dragon's semen (petrified). Awareness of these symbols clarifies ~~the~~ many allusions to the female genitals ~~such~~ as Gateway of the Jade, The Flute of the Jade, and The Jade Fountain--drinking at which, and bathing the male flute therein assures a long healthy life.

The discovery that ~~the~~ Chinese <sup>finally</sup> went beyond words and used visual sex to teach the art of love was not revealed until 1951 when the amazing R. H. van Gulik, (famous for his detective stories about Judge Dee) published a collection of them, Erotic Color Prints from the Ming Period, in a very limited edition of 50 copies in Tokyo. Van Gulik, in his daily life, was a top Chinese scholar and he thought the world should know about the prints although he was a little embarrassed by them. Reproductions of these prints finally appeared in a French edition in 1963 and in 1970 appeared in an English edition published in Switzerland called Yun Yu. It was priced at \$35 (today even higher) and is probably unavailable in most libraries. Fortunately, these drawings were reproduced in a Crown edition in the United States

in 1977. <sup>But</sup> At half the price of the Swiss edition, the prints still are really only available to the upper ~~class~~ sexually sophisticated ~~class~~.

Words are inadequate to describe the ambience of warm, loving laughter of these prints which cover every kind of human sexuality except masturbation and male homosexual behaviour, and sadistic interaction between the male and female--none of which had much meaning in a land where heterosexual lovemaking was not only a religion but a part of life. The important thing about these prints and many other erotic art objects that existed in the Ming Dynasty and which the Manchus finally drove underground is that they have not only survived the prudish years, macho years of militarism under the Manchus but later Mao and Chinese Communism. The prints not only give us glimpses of a sexually saner society but obviously they inspired the Japanese artists who travelled in China and who knew about them.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, extolled human sexuality in their religion. Reproductions of phalluses were common in Shinto shrines, and "pillow books"--sex manuals appeared in Japan in the 8th century. But only a few of these earlier erotic scrolls have survived. Not until nearly a thousand years later, in the late 1700s, when Harnobu and other Japanese artists perfected the art of four color wood block printing had any large scale method--in Japan or elsewhere--been invented which would have permitted, not exploitation but teaching, exploration, and celebration of human sexuality. By 1765, Japanese artists were creating drawings of 'a floating world'; --ukiyo-e pictures which in their time must have been seen by millions of Japanese (the Japanese population in those days was 28 million people in contrast with England of 7½ million). Known as shunga drawings in their sexual aspects, or spring pictures, they reflected every aspect of human sexuality. Harnobu, Utamaro, Shunch,

Kiyonaga, Eiri, Maiko, and even Hokusai were a few of the many artists who expressed laughing, loving sex making in their drawings.

Tom and Mary Evans (in another expensive book--\$30) Shunga, The Art of Love in Japan, point out: "The Japanese approach to sex (today there has been rather sickly changes in current Japanese sexvids which ~~we~~<sup>I</sup> will cover later) was conditioned by a moral system very different from our own...there was very little sense of personal sin, and the body was as important as the spirit. Sex, however, was not elevated to a mystical significance as it was in many Indian and Chinese thought systems. The sexual act was seen as a natural, intrinsically enjoyable event. There was no equivalent to the Western concept of pornography, and no connection was made between moral corruption and the representation of sex...the Shunga shows us the difference between erotic art and pornography. The Shunga and the under-the-counter sex magazines (and sexvids) of the modern "civilized" West are similar in activities they depict, but in their effect they are worlds apart...The Shunga present sexual activity in many forms as the joyful and inspiring experience that it should <sup>is</sup> be. The sex shop magazine by comparison almost invariably sordid, meretricious, and vulgar."

But Western morality has prevailed. Visual sex was outlawed by the Manchus in China, and later by Mao. In India, British--Christian morality prevailed. When the Americans "opened up" Japan to western trade in 1853, the sexually explicit Shunga went underground and the drawings of human sexuality finally outlawed. Victorian morality, as we shall see was making a strange truce with reality. Romantic drawings and paintings of nude ethereal women with hairless pubic areas who obviously never had a sexual thought filled English and European museums, but the naked lovers on display had no genitals.

SEEING IS BELIEVING  
1500 A.D. to 1870 A.D.

You're watching, Penny--wife of Doctor Holmes (he of the 13 inch, unerected penis, of course) telephoning her next door neighbor who like her lives in a lovely suburban home. "He lays there like a dead fish," she says. "It's not funny. My husband can't get it up, and you want to joke." "All right," her friend tells her, "I'll be right over." Now you're watching Penny dressed in shorts but no halter eating her breakfast of cereal. Her friend arrives and tells her that with those tits, meaning that they are not big enough, "What do you expect?" "Tell me it's not me," Penny says, "It's not you," her friend assures her. "John needs my help," Penny says. "Your husband is a doctor. He can solve his own problems." "I'm sure it's a problem at his office," Penny tells her, "will you go there and see what you can do?" Her friend goes to her husband's office disguised in a ski mask and evidently never having met John seduces a patient she thinks is the doctor. Back at the ranch, the milkman arrives. He has the same problem as John--he can't make it with his wife. But he has no problem with Penny's breasts which really are quite nice. He screws her on the kitchen table but in the process has a heart attack. When Lou returns the newspaper is ringing the doorbell and Penny is giving the milkman first aid. Penny is sure that it is her mission in the world to help all men and now she has undressed and is lying in bed and is vibrating herself while the newspaper boy watches her through the window and jerks off. You are just beginning to watch HARD SOAP, produced by the Great American Soap Opera Company to the accompaniment of soul stirring soap opera music.

While India, China, and Japan were integrating human sexuality into their religions in Europe, <sup>any overt deviation</sup> human sexuality was being repressed. For more than a thousand years, from the 4th century, beginning with the triumph of Christianity and the disappearance of the Roman empire to the 15th century, the nude--with the exception of Christ on the cross--almost completely disappeared from Western art. In his book Erotic Art of the West, Robert Melville offers the following reasons: "Iconoclasm, fear of pagan idols and a new condemnatory attitude toward the body and it's pleasures" (during which time the Christian fathers interpretation of the Gospels was being grafted onto the pagan religion) "when the nude did finally appear in Christian art the body had ceased to be, as it had for the Greeks,

a mirror of divine perfection and had largely become an object of humiliation and shame."

Much of this feeling still dominates Christian cultures in Europe and America. It is even reflected in much erotica today including sexvids. Eve's descendents were seducers of men who consorted with the devils and snakes. Their children today expose their genitals for male delectation in men's magazines and sexvids. Nevertheless, visual sex didn't go completely underground in the Middle Ages and using the medium of woodcut engravings and painting and sculpture many artists still managed to accentuate the erotic elements in a society that condemned human sexuality. But, as Melville points out, "not the vice itself, but the punishment." Depiction of toads eating female vulvas and female breasts, accompanied by snakes engaging in the feast, together with drawings of women copulating with goats, (the goat was a symbol of the devil's virility) were common and they reappeared in the                    century in Heiryonymous Bosch's paintings Temptation of St. Anthony and the Gardens of Terrestrial Delights. These paintings today are a sad commentary on the underlying prurience (sexual itchings) of many religious leaders who still are determined to restrict sexual pleasuring to monogamous marriage and to the reproduction of children.

The first nudes in Western art finally appeared in the paintings of Lucas Cranach and Hans Baldung in the 15th century in northern Europe and approximately at the same time in Italy in

Botticelli's Birth of Venus. To distinguish northern European paintings from the Italian paintings which are not so erotic Kenneth Clark has called the northern style painting The Alternate Convention. Cranach's and Baldung's paintings among other show Adam and Eve and other nude figures complete with pubic hair, penises and slits in the vulva. But underlying the realistic portrayal of human nakedness is ~~both a~~ <sup>a negative</sup> feeling of lust and transcendence. Orgasm and human sexuality are related to death and not <sup>to</sup> birth. It's a theme which still permeates much of the 20th century erotic paintings. Melville sums it up: "The sense of sin, ~~be so~~ essential to the Gothic nude and which adds an element of the perverse to it's erotic appeal, is entirely absent from the classical nudes which above all is an idealizing form, embodying a sane sensual eroticism."

Melville's appraisal underlines the theme of this book. Can we for the first time in human history, using the mass market appeal of sexvids bring into a new celebration of human sexuality which recognizes that sex making is an ever churning blend of idealization, lustfullness, playfullness, aggressiveness, laughter, plus an overwhelming necessity to escape one's self by complete merger with another person?

Influencing the idealization of the female portrayed by the Italian artists (and which reflected the romanticism of the age of chivalry) both paintings and sculpture of female nudes at least pretended to be sexually innocent. But nevertheless, Bottecelli's Venus is definitely enticing the male viewer. Of course, Italian art was influenced by Greek sculpture and painting and particularly Praxiteles, who was the first to sculpture totally naked goddesses. Prior to Praxiteles, early Greek artists (like the later Indian, Chinese, and Japanese artists) usually portrayed the female

partially clothed and even today many men believe that wearing some clothing makes the female body much more erotic.

Fredericks of Hollywood with their skimpy, see-through nanties, bras, and nightgowns, accentuating the female breasts, buttocks, and pubic area, carry this male fantasy to it's ultimate insanity. Our advertising art and movies and television never stop using the half exposed female to titillate the male. Al Goldstein insists that the underwear advertising in the New York Times magazine section is more sexually arousing than anything that appears in Screw.

But <sup>reflecting current morality</sup> One art critic, a Professor Alexander, insisted: "If the nude is so treated that it raises in the spectator ideas or desires appropriate to the material subject, it is false art and bad morals." This judgement so overlooks normal male reactions that Kenneth Clark responded (in his book The Nude in Art) with an honesty that every producer of sexvids knows instinctively.

"It is necessary to labor the obvious," Clark wrote with some irritation, "and say that no nude in painting and sculpture, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling--even though it be only the faintest shadow--and if it does not do so it is bad art and false morals."

This, of course is a male statement and it would be interesting to know what the average female thinks and feels when she looks at a nude photograph of a human male or Michelangelo's erotic statue of David, or even John Holmes thirteen inch long penis. Unfortunately, most sexvid producers seem to be unaware that watching a totally naked woman creates a very special erotic feeling for most men. And I don't mean just in the act of sex making, but rather observing a naked woman or several naked women walking, musing, or being totally feminine while she, or they, accomplish some daily activity. It's a scene that you rarely observe in most sexvids, and

unfortunately for millions of males (even the married ones) can enjoy in their daily lives! Occasionally a sexvid like Debbie Does Dallas <sup>gives</sup> ~~shows~~ some inkling that <sup>adult-film</sup> ~~the~~ producers are aware of this. In this sexvid there is one <sup>warm't-erotc</sup> ~~erotc~~ scene in a female high school locker room in which the young women are talking together naturally in various stages of undress. But most sexvid producers are <sup>still</sup> ~~not~~ aware that <sup>male Sexual arousal</sup> ~~erotic~~ begins long before the camera is peering into the female genitals.

that

During the next 300 years (note the human time span of sexual change is becoming much faster) and up to the present, both victories and defeats in the visual sex battle have created an uneasy status quo. For another hundred years, at least until the beginning of the 18th century, nudity in art was only permitted under the guise of Greek and Roman mythology. Naked goddesses and gods (deprived of realistic genitals of course) cavorted over thousands of canvases. Michelangelo set the pace in the 1500s by painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with a naked Adam and other Biblical characters in various stages of undress. Later, he sculptured David with a realistic penis nesting in his pubic hairs. But even though his subjects were religious, he was walking a razor's edge and defying Christian morality. Naked hasn't been nice since Adam first looked at Eve and got an erection.

Pietro Arentino, a total libertine himself, denounced the Michelangelo frescos in an open letter, and said, "They are fit for a brothel wall." Arentino insisted they should be destroyed or at the very least ~~have~~, Daniele da Volterra "the trouser maker" as he was called, an artist who was employed by the Vatican, should paint out Adam's genitals and those of other Biblical characters who Michelangelo had painted completely nude. Fortunately, some kind



of sanity prevailed, but not until Michelangelo's statue of David was adorned with a fig leaf. It wasn't removed until the 20th century.

In 1549 Michelangelo's Pieta was suddenly attacked by Ninni de Baccio Bigio when a marble copy was unveiled in the Florentine church of Santo Spirito. Bigio recognized something which has intrigued viewers ever since. Is the Pieta really an evocation of the dead Christ in his mother's arms, or is it really the sculpture of an excessively beautiful naked youth in the lap of a young girl who is obviously much younger than Mary would have been? In essence is this sculpture really the story of Venus and Adonis brought up to date? Not a Virgin Mother with her Son but a passionate woman mourning

ing her lover? Leo Steinberg explores the thought in a fascinating essay in Studies in Erotic Art, which is well worth reading.

Aside from Michelangelo, and far beyond him erotically, Guilio Romano, a pupil of Raphael, had created a series of totally explicit drawings which were later engraved by Raimond<sup>i</sup> to illustrate Arentino's lawdy sonnets on sexmaking. They created such a scandal that Raimord<sup>i</sup> fled to Mantua where he painted one of the most erotic pictures to have survived from the 16th century. A painting in which a nude Jupiter, with a big erection, is about to enter a smiling Olympia. During the same period another artist whose name is not well known, Agostino Carracci spent most of his adult life drawing and engraving detailed erotic pictures which have survived but are still interred in the restricted Collection of the British Museum.

During the 16th century other painters such as Titian, Corregio, Clouet, Tintoretto, Caravaggio, Brueghel, Rubens and Jordaeens (Melville lists more than twenty other chronoligically) painted or sculptured erotic works, but it was not the main theme of their art, and they vacillated between the idealization of the female and her seductive pctential and painted very few explicit acts of sexmaking.

Not until the 18th and 19th century did overt sexuality begin to appear regularly in works of art, but keep in mind that the spread of steel engravings, wood engravings, stone lithography as artistic mediums was slow. Painters like Francois Boucher who was one of the great erotic Artists of his time, were subsidized by royal patrons such as Francis I<sup>st</sup>, Henry the IV, and The greatest lover of women of all<sup>wh</sup> Louis XV. Peter Webb points out: "French painting of the eighteenth century reflects the amoral, fun-loving atmosphere of the court life. The joys of lovemaking are celebrated with official approval." But painters like Francois Boucher didn't paint for the masses. Even today, only owners of expensive art books are aware

of his most famous nude painting of Mademoiselle O'Murphy, which Boucher painted in 1775 at Louis' request. The mademoiselle was one of his mistresses and the very erotic painting reveals a young woman lying on her stomach legs spread, waiting for Louis. She is a total sex object.

Linda Nochlin, professor of art history at Vassar in a collection of essays which are fully illustrated ~~with~~ <sup>reproductions</sup> art and is titled Women As Sex Objects reminds us: "the notion of erotic imagery (in 19th century art) is created out of male needs and desires...as far as one knows, there simply exists no art and certainly no high art in the 19th century, based on women's erotic needs, wishes, or fantasies. Whether the erotic object be breasts, buttocks, shoes, or corsets...the imagery of sexual delight or provocation has always been created about women for men's enjoyment, by men."

But finally, although other artists of the 18th century, such as Fragonard, Watteau, Goya, and Fuseli to mention a few, were still creating art for the elite, first in France during the Napoleonic wars and then in England--masses produced sexual art for the man in the street (and his occasional bawdy mistresses) flooded the market places. Cartoons satirizing political and military leaders show their heads filled with vulvas and penises. Drawings of lustful women holding engorged penises of Generals and other officials with idiotic expressions on their faces were widely circulated. Drawings to illustrate the increasing written erotica, such as Marquis de Sade's endless dealings with sick sex, portrayed for the average citizen the weird and kinky sex needs--everything from flagellation to shit eating that was supposedly enjoyed by the upper classes.

In England, ~~there~~ William Hogarth, followed by Thomas Rowlandson, ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> creating hundreds of erotic etchings reflecting with much humor

the low-down sexual life of the common man and woman. In Harlot's Progress and Rake's Progress, and in Rowlandson's drawings nothing was sacred. At the same time, explicit drawings of sex making, whipping, beating, orgies, and ejaculating penises were more available in sidewalk shops in London and Paris than sexvids are today.

But there was one difference. Hogarth and Rowlandson, and many of the anonymous artists were able to stamp their creations with their own personalities and idiosyncracies. The interaction between the medium and the message of the ~~artist~~ creates art. Humor predominates, and reflects the laughing bawdiness of the uneducated man in the streets.

Today, in our more sophisticated world, sex with warm laughter isn't easy to capture on film or tape. Most sexvid producers and directors are <sup>still</sup> hung up on Judeais ~~and~~ Christian moral conditionings, and they ~~continue~~ <sup>are</sup> catering to what may ~~far~~ be, for most males, non-existent fantasies. They are afraid to reveal a non-macho, romantic male image. But man is a product of his own inventions. Within the next few years producers of adult films and direct to video tapes will realize that a vast female audience is ready and waiting...not for the male oriented sexvids that they have been producing but ~~amen~~ for a new kind of story which is more subtly sexually explicit and builds sexual eroticism slowly to a lovely crescendo. And they'll discover that this kind of film gives the male more identity with female, or females, being portrayed and <sup>thus a</sup> more lasting "hard-on".

But first they must completely shed the schizophrenically repressive Victorian morality that slowly crept into the world in the ~~the~~ nineteenth century. In the 1980's, we are ~~still~~ living in the shadow of <sup>the same</sup> ~~that~~ kind of sexual hypocrisy that motivated men like Thomas Bowdler ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> in 1818 ~~managed to~~ insinuated his name into the English language by publishing expurgated (bowdlerized) versions of Shakespeare and the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire with the <sup>dirty</sup> ~~every~~ words and ideas removed. Before the end of the 19th century ~~Daniel~~ Defoe's Roxanna, The Fortunate Mistress, John Cleland's Fanny Hill, and many other books had been declared obscene. Visual sex ~~for the private art collections~~ disappeared, as the Victorian ~~legislators~~ guardians of human sexuality ~~legislate~~ legislated morality for the average man and woman. But, of course, the upper classes were not deprived. Visual sex for private art collections continued to be produced. Ingres

in his eighties, suddenly turned to erotica and produced many sensuous paintings, among them Le Bain Turc with dreamily luscious naked young women lying around a harem bath obviously waiting for their master (who in the viewers fantasy was himself). Gustave Courbet

painted a female torso for Khalil Bey the Turkish ambassador to St. Petersburg. With legs spread it reveals genital detail that would have to wait another seventy-five years before Hustler magazine upstaged it. Many critics believed that Courbet was working from photographs (a new art form) when he created masterpieces like the Sleepers of two nude women locked in a loving embrace which was also painted for Khalil Bey. Corot and Diaz painted such subjects as Women Masturbating before a statue of Priapus (1860) and Women Embraced by a Goat (1865) and other painters like Honore Daumier or John Paul David (who charged admission to his studio where he painted live women and then undressed them in paint later) and Charles Edward Beaumont was painting idyllic but not too explicit sexual paintings of sex making.

At approximately the same time that Renoir was busy painting his buxom erotic ladies cavorting together, without male companionship, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, fascinated with the sad underworld of sex occasionally lived in whorehouses and painted prostitutes. While Rodin was idealizing human sexuality in stone, Gauguin and even John Francois Millet, were painting much symbolic erotica. Later in the century Achilles Deveria (reproductions of whose beautifully painted details of explicit human sex making are still not generally available) was finally topped by Aubrey Beardsley<sup>d</sup>, Michel Von Zichy and Constantine Guys who came to earthly grips with penises and vulvas and finally ran smack into the law and censorship; probably because their drawings could be lithographed and thus be produced and were. Visual upper-class erotica art was no longer displayed with impunity. Edward Manet showed his Breakfast on the

Grass in the Salon of 1863. It was patterned after a subject that Girgione had painted three centuries before in 1510. The art world of Paris was horrified, but relatively few people actually saw Manet's painting or copies of it with it's intimations that after breakfast the naked woman in the painting, picnicing with two fully dressed men, would offer her sexual favors to both of them.

You are watching a woman combing her hair while her husband licks her vulva. Before you can say "Uncle" he is on top of her yelling: "Come on...come on!" But the poor dear can't reach a climax. He asks her what she was thinking about and she replies, "Whether I'll win the lottery tomorrow--I was so close...so close," whe moans. She wonders if she is frigid, and he tells her that something must be done. "You mean a pshchiatirst?" she asks, and now you are seeing a flashback to her youth. She is watching her sister in the barn screwing with her boyfriend. When the boy finishes he urinates on her sister. Obviously this is what has shocked her so that she can't climax. Now You are watching her taking her journey to a big farm house in the country. Like the story of O it's to a home occupied by libertines. The madam, Georgina Spelvin tells her, "There's a lot of happiness inside you. Take off your clothes, we're going to give you a massage." Now you are watching our heroine being prepared for the evening during which three different men will ravish her. Interspersed, you see Georgina, the madam, being whipped by her chambermaid until her behind is covered with bloody slashed. You are half-way through the JOURNEY OF ). Before you finish our heroine will be cured by a man who rapes her but she retaliates by pissing on his face and goes home to finally reach continuous orgasms with her husband.

Today with only a few decades left in the 20th century the impact of visual erotic art (painting and sculpture) on the average person is probably been even less than it was in the 19th century. The large majority of Americans who may have seen reproductions of Rodin's highly romantacized sculptures, have probably never seen a reproduction of any erotic 19th or 20th century paintings. Phylliss and Eberhard Kronhausen who have been involved with erotica most of their long married lives, (their first book was Pornography and the Law) were aware of this when they began to collect erotic art and

finally managed a public exhibit under the auspices of the University of Lund in 1968. Later with much difficulty they brought the Exhibition to San Francisco where American photographic reality made



it seem somewhat antiquated. Relatively few people saw the exhibitions in Sweden or America or were aware that the Kronhausen's had published two volumes with more than 700 reproductions of erotic art (many of them Chinese, Japanese and Indian). These important books contain the work of approximately 130 artists most of whom are still alive today. Although the Kronhausen's make no comment, twelve of these artists are women whose painting of erotica is the main thrust of their work.

In the introduction to these volumes, the Kronhausens put their finger on past reality. Up until 1970, when the Kronhausens tried to change the order of things, the enjoyment and ownership of erotic art has always been the province of the upper income classes. They point out that even in the 17th century, Japanese erotic scrolls were sold at very high prices. But their attempt to bring Erotica to the masses in the early 1970s folded both from lack of support and censorship problems. And their two volume collection of erotic art reproductions, which was beautifully produced, sold for \$50 ten years ago. It would command an even higher price today. In the area of drawing and painting and sculpture visual sex is still not a mass phenomena. Largely, as the Kronhausens point out, because we still haven't created a society where the average man or woman would feel comfortable, or would dare to hang an erotic painting or reproduction, let alone a nude photograph in his or her living room or bathroom or even his bedroom.

At the end of the 19th century a new era of visual sex culminating in sexvids was arriving. Mass produced erotic photography, much of it (but not all) without the creative and interpretative element that exists between the artist and his materials dominates the area of visual sex. Today video tape and discs are offering,

potentially, a totally new dimension. Like it or not, they will bring visual sex into the average home at

prices the average person can afford. And just as important, for good or bad, this easy availability of sexvids will reveal all aspects of human sexuality to young and old without the effort of reading. In addition, I'm predicting that much of the history of erotica that you have been reading will soon appear on especially created sexvids accompanied by music and chronological commentary by male and female artists and critics. When this occurs the fascinating story of human sexuality will be revealed for the first time ~~for~~<sup>to</sup> a mass market at disc and tape prices that I'm sure will be under \$15. We are on the brink of a new world where a very large audience of children and their parents well over thirty or forty million people will become much more sexually sophisticated.

For the first time they will discover the erotic paintings of such artists as Hogdigliani and Picasso, who like Ingres and Turner delved into erotic themes in their old age, as well as artists such as Giorgio Chirico, Egon Schiele, Max Ernst, George Groz, Salvador Dali, Stanley Spencer and hundreds of others who painted most of their erotica early in the 20th century. And the average man and woman will be amazed to see the work of many male erotic painters and sculptors, who are still producing today such as Balthus, Capuletti, Andre Masson, Michael Desinar, Beranrd Lovedin, Didier Morea, Hans Bellmer, John Paul Claren, Ernest Fuchs, Louis de Wet, Alan Jones, Granam Ovenden, Tom Wesselman, Robert Parker, Larry Rivers and even Andy Warhol (who I don't consider is very erotic). And hopefully some future producer of this and subsequent sexvids on the history of erotic art, and man's continuous preoccupation with his sexuality, will contrast these male artists with a growing number of female artists such as Anne Marie Brange, Betty Dodson, Leonor Fini, Anne Grete, Dorothy Iannove, Barbara Nessim, Andrea Picini, Brigid Polk, Dorothea Tanning and Gerda Wegeman, all of whose paintings incorporate a

feminine point of view that is both romantic and satirical of the male.

Until this happens 20th Century artists will continue to be drowned in the flood of photographs that began to pour over America with the almost simultaneous invention by Louis Daugerre and Fox Talbot of two different but complementary and commercially practical methods of picture taking. Photography quickly developed in the Western world mania. Before the end of the 19th century, George Eastman Kodak's "snapshot" and Eadweard Mybridge's experiments in continuous photography was not only making mass market erotica available via the still photograph but would soon culminate in the first projected motion picture in 1896.

But Edward Lucie Smith warns us in his book The Invented Eye, Masterpieces of Photography 1839-1914: "When we try to deal with material of this kind, to classify it, and make judgment upon it, we are immediately confronted with the most obvious characteristics of the camera--its terrible copiousness. Each image it produces tends to be devalued by the existence of numerous similar images." It's a warning that applies to sexvids in spades!

SEX FOR THE MASSES  
FROM FRENCH POST CARDS TO PORNO MOVIES  
1870-1970

Within the past hundred years sexual change has become a snowball rolling down hill. Those who try to control the morals and sexual behavior of the masses, our nationalistic and religious leaders who have a common negative sex mentality, are fighting

a losing battle on the visual sex front. The last phases of our whirlwind tour through the centuries of visual sex begins with the introduction of the Daguerro type process. In 1839 the New York Tribune estimated that three million Daguerro types were being taken annually. Of course they weren't all pictures of nude women or explicit sex,<sup>2</sup> but a catalogue of Suppressed and Condemned Works by Fernand Drujon in 1879 listed 68 individuals arrested for selling obscene photographs in that year alone. Obviously, men being men took pictures of their wives to hang over the mantel and bought pictures of "ladies of the night" to hide in their dresser drawers. But creating one photograph at a time, except for its realism, wasn't that much different from painting one painting or one piece of sculpture at a time. The visual portrayal of human sexuality may have been available to more people, but photography still was a plaything of the elite who could afford to have their pictures taken. ~~and~~ Mass reproductions of photographs could only be offered by converting them to line drawings and printing them from copperplate engravings or wood cuts. Stone lithography was still a relatively laborious process of producing one sheet at a time. But then in 1875 photo-engraving which had been slowly developing took a great leap forward in the form of rotary printing and chrome lithography. And, <sup>a few months later,</sup> on April 23, 1896, in the <sup>13</sup>Costerminals music hall in New York City, using Thomas Edison's new gadget the Vitascope, the first moving picture was projected in America on a large white <sup>sheet</sup> ~~screen~~. Of course, the subjects were women. Two blonde girls wearing pink and blue dresses (the color had been tinted on the film) appearing <sup>ed</sup> ~~ing~~ on the <sup>a bed-</sup> sheet and did an umbrella dance. ~~a Moving picture photograph developed much later in France than it did in the United States. Not until~~ seventeen years later <sup>would</sup> Edwin S. Porter's The Great Train Robbery, a twelve minute movie, with a story

be shown, but just a few <sup>offer that</sup> ~~later~~ D. W. Griffith, and others, were offering a new art form, movies for the masses.

Between 1913 and 1926, <sup>dramas which two</sup> ~~when~~ a few women <sup>kept</sup> ~~strongly~~ <sup>kept</sup> ~~challenged~~ men <sup>for</sup> ~~and~~ the right to vote--5000 of them marched on Washington in March 1913 and it took the U.S. Cavalry to break up the demonstration, with 40 hospitalized, and practically all <sup>the</sup> women being pushed, prodded and spit on by exasperated males--for the first time in human history <sup>millions</sup> of women were being exposed to a new erotic image of themselves. In nickelodeons, and within a few years colossal theatres, Hollywood goddesses were laying the <sup>found</sup> ~~foundations~~ for a ~~new~~ much more sexually emancipated female and ~~making~~ <sup>making</sup> women very much <sup>more</sup> aware of their equality with the male. In darkened theatres feminine libido was being released. A new kind of woman <sup>was emerging - one</sup> who dared to pattern herself after Clara Bow, ~~and~~ Pola Negri, Lucille Brooks, Gloria Swanson, Marlene Dietrich, to mention a few. <sup>if the actress was. and at the same time, she</sup> was comparing her marital and sex life ~~with~~ and the dull pragmatic man she was engaged to, or married to, with ~~the~~ romantic screen lovers who wooed <sup>then</sup> ~~his~~ woman for days and hours before ~~they~~ bedded her. For the first time in human history <sup>we men</sup> could visually compare dream men with <sup>the</sup> reality, much as their male owners had been doing <sup>with dream women</sup> for centuries.

During the <sup>same</sup> years, their fathers and husbands were enjoying the first flood of mass market erotica designed for males. Unlike their wives who were either living in a romantic dream world, or were still maintaining the virginal girl-in-the-choir image ~~who~~ <sup>(was a proper wife)</sup> never really revealed her sexual needs. (Did she really have any?)--the naked ladies on French Postcards promised immediate passion and infinite ecstasy. Penny postcards, at the turn of the century had become a big business. Developing from ~~from~~ cards with simple floral designs, they now provided a place for a handwritten message on one side, and an actual photograph on the other. The General Postal Union had established rates between member countries. In 1899 France, Germany, Belgium produced over a hundred million postcards. For the next twenty years postcard production would grow to astronomical proportions. Collecting and sending them became an international mania. Even before World War 1, Paris became known as the capital of the "feelthy picture" industry. Of course that was an American designation. But many of the huge volume of erotic French postcards went far beyond ~~female~~ nudity and were sexually explicit. The first ones to appear were ~~with~~ either reproductions

reproductions of salon paintings which already overflowed French museums and portrayed naked men and women in mythological settings. The paintings were reproduced on cards as the <sup>and</sup> <sup>postcard</sup> producers became more courageous French women were photographed wearing "maillots"--tight white body stockings <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ clung to their body. Then came the cards with naked women <sup>Real live women style showing</sup> ~~which only showed~~ their breasts, behind, and ~~the~~ classical mons veneris--without pubic hair. <sup>Across Paris</sup> ~~Paris~~ was ~~suddenly~~ inundated with erotic postcards. <sup>In the</sup> ~~By the~~ early 1900s, the French gendarmes, probably inspired by Freud who was telling the world that successful societies were the product of sexual repression, raided shops all over the city and seized more than eighty thousand of them as objectionable. But times were changing. <sup>By</sup> ~~In~~ 1915, ~~when~~ the American doughboys were arriving <sup>in France</sup> to lick the Kaiser. Suddenly a very large segment of young American youth ~~quickly~~ discovered what seemed to be a much freer sexual world. For the first time the average American boy, your greatgrandfather, in all probability, was discovering that women--some women at least were bubbling sexual creatures. Whether it was fantasy or not, French postcards gave the impression that if these women went to bed with you they wouldn't just lie there, <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ pray to God that you would get it over with quickly. You had the feeling that these women enjoyed sex even more than you did. It proved that political and religious leaders were partially right. If you give <sup>the</sup> ~~reign~~ reign to human sexuality and don't censor the sexual environment, eventually people will question their economic and political chains. How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree?

You are watching a cowboy riding across the plains. He arrives at a barn. Up above on a hill is a shack. A woman emerging from the barn greets him. "I haven't seen you before," she says. "I'm looking for my brother. He's up there playing poker." But our cowboy is in no hurry.

In a few seconds he has the lady stretched out in the hay and is tasting her pussy. A few minutes later he extricates his brother who has been fleecing the other players from a ticklish situation and they are riding across the prairie with the bad guys in pursuit. Now, you discover as they cross a highway that it isn't the 19th century it's really the 20th century and automobiles are passing in either direction. The only job the brothers can find is shooting coyotes at \$30 a head or opening up abandoned gold mines. In between they visit a bordello where they must remove their guns and take a bath before the ladies will go to bed with them. Now, they are in a hotel and each brother has his own room with a female companion for the night. Amazingly these brothers suddenly become great lovers. They converse with their female friends, they kiss them romantically, they hold hands with them. They discuss what special things they might enjoy in the act of love and when the females become too assiduous in the act of oral sex they pull them back into their arms and kiss them enthusiastically. When their women climax and are gasping they kiss them and ask them caring questions. "Are you okay, girls? You're very beautiful. You're my baby. I'm going to take care of you." You are watching Lips and McCain a new kind of sex-vid that dares to mix laughter and loving.

Although stag movies were being produced at the same relative time <sup>that</sup> ~~as~~ French postcards appeared on the scene, few Americans ever <sup>explicit sexual acts in a</sup> saw moving picture ~~sex until the~~ <sup>Then in the</sup> late 1920s <sup>and for the next</sup> ~~after which, for nearly~~ fifty years, stag movies became a rite of passage and aided in the sexual maturing of your grandfather or father, depending on how old you are, now. Within the first half of that time-span, by 1925 French postcards had more or less disappeared. They were no longer very sexually sophisticated. The movie moguls were producing movies <sup>showing</sup> ~~of~~ women in their underwear, <sup>and an occasional naked breast.</sup> Sears Roebuck and other mail order houses offered catalogues with woodcut drawings showing women in their corsets and underwear. Girlie magazines, with no nudity yet, but plenty of lustful poses and saucy looks could be purchased at the local tobaccionist store. Despite the millions upon millions of erotic postcards which were printed; <sup>in that twenty year span</sup> ~~today~~ they are hard to locate, <sup>today they</sup> ~~and~~ have become collectors items. The only way to become acquainted with the joyful sexual tease and exuberance portrayed in these cards is



to search out several hard to find books. (They're expensive, too!) in which they have been reproduced. Three of the best that I have discovered are Erotic Postcards by William Ouellette and Barbara Jones; French Undressing, Naughty Postcards from 1900 to 1920, by Paul Hammond; and Nudes, 125 published by Morgan & Morgan (see bibliography for details). Nudes, 1925 is a collection of many different postcards showing naked or partially dressed females. It's fascinating to compare them with the pinups that appeared in World War II (usually dressed) and the current indistinguishable monthly crop of naked young ladies who appear in Playboy or Penthouse, and many other men's magazines. Those turn of the century women seem both more mature--certainly they're not women in their twenties. And they really are more plump and more 'softik'. On the other hand, while they are heavier than most women you will see in sexvids, including the aging Georgina Spelvin, they are not overweight. Many of the photos concentrated on luscious breasts, and plump, pear shaped behinds. The unacknowledged author of the introduction to Nudes, 1925 captures their mood. "The straight forwardness of these earlier 'daughters of joy' offer a pleasing contrast (he means with the titillation and leering obscenity or super-sophistication of many of the naked young women appearing in today's magazines), amplitude of breast and buttocks seems a welcome alternative to today's extreme of near gaunt chic, reminding us of the pleasures that sculptors have always taken in richly curvilinear forms. Many of the subjects show attractiveness of personality, too--pensiveness, twinkling fun, poetic moodiness...these nudes were really never naked, there remains a personal reticence, a veil of aesthetic gracefulness and even in a coy tantalizing look..there is an elegance..a restraint that keeps the the sensuous enjoyment from shifting to overt sexuality."

And there is a great deal of bawdy laughter too in the more sexually generalized postcards. As Ouellette and Jones point out, the cards catered to a wide range of erotic taste: "There are cards for tit men and bum men, Cards for flagellants and Mackintoshes (the writers are English<sup>19</sup>). In England the Mackintosh wearers are evidently the American 'raincoat crowd' who in addition to enjoying themselves unimpeded in adult theaters may be flashers, too!) Many of the cards portrayed imaginary harems and white slavery. Lesbians stroked each other, but naked men-alone or together-never appeared on erotic postcards. If they had, it would have forced American males to declare war on France.<sup>41</sup> Many of the cards relied on bawdy jokes which were told in picture form with punch lines or sometimes in a sequence of four to six cards. Even by today's standards they are still amusing. Two fully dressed women with skirts below their ankles are standing on a ladder looking through a telescope at the heavens. One says: "I see Venus." The other says: "I see Jupiter." The boy standing below and looking up their skirts, says, "I see Mars." Or a woman lying in bed alone, reading, has a caption above her "It would take a lot of this to knock me up." Four different women, well dressed eating asparagus stems, and holding ~~it~~<sup>them</sup> in a very phallic way are captioned in French: "How to eat asparagus." The following words appear over their heads to match their expressions. "With disdain! With hesitation! With love! With passion!" Or two women are wrapped around a bottle of champagne so that the stem looks like a huge phallus. This one is titled Bonne Annee. Or a man sitting on a tree stump with a woman in his lap is captioned "When hiking, all nice girls like resting on a stump." Or a woman, rear view, her behind peaking between the slits of her knickers is sitting on the spire of an actual photograph of a French cathedral. It is

simply labeled Sacre Coeur. Or a woman sitting in a naked tub is captioned "She always bathes her pussy."

For the first time, the common man, little people, the people who were the subjects of Hogarth's and Rowlandson's drawings had found a mass art that really expressed their sexuality. Moreover, the photographs on many of the postcards (some, of course, were drawings) were real people. When they pictured men (never undressed), the men looked just like the men who bought them. The male purchaser who bought them could imagine himself as the male in these pictures being embraced by a plump, loving female. For millions of men, they were a fantasy treasury which they kept carefully hidden in their dresser drawers concealed from their wives who they never saw naked and who were very rarely passionate with them. Mothers in those days taught their daughters that all that men thought about was sex. A good wife didn't have to grin, but she had to "bare" it.

Although your greatgrandmothers may have been repulsing their husbands, the double standard was clearly understood. Until very recently, there were whores and bad women who enjoyed sex. The women a man married was more genteel and virginal. Unfortunately, the bad women were more fun in bed.

At the same time that Paris was flooding the world with erotic postcards, in 1895, the first pornographic movie was shown in Paris. Perhaps it was made by George Melies who made over five hundred movies between 1896 and 1912 that run between one minute and a half hour. Many of them were quite erotic. The movies were shown to a select audience. According to Thornton Vaseltrap, in an article in Screw (May 26, 1970), the first porno movie produced in 1895 reveals a

a woman who flickers onto the screen sans clothing and reclines in a chaise lounge. A remarkably virile young man pounces on her and proceeds to give a rapid demonstration of the art of copulation." Many of the sexvids that were produced in 1978 and 1979 are still in the same rut. Even before titles and credits appear on many of them, and without any plot buildup, penises and vaginas are fervidly meshing. Vaseltrap describes in detail three other pornographic movies produced in France in 1895 and in 1898 and compares their relative sophistication with the early British and American films which have no story but concentrate on erect penises and vulvas. A Frenchman named Lumiere had developed a much lighter weight hand-cranked camerathan Edison's Kintoscope making cinematographic techniques much easier than on American equipment. Vaseltrap compares the French movies with the lack of sophistication of American and British movies. "French producers sought amusing situations and unusual deviations for their themes while their Yankee counterparts contented themselves with crude motion pictures of nude men and women. The mere sight of female pubic hairs or a motionless erection stimulated American voyeurs." Here is a paraphrase of Vaseltrap's description of an untitled 1898 French movie:

Now you are watching a young woman astride a horse. She is raven haired (blondes did not photograph well in early films). She is wearing a low cut blouse that barely covers her nipples. Her skirt is hiked above her well rounded thighs which straddle the horse. A handsome stable boy, pitching his stare at her. Now she's wiggling against the horse erotically enjoying her ride. The horse stops dead center in the frame. The boy helps her off the horse and her movements release her breasts from her blouse. Now, she has embraced the boy and is kissing him passionately. They tumble together in a pile of hay. You see her rounded buttocks and then she is caressing and kissing his swollen penis. The boy mounts her slowly and she disappears in the hay. Her long legs slip up and wrap his body for a few seconds, and the camera goes blank.

Albert and Knight in their study of stag films (Playboy) claim that there was a big market for the stag film in the United States as early as 1904. Buenos Aires was the principal center of production. Eugene O'Neill described the movies that he witnessed when he

was in an Argentine seaport: "these pictures were rough stuff. Nothing left to the imagination. Every form of perversity was re-enacted."

According to Al di Lauro and Gerald Rabin who offer a filmography of more than 1700 stag films in their book, Dirty Movies and Illustrated ~~Index~~ History of the Stag Film 1915-1970, the first film which any one has any record of (it's now in the Institute For Sex Reseachers copious film library) was A Free Ride. It is also known as the Glass Sandwich and was dated/approximately 1915. The plot of the Free Ride is simple. "A man picks up two girls and take them for a ride in the country. He stops in a wooded area, gets out and walks behind a bush to relieve himself. The girls spy on him-become excited, have to urinate themselves. The man then spies on them and ~~xxxx~~ emboldened by lust, initiates unopposed sexual contact with one of the girls. Her friend watches and soon demands her share of the attention. Soon all's well that ends well, and the free ride is over"

This was the basic approach of most of the stag films. Cameras were focused on the genital areas of either sex. Seduction was rapid and unopposed. And they were often filmed in an outdoor setting (easier lighting problems) and often with an element of bawdy humor. Recognizing the cultural and historical aspects of stag films, Alex de Renzy put together a two hour version of stag films in 1971 called A History of Blue Movies. To my knowledge this is not available on video tape. But the Wonderful World of Video offers a comparable series (see Filmography) which they call Famous Smokers from the Past, Series I and II. Together they run over 2½ hours and are a joy to watch, largely because of the clever dubbing of popular songs of the 1940-1950 period. The words and music seem to reflect the kind of syrupy emotions going on in the heads of the unknown actresses and actors. But their sexmaking is much more caring of each other than the impersonal fucking in most current adult films.

Included in Wonderful World's Smoker Series is Candy Barr's famous stag film, made in 19 during which she presumably refused to perform fellation. But nevertheless, <sup>she</sup> gets involved in a happy threesome when her girl friend arrives in the man's hotel room to get her share of the loving. The Famous Smoker's series offers another famous stag film The None Story in which the female lead

appears in a nun's costume and perform sexually ~~xxxxxx~~ alone and with a man in a way which is much more female oriented than most stag films. Another film in the series is called The Priest. With the accompanying romantic music, even today, this one could be used as a valid sex education film. Once he is naked, the priest turns out to be a considerate and joyful lover who offers plenty of foreplay that would please most women.

The Famous Smokers Series also offers a smiling bearded commentator who puts the stag films and cartoons in perspective. He points out that although the ~~stag~~ films are dominated by the male belief that was prevalent in those days: "First you grab her breast and then cunt, and once you've got her cunt she's yours."...nevertheless, "the women in these films, old or new, quite often is a strong person. She comes off being more real than the man. Often the men are ~~are~~ mere things or are persons or beings on the side who are their just for sexual purposes. But the women is strong and she comes through in the end."

In his book The Film as Subversive Art, Amos Vogel points out that "it is suprising to see your forefathers (mostly now dead) actually engaging in the same activities that we do. Ther are also interesting divergences from later more standardized stag films. In the early ones often both male and female urinate for laughs on camera; during sex the man drops his pants and looks very real, and, <sup>very</sup>real in his passionate entanglement, and at the end the girl seems literally exhausted."

Vogel also ~~p~~oints out that Alex de Renzy in his History of The Blue Movie (for which Wonderful World's Smokers are a good substitute) that de Renzy added a final sequence to his History which takes a great leap across the wasteland of adult films that would appear in the following ten years. De Renzy added a vignette which gives the audience " a highly charged, professionally directed sex episode which (delightfully) includes laughter, hugs and warmth: a portent of things to come when serious filmmakers, free of contempt for the genre supplant the mechanical pornographers by ~~aint~~roducing erotic realism."

Simulataneously, with the early stag films, erotic one-reelers with no explicit sex were being shown in the nickelodeons. They lasted anywhere from fifteen to thirty minutes. The developing film industry also used erotic teasers in their various story lines, but after 1907 they became much more moral and left erotica to the stag film producers.

Di Lauro and Rabkin point out (unlike modern adult films where the men and women are usually quite svelte and sophisticated) that the "heros" of the stag films were invariably the common man or woman, farmer or fireman, policeman, housewife or stenographer--with whom the unsophisticated male audience could identify.

Stag films were first shown in brothels, but for forty years (1920-1960) as Di Lauro and Rabkin point out "the largest market for stag films in America remained men-only"smokers" or"stag parties" and the male audience was either upper income, and residential college students who belonged to fraternities or lower middle class voluntary social organizations (Legionaires, Shriners, Elks, etc)

Combined with sexual titillation stag films were illegal which added to the adventure of watching them. During the late 1930's when I was in college I never saw a stag film. Bates College in those days was co-ed which was inhibiting to stag films and it had no fraternities. Consequently, there was no place to show them. But in the mid 1940's, after World <sup>War</sup> II, suburbia was flooded with them. Rarely did you buy one. They could be rented from greasy looking characters operating out of their automobiles. Costs for a film rental weren't cheap, at least \$25 for a couple of reels, and when you ran them they would usually break in some crucial place having been badly patched by previous voyeurs.

One Fourth of July, in the 1950's, a doctor friend of mine telephoned me with the exciting news that a patient of his had traded off <sup>his</sup> professional sex services for the loan of four 16 millimeter reels. Stag films were only beginning to appear in an 8mm format. Unfortunately, the only person we knew who had a 16 millimeter projector was a seemingly very prudish neighbor. We were sure that <sup>our</sup> the problem would be, not his interest, but our wives. Hundreds and thousands of men, even today, would never think of watching a "dirty" movie with their wives or any woman present. When our senior citizen friend discovered it was a men only party, with better fireworks than the usual Fourth display, he happily provided the projector. We kept it a few days and reran the films for our wives who thought that they were very silly--especially one which showed a skinny elderly gentleman playing naked in the woods with two young women. For the entire reel they worked diligently to produce an erection and when one of them finally managed it, the other appeared with an axe to chop it off. And that was the



end of the film.

Stag films provided the first and only detailed sex instruction most young men (and old) would ever receive. For many young men, watching them gave the same macho <sup>as</sup> image ~~and~~ their first actual sexual encounter ~~often~~ with a prostitute conveniently called Cock-eyed Jenny) They may have become sad but wiser men but they never confessed their <sup>should have</sup> loss of the female madonna image to their friends. They were men at last. Sharing stag films together was a rite of passage that confirmed the truth of their worlds. There were women just as lusty and sexy as they were, or <sup>they</sup> would like to be, but they weren't good women. Unfortunately they rarely saw the good women naked, before they married them and ~~often~~ often not even afterward.

As Di Lauro and Rabin <sup>believe that</sup> ~~point out~~, "the films <sup>revealed</sup> ~~not~~ graphically what it was difficult to see in the confines of a backseat... Similarly, one of the obsessive conventions of stag films--the low angle shot of the penis entering the ~~W~~agina in a missionary position--had several functions. It illustrated the myth of male dominance (man literally over ~~a~~ women) and it showed the viewer that he was getting his money's worth... that no simulation was involved. (Obviously this convention hasn't disappeared in current sexvids) And it provided the male with an essential anatomy lesson not available in textbooks--or from personally viewing his girlfriend!..or wife's ~~genitals~~.

Comparing the stag film with sexvids reveal some interesting sociological changes. In many cases adult film theatres serve the same teaching function, today, for young males that stag films did. But <sup>day</sup> ~~today~~ adult films lack the earthy kind of sex with laughter that often appeared in the stag films. ~~But~~ <sup>that</sup> One thing, many ~~of~~ the early-1970 porno films have in common with their 1940-1950 sex exploitation brethren is the people who made them didn't want to be identified with them. Not only did the actors and actresses often wear masks but if any credits appeared at all they were names like Mr Hard Penis, Mini Womb, Lotta Crap, and producers had names like A. Prick and

directors Ima Cunt and photographers R. U. Hard. <sup>By contrast,</sup> ~~On the other hand~~  
 adult films, <sup>especially</sup> in their newest form as sexvids, ~~like stag films,~~ <sup>are usually</sup>  
 viewed communally in small groups and thus <sup>affected on by one male and one female</sup> ~~can~~ establish a different  
 kind of communication between the viewers than is possible in any  
 adult theater. Today <sup>when a man and woman</sup> ~~with a female~~ (or several couples) <sup>not a sexual</sup> ~~watching~~  
~~on their television, they are not only watching~~  
~~not only what they are watching~~ on the tube, but <sup>they are</sup> also hearing and seeing  
<sup>other</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and female</sup> ~~the film~~ <sup>sit together</sup> in a living room or <sup>at home</sup> ~~lying in~~  
 bed, ~~the~~ viewers can no longer withdraw into the privacy provided by  
 a darkened theater. This creates a totally new sexual environment and  
 a seeding ground for a vast sexual change which I will discuss later.

In the 1930s during the depression, I was a teenager. Having  
 survived World War II, like quite a few million other fathers who are  
 still alive, I helped create the huge War baby generation who are now  
 in their early thirties. But I am one of the few thousands of fathers  
 (note I'm saying thousands, not millions) who dared to contest the  
~~muddled~~ <sup>sexual</sup> morality of my father's generation. Hopefully, because  
 of my writings, I may have even contributed to some of the changes  
 in sexual morality that have occurred in the past twenty years, such  
 as premarital cohabitation and a much greater prevalence of post-marital  
 sex and easy communal nudity. While I did not respond typically, I  
 did grow up in a similar environment to the majority of males who  
 fathered this generation and who are now producing their own offspring.  
 The reigns of our religious, educational and business <sup>institutions</sup> ~~leaders~~ are  
 still in the hands of men who grew up in the macho--sexual world of  
 stag films and burlesque. Most of these men passed on to their sons  
 this same patriarchal conditioning that they received. Treating women  
 as objects is nothing new to most men past fifty today. A whole gen-  
 eration grew up in the age of the female stripper. If you were at  
 least sixteen years old, and lived near one of the major cities, the

chances were that you would talk your way into an afternoon showing at the burlesque theater. Many of the burlesque queens, defying local ordinances would conclude their numbers with a final flip of their very naked pubes. They usually shaved their genitals but occasionally they removed their pasties to give you a view, before they ducked ~~before~~ <sup>by hand</sup> the curtain. But it was a rare stripper who dared to dance totally naked. When they did they were often surprised by police raids under the auspices of the local Watch and Ware Society.<sup>4</sup> It was the era of the dirty joke and the only way you could see a lovely female body was sandwiched in between the bawdy and often sick humor of ~~haggy~~ pantsed comedians. Our racist leanings were also exposed. Though no one gave it a thought, you could <sup>occasionally</sup> see partially naked black women occasionally in the pages of National Geographic. In those days black people were Stepin Fetchits or Amos and Andy's who still could be excused for their uncivilized nakedness. An enterprising youngster might have pressured his way into the art section of the library to see if he could find reproductions of nude paintings produced by seventeenth and eighteenth century masters, but under the eyes of the old maid librarian, it usually was a nerve-racking expedition and he was sure that she knew exactly what he was up to. Stag films were <sup>still</sup> being produced and shown at men's clubs and the basements and cellars of suburban homes. They called them "whoopee rooms". But the first sex exploitation commercial movies (with no explicit sex) began to appear during the 1940s. In one of them Jason Robards, senior, lectured on the dangers of venereal disease. Then, Kroger Babb, who David Friedman called the direct descendant of Barnum "the most fabulous showman in America" (a characterization many would apply to Friedman himself) produced what

became known as "clap operas" or "birth of a baby pictures." One of them, Mom and Dad dealt with the facts of life so innocuously that afternoon showings were scheduled in local theaters for women's organizations. Mom and Dad grossed over fifty million dollars which by today's inflated standards would mean more money than Star Wars has taken in.

Dave Friedman told Kenneth Turin and Stephen F. Zito in their excellent book Sinema "This fucking Mom and Dad was everywhere. There wasn't a theater in America that didn't play the picture." Twenty years later, even Matt Cimber (Jayne Manfield's last husband, who produced the first commercial film Man and Woman, showing a presumably married couple copulating in various positions (all carefully explained by a supposed doctor in a white coat as they go through the act) never achieved this kind of box office response.

With many fascinating interviews, Turin and Zito trace the history of pornographic films and the people who made them from 1940 to 1974 when the<sup>✓</sup> book was published. Amusingly the introduction to the book is called 'The life and maybe the death of dirty movies'. Less than six years ago, very few people, including the authors were aware that video in the form of tapes and discs could turn sexually explicit sex into a multi-~~million~~ billion dollar business. Nor did the authors envision that Deep Throat, Behind The Green Door, The Devil and Miss Jones, and a few other hard core films that they discuss in this book were only coming events that cast their shadows before, <sup>as that</sup> ~~the~~ thousand or more sexually explicit, kinky and sadistic films <sup>would</sup> ~~that have been~~ produced in the <sup>next</sup> ~~past~~ six years ~~and~~ which ~~have~~ found a ready market in adult theaters across the country. And all this <sup>has been</sup> ~~was~~ accomplished without the monetary potential of sexvids which is

only ~~now~~ just emerging. But if you're curious, or wish to understand how fast the sex exploitation film business has moved in the past twenty-five years, Sinema is must reading. Turin and Zito explore the volatile 1950-1960 period, particularly, through the activities of two key men: Russ Meyer and Dave Friedman.

Both Meyer and Friedman are now approaching sixty. But twenty-three years ago in 1957 Judge Charles Esmond <sup>gave</sup> ~~in~~ a New York Court of Appeals decision, <sup>which</sup> partially opened the floodgates <sup>which</sup> were <sup>partially</sup> ~~fully~~ opened in the Sunshine Case (see below). Desmond wrote about the Garden of Eden a nudist film which had ended up in court: "There is nothing suggestive about it...nudists are shown as wholesome, happy people in family groups practicing their sincere, but misguided theory that clothing when climate does not require it is deleterious to mental health by promoting an attitude of shame with regard to the natural attributes and functions of the body."

It was impossible to ever lock the barn door again. Within the next few years, nudist films, most of them featuring unknown actors and actresses with far more beautiful bodies than one usually encountered in a nudist camp, flooded American and European movie houses. Dave Friedman produced what is probably the first nudie musical film Goldilock and the Three Bears and he formed Entertainment Ventures, Incorporated which produced one nudie film after another, including Scarlett, Trader Hornee, and The Erotic Adventures of Zorro which in his own words made him the "Hitchcock of the crotch operas." Dave claimed that he spent more time in nudist camps than any non-nudist in the world. But you <sup>saw</sup> ~~got~~ few, if any, crotch shots in Friedman's flicks or those of any other producers of the era. What you got for your money was breasts and more breasts

and buttocks male or female with an occasional fast pan of the camera over a female delta. Rarely did you see a closeup of a penis and never, never an erect one.

Until Russ Meyer produced what Turin and Zito call the first "Nudie-cutie" in 1959, the The Immoral Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup>, you also got very little story line. There is no flesh touching flesh in Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup> and very little in the Meyer films that followed it for that matter, but The Immoral Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup> produced for twenty-four thousand dollars had grossed seven and a half million by 1968.

As Turin and Zito point out, until I Am Curious Yellow, it was the most notorious film released in the United States, "It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup>. It set the formal and thematic standards for a new genre for narrative film that featured female nudity and poked general fun at the inept and sweaty participants."

The story line of The Immoral Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup> has a voyeur quality that appeals to every man. What do women really look like naked? Suddenly unable to prevent himself, a paunchy, middle aged, dental technician, Mr. Tease<sup>g</sup> dreams that every woman he sees, every woman he encounters, including his female psychiatrist, he can see naked. For several years, the film was censored, banned and edited to meet the approval of local censorship boards, but it survived. In a laughing film, Meyer not only portrayed the fantasy world of millions of males but had proved beyond doubt that in a society where it was mostly impossible for men, young or old to see a woman naked, unless he married one (and in those days <sup>ever that</sup> ~~it~~ was none to certain) the exploitation of female flesh was (and still is) a very profitable business.

Dave Friedman and many others were quick to realize the

potential for offering what became known as soft core sex in commercial movie houses. Today, many of these same films are being taken out of mothballs, <sup>and</sup> twenty years later soft core-sex is ~~finally~~ appearing on late night cable and subscription television. Russ Meyer quickly moved beyond the nudie erotic film into soft core erotica and a mixture of physical and emotional sexual violence in his film Lorna and followed it with Vixen which Meyer insisted is a women's lib film because the heroine "calls all the shots and she made everyone better" at the end of the film. At the same time, Dave Friedman was carving a place for himself in film history with what Turin and Zito called the blood-lust films "Ghoulies, Roughies, and Kinkies." In 1963, Friedman produced, directed, and probably scripted Blood Feast followed by Color Me Blood Red, Two Thousand Maniacs, and many others. None of the Friedman or Meyer films showed any explicit sex. Luckily for them Gloria Steinem and other feminists were still playing in their sandboxes. The feminist movement hadn't really got started. In Friedman films women were having their thumbs cut off or were being murdered by demented artists who used their blood to paint canvases and as Turin and Zito point out, although nudity was kept to a minimum "they showed a lot of hard core breathing, rape, romance, and sadism--all faintly trashy and violent, featuring hot-blooded women (who are killed) and cruel virile men. Shades of J.R.Ewing of Dallas television fame--cleaned up, of course!

The basic theme of these sexually violent films produced with blood showing on the screen but no genitals hasn't disappeared. In 1980 increasing cinematic intensity and sophistication terrorized abject towering women in film after film are inexorably tracked down

by killers or rapists. But the sex with violence formula was discovered more than twenty years ago in the first sex exploitation films. No one was better at using the camera and verbal conversation to provide an uncensorable sex tease than Russ Meyer. Turin and Zito point out in The Vixen, which starred Erica Gavin, that Meyer used sophisticated timing and staging "to create and sustain dramatic tension" and he covered practically every sexual theme imaginable in one movie "including incest, miscengenation, lesbianism, wife swapping, sexual dysfunction, and nude bathing."--all made palatable with a running theme of draft dodging, hijacking and an ultimate victory of democracy over communism! <sup>It</sup> <sup>After</sup> ~~With~~ the film The Stewardesses which grossed twenty-five million dollars in 1970 and features fifty-six women in a wild sexual pot-pourri aboard an airliner en route to Honolulu, the soft-core sex era slowly melted into R rated <sup>into</sup> I Am Curious Yellow and Last Tango in Paris and hundreds of other films which unlike Bob Guccione's Caligula <sup>created</sup> ~~produced~~ lines at the box office because they go almost all the way on screen, but not quite, <sup>the producer showed how to</sup> and ~~they~~ mix dirty words and sexual violence at a level that <sup>didn't</sup> ~~doesn't~~ exceed sexual community standards in most of the United States.

Dave Friedman concludes his interview with Turin and Zito: <sup>that</sup> "There was a time <sup>I</sup> had a patent on this exploitation market in that I would do something that no one else would do <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ now there is nothing no one else will do including the majors." Knowing that he most certainly will read this I can tell Dave what no one has done yet--produce a loving, caring, romantic, sexually explicit movie that leaves both the male and female audience empathizing with the male and female actor and actress so much so that every heterosexual in the audience feels a tingling in his or her genitals. Come on Dave! I'll write the script for you! <sup>It</sup> In 1954 while Friedman and



Meyer were startling male movie audiences Hugh Hefner was reaching an even wider male audience than either of them. In the pages of Playboy he helped them to draw audiences for their movies with full color shots from their flicks. The first issue of Playboy with the nude Marilyn Monroe picture was a complete sell-out. Amusingly, another sixteen years would pass before any woman appeared in Playboy magazine with ~~their~~<sup>her</sup> pubic <sup>hair</sup> showing. My novel The Harrad Experiment, was published in 1966--three years before this earth shaking event. To comply with the reality of 1966, one of the main characters, Beth Hillyer has her pubic hairs shaved by her roommates before Coolboy photographers would photograph her.

Al Goldstein hailed Playboy's daring in 1969. "Nobody in their right mind would accuse Playboy of being avant-garde...there's a thrilling new parlor game making the rounds these days. It's called: Is there pussy showing in Playboy?...as far as I can remember the first actual vagina that I saw in Playboy was in their series Sex in the Cinema. It was a still from one of the early nudist movies (socially redeeming I thought the editor had left his contact lens home the day he chose the picture) then in August 1969 some very obvious pussy was seen prancing across his pages. The young lady who won this coveted

honor was Miss Paula Kelly...using a black woman in their first frontal nudity portrayal is kind of interesting. I think they call it the National Geographic principle...I'd like to be able to tell you ladies and gay guys out there that Playboy will soon be showing pictures of real live cock, but I wouldn't want to venture any predictions in that area."

The first issues of Sunshine and Health, a nudist magazine, circulated by the American Sun Bathing Association in the late 1940s had ~~already~~<sup>eventually</sup> made their truce with necessity. The nudist editors offered two versions of their magazines, one for home consumption by nudists with photographs of totally naked nudists in all shapes and sizes and a newsstand edition with the genitals airbrushed. In the early 1950s the father of the nudist movement in America, Reverend Isley Boone, a Baptist minister who insisted that "until the moral leaders of America accept reality in the body and allow the hoi-poloi to become perfectly familiar with the body's complete physical appearance, a more or less feverish interest in the forbidden parts of the body will continue."

Boone's followers backed up his conviction by convincing the Supreme Court to rule in 1957 in the Sunshine case that the human body was not obscene and pictures of it could be printed in magazines with no airbrushing required. Presumably, the nudie movies could now show penises and deltas.

But it wasn't until the 1970s that human genitals really became a part of the visual sex scenery and then only in a few men's magazines and in a few R rated movies. Today, ten years later, while nudity is commonplace in British and Italian television and you can see R rated movies on late subscription and cable television with

women running around naked, (not many men) or <sup>in some cities</sup> you can go to a motel that runs, in-house, X rated movies, it's still impossible to see a naked man and woman on network television and rarely in magazines like Cosmopolitan or Redbook which more often than

not<sup>all</sup> sold because of highly sex oriented articles. As for the "hoi-polo!" seeing their brothers and <sup>that</sup>sisters naked on a public beach or in one's home or backyard rarely happens-even to the sexually sophisticated who often approve<sup>of</sup> nudity for everyone but themselves.

7

1970 - 1980

# THE ~~NOVEMBER~~ RIGHT TO SEE BATTLE CONTINUES

You are in the 1950s watching Freddie in High School. He may remind you of yourself. He's the guy that can't quite get it on with girls. At a high school dance all the fellows are making out except Freddie. He convinces one girl to take a ride with him in his car into the country and when he stops and awkwardly tries to put his hand between her legs she scowls at him and says "Is this what you think of me?" In the meantime, his more sophisticated friends who are trying to seduce the high school english teacher who is telling them to drop their drawers and she will teach them the facts of life. You are watching High School Fantasy. Before you are finished, you will see poor Freddie totally embarrassed in a parking area by some of his other classmates as he appears in front of the headlights of his car with semen wet pants. Freddie's girl friend wouldn't let him come inside her but never mind he saves her from a couple of knife carrying hoodlums. Now you are watching Freddie's friends telling about girls they know who have ingested spanish fly and get so horny they end up fucking the gear shifts of their cars. Poor Freddie the high school teacher, Mr. Perkins, tells him to take Mary Lou out and fuck her till her eyes pop out. Freddie can't believe that women like it so rough. Poor Freddie, his friends recommend that he should spend the night with Kandy, a local whore, who finally rapes him. But never mind, Freddie figures out how to make a spanish fly concoction himself. Who drinks it? His high school English teacher, of course and Freddie finally makes it with her.

Before we explore the sexvid phenomenon in some detail and because we tend to think historically of life in terms of decades, it's interesting to take a quick survey of 1970 and compare it with the reality of 1980 and where we might be ten years from now. It

may also give us some clues on how far we are along toward creating a loving, laughing, joyously sex caring society.

While many people may be unaware of it we have a sex newspaper of record. Al Goldstein's Screw, which began publication in 1968 is available to give us a running glimpse of the way sexual things and thoughts were in the pivotal year of 1970.

Oh, Calcutta! and Hair were attracting huge audiences on the New York stage largely because for the first time they offered live human beings naked as a part of the action. In the February 9th, 1970 issue of Screw the Sensuous Woman by J was reviewed as a "fuck" book. There are numerous photographs of naked young women and a centerfold in full color (Screw is tabloid size) shows a naked young man (without an erection) lying on the floor looking up into the crotch of a naked lady standing over him. It is captioned, "You have nothing to lose but your dildoes." There is an article called

Nookey, Tushey, and Twat in this issue and like all articles appearing in Screw ~~no~~ words or thoughts are left to the imagination. A continuing feature is Al Goldstein's Peter Meter which provides a percentage rating on movies potential to give a typical male an erection. It appears in this issue, but the only adult movie to be rated is something called the Kremlin Letter and it is rated 20% for sexuality. This comment also appears about the first socially redeeming adult movie, Man and Woman produced by Matt Cimber who was the last husband of Jayne Mansfield: "To<sup>on</sup> you dumb ass readers. <sup>\* Al wrote</sup> That's right, I'm sick and tired of letters and phone calls complaining about my reviews of Man and Wife. I gave it a 95% rating and I'd do it again. Yes, the film is dull, clinical, amateurish, but is the most graphic replica of fucking to appear on the American scene. I can't compare it to an ideal that isn't legal in this country yet. I must compare it to the other skin flicks...it is a break-through film. <sup>"Gt</sup> Man and Woman probably made Matt Cimber a multi millionaire but even he couldn't have predicted a future of adult films and sexvids which would completely upstage this quaint little movie which has a doctor in a white coat professionally describing various sex positions as a young couple enjoys them while a huge male audience watches <sup>the scene</sup> in amazement. The word porno film or adult film or erotic film had yet to be used--they were called "blue" movies in the United States and still are in England.

In the February 13th issue of Screw a new book Pornography in Art (see bibliography) is reviewed. News on Sex is that a Federal Court---with a three judge panel declared a U.S. customs statute barring importation of hard core pornography was unconstitutional and the decision stated "the first amendment to the constitution cannot be construed to permit those who have no funds for foreign travel to bring back constitutionally protected material while

prohibiting access to the less affluential.' The hoi polloi" were being given a chance to join the sexually sophisticated. This issue also notes the showings of I Am Curious Yellow, a foreign movie with one graphic sex scene, and Oh, Calcutta! are being prohibited in California. A play Che has been showing in an off Broadway theater about which David Merrick, the Broadway producer of Hello, Dolly, among others, testifies in a prosecution suit against the play: "I think the Che Guevara story has social value but the artificial use of sexual acts (including one character who presumably takes a shit during the performance and wipes himself--my aside) and language were unnecessary." The only movie review in this issue was the Zabriskie Point, a Michelangelo Antonioni film which Goldstein peters at 20%.

Keep in mind adult movies in 1970 were still mostly nudist movies with no plot. In the October 26th, 1970 issue in an interview with Terry Southern, the author of Candy and Blue Movie which Southern described the making of an erotic movie, Southern predicted the video sex revolution. "My feeling is that movies are to be taken more seriously than books from the point of view that stronger empathetic, sensory perceptions are working in movies. In other words seeing someone hit by an automobile is far more impressive than reading about it. It is in fact only once removed from primary experience... now we are getting into the golden age of film making with video tape. There will be no censorship or sponsor problems. It will be an era of home made dirty movies. Imagine the enormous impact that will have. They have prototypes now for 4 or 5 hundred bucks...and they can't restrict it, because it won't go through the mails. We're right on the threshold of total freedom in that area because of the polaroid aspects of these video tape movies and you don't

have to take them out to get them processed, but immediately play them back, erase them, shoot them again...if they have to be sold in a clandestine way, say like pot, now that's all right. I mean there won't be any stopping of it any more than they can stop people smoking pot by saying it's against the law.' ¶ In the March 15th issue, Screw discovers Thomas Rowlandson, and a new book of his famous sexual drawings of country madams revealing their genitals to admirers. But the price is \$20 and it's certainly not for the hoi polloi. In a 2 to 1 decision Screw reports that a New York Criminal Court found the play Che indecent and the playwright was fined \$500 or 60 days in jail. A review of Fellini's Satyricon in the April issue notes that the film succeeds where sexploitation films usually fail. In the hands of a master suggestion can be much more explicit than the sexual act itself. Dinoysus in 69, a <sup>new</sup> play, however succeeds not because of it's story but because of it's nudity. In <sup>other</sup> April issues Monique is reviewed a new adult film which despite "some sweet tits and ass male and female no pussy is shown" thus according to Screw the film is a failure. But Sexual Freedom in Denmark has appeared. <sup>is</sup> a new movie "that at last shows visible cunts and hard ons."



Chapter 7 is not complete and will continue for <sup>8 MORE PAGE</sup> ~~5 or 6~~ pages

Chapter 8 ~~is in the process of being written and will be~~  
approximately 15 pages dealing with sexual  
confusion in the year 1980

## PART TWO

### Explicit Sex<sup>x</sup>making on Television...Enjoy or Cry?

The word "porno has become very much accepted in every day film language. A porno movie has just as much definite image as a western or a sci-fi flick. Because pornography is a reflection of our own sexual activities and fantasies, there are many different types of porno movies, each one usually attracting a specific audience. Before you make a porno movie you must have a clear idea of ~~the~~ which audience you wish to attract and ~~what~~ what that group expect to see. There are straight pornos, gay pornos, whips-and-chains porno and funny pornos<sup>x</sup>.

Stephen Ziplow  
The Filmmakers Guide  
to Pornography

Alas...are there no romantic pornos?

## A QUICK LOOK AT THE ADULT FILM INDUSTRY

100  
110

You are waking up in New York City in a high-rise apartment far above the madding crowd who <sup>along with</sup> ~~wake~~ you, in the next two hours will be pushing and shoving it's way to work. Now you are watching Mr. Average Little Guy awakened by his alarm. It's seven a.m. Wearily thrusting off his blankets he rolls on top of his bleary eyed wife who spreads her legs and lying on her back with her legs in the air lets him enjoy his before-he-goes-to-work morning fuck. Still sleeping, she scizzors his head with her legs and lets him pump away. As he grimly thrusts in and out of her vagina she warns him not to come inside her--her diaphragm isn't in. Now you are in his daughter's room and she's caressing her vulva thinking about her boyfriend and then you are transported to another apartment where wealthy Ms Career Woman is reading her Wall Street Journal and getting ready to earn her hundred thousand dollar a year salary and exert her female power on all and sundry.

But wait--Mr. Average Little Guy after yelling at his daughter to get out of the bathroom is now entering Ms Career Woman's palatial office praying that she will place an order with him for whatever he is selling. She tells him to get on the ball and stop fucking off and then magically she is in his fantasy power and she's no longer an imperious lady. Instead she's bending over her desk, her ass in the air begging him to fuck her. In the next grueling ten minutes she is totally in his command before the camera fades back to the reality of him sitting humbly before her desk. You are just beginning to watch Babylon Pink where fantasies both male and female are an antidote to the grim reality of life.

Hopefully, the history of man expressing his sexual needs and fantasies visually in various art forms has given some perspective on adult films and the coming invasion of the sexvids. Obviously visual sex has been a part of human life since the beginning of time. But only in the past ten years has the combination of movie making and video tape and video discs laid the groundwork for erotic art for the masses. Far beyond the written word, or the naked but motionless photographs in Playboy, Penthouse, and various men's magazines, <sup>both</sup> men and women can hear and watch sexual behaviour of

others and see their sexual daydreams come to life--not in a sleazy adult theater, but in the privacy of their own home.

No one knows how many explicit sex films have been made since the first one in 1896--they're in the tens of thousands, for sure. But since Deep Throat launched the so-called "new wave of porno films" there's a ten year inventory that can, or already have been transferred to tape. Most of these are listed in the filmography at the end of this book. Despite the rapid development and transfer of films made during the past ten years to tape, 8 mm porno films which dominated the whole market for the past 20 years are still a very big business. They can be duplicated easily and retailed for as low as \$20 for ten or fifteen minute sequences. Many of these have been transferred to tape and sold, 2 or 3 to an hour tape under names such as Swedish Erotica, Limited Editions, Diamond Collection, and Peep Show (See filmography). While there are many left overs from early adult films on video tape which offer kinky sex and rape, and bondage and discipline sequences are easily available on video tape, the really kinky stuff only appears on 8 mm film and most of it travels underground. For the most part adult film makers do not produce any films today which transgress a 1980 memorandum from the Los Angeles City attorney's office. <sup>This memorandum</sup> ~~The~~ pin pointed films and tapes <sup>subject to</sup> ~~for~~ arrest and prosecution <sup>and</sup> ~~which~~ included bestiality and masturbation of animals, <sup>and</sup> so called "snuff" films in which presumably the actress is murdered in her final orgasm (probably none of these actually exist) and films <sup>or</sup> ~~for~~ tapes which show sex with minors. Keep in mind there is a big demand for females who portray teenagers and act as if they were under sixteen, but so far as I've been able to discover there is no "kiddle'porn" in any of the <sup>video-taped</sup> ~~films~~ listed in <sup>the comprehensive</sup> ~~this vast~~ filmography at the end of this book.

The police may also try to censor films on tape which show urination (Golden Showers) defecation (obviously Marquis de sade style) or films showing pain or sado-masochistic abuse. However, there are many bondage and discipline films available on video tape as you will discover in the filmography as well as a few that offer "fist fucking" in which an arm or foot or toe is inserted in a female vagina. <sup>which appears in original tapes of</sup> But ~~for~~ such a sequence <sup>the film</sup> Candystripers <sup>which was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>confiscated</sup> in a Los Angeles police raid <sup>in March of 1974</sup> and if you buy a video tape of this film today the particular scene has been eliminated.

Areas that I have labeled Deviatational Kinky in the filmography such as anal sex, double insertions, orgies and various group sex are no longer subject to police raids. And, of course, in areas like Los Angeles (considered the porn capital of the United States dollar wise and production wise) as well as San Francisco and New York city, visual portrayal of normal sex, oral and penile vaginal sex and masturbation is no longer shocking.

Before we examine in depth the rapidly changing style of adult films since Deep Throat, and particularly the video duplication of these films which is now practically simultaneous with the first showing in adult theaters, some background of the industry may give you perspective. When I decided to write this book, I was totally unaware of the people-size of the industry which, despite a continuing annual Erotic Film Festival for the past four years, tries to maintain a low profile, and is advisedly a little paranoid about investigative reporters. like me, who may turn out to be the local police or F.B.I. man in disguise. While there are no accurate statistics, I would guess that more than ten thousand people in the United States earn a good living from the production and distribution of X-rated films. This would include producers, directors, financial

backers, actors, actresses, screen writers, cinematographers, adult film theater owners and employees, and retail video dealers.

In her book Blue Money, Pornography, and Pornographers, An Intimate Look At The Two Billion Dollar Fantasy Industry, Carolyn See in 1974 covered some areas of the newly emerging adult film industry with separate chapters on Matt Cimber, the last husband of Jayne Mansfield, Linda Lovelace, and Marvin Miller (who has long since disappeared, but was then called "King of the Skin Flicks) and many others. Linda Lovelace and Marilyn Chambers have ghostwritten several books culminating in Linda's The Ordeal of Linda Lovelace. There have been a few other books published about the industry, or people in the industry, but most of the books and articles use a People Magazine approach--evincing more or less horror at the product, accompanied by much of the "How could you do it?" type of reporting combined with supposedly intimate exposures of the actors and actresses lives or the lives of people involved in the industry. In a later chapter I will extract from various interviews that have appeared in many publications<sup>on</sup> how the top adult film stars react to making a living copulating on camera and how the producers and directors of "sexmaking films" feel about their product. But I'm much more interested in the sexvid phenomena at the viewing end of the line and it's total social effect as well as it's effect on the average person, both psychologically and sociologically. I'll leave the hands-in-the-air, shocking or horrified exposures of various people in the industry to others who walk a narrow path between fantasy and reality.

But, if you really want to know how the actors and actresses in X-rated films supposedly react (note the word supposedly--my feeling is that they are only too happy to cater to your fantasies on stage or off stage--it's good for their own image and for the business)

then you should subscribe to magazines such as Adams Film World, Porn Stars, Video X, Cinema X, and, of course, Screw (there are others listed in the bibliography) who devote some of their pages to the idiosyncracies of X-rated actors, actresses, and their directors. Within their pages you'll find long interviews and, also, with the exception of Screw which is a newspaper, most of them offer full color, detailed still photographs and reviews of currently released films.

In our advanced (?) sexual society, stars of adult films are beginning to create as much interest in their lives as the early motion picture stars and today many men's magazines such as Gallery, Genesis, High Society, and Velvet are almost totally oriented around the industry and depend on still photos from various new films or past films for most of their photographic content.

As for the kingpins, mostly a mixture of Italians and Jews, who are the financial backers and who have made millions in the porno business, much true and false has been written about them. When Gerard Damino was asked why he sold his ownership of Deep Throat for \$25,000, he told reporters he couldn't talk about it. "Do you want me to get both my legs broken?" he demanded.

On Valentine's Day 1979, Mike Zaffrano, who at 56 was considered one of the kingpins in the porno business, dropped dead in his New York office of a heart attack when the FBI raided his company in what became known as the Miporn investigation. Simultaneously, raids were conducted in all the other major cities. Thirty-three out of the fifty-eight persons arrested came from California. Zaffrano was only one of the top men involved in pornography. All of the names of the key people in the industry were revealed in an article in Home Video Magazine, January, 1981, as well as their backgrounds and what they

did in various parts of the country. Ethnically, for what it may be worth, the names reveal about an even mixture of Jews and Italians, who, presumably, dominate the industry and provide much of the money for the production of porno movies, as well as the supervision and distribution of the films and video cassettes, many of which are under their control. Interestingly, the raids and arrests by the FBI were mostly an attempt to convict these people who are bootlegging or pirating legitimate movies and offering them on video cassettes forcing their sale through video dealers whom they controlled. Movies like Superman II, Star Wars, and Close Encounters of the Third Kind, for example, could make fortunes for those who copied them and offered them for sale on cassettes. In order to do this it was necessary "to borrow" the actual film from the theater of particular exhibitors, make a master tape and then return the film to the theater before the next showing. Another charge was that since these men presumably controlled much of the video cassette distribution of adult films, they were involved in "suppressing" any pirating of their own films, such as "Deep Throat" or The Devil and Miss Jones. A few indictments were made, fines paid, and that was the end of the matter. No attempt was made by the FBI to stop interstate distribution of adult films, or censor pornography.

I'm sure that eventually books will appear offering lurid details, true or not, of so-called "mob connection" with the adult film industry. But how, where, and why they function is not the subject of this book. Whether <sup>Specific people</sup> they existed or not, adult films would be made in profusion. <sup>The truth is this</sup> and the vast majority of people that I have met in the industry comprise every nationality and ethnic group. They may have a devalued and bored feeling about human sexuality, and only occasionally portray caring sex in their films and on the tapes that they offer, but they are not criminals.



In ~~interviewed~~ his book Erotic Communications, Studies in Sex, Sin, and Censorship, George N. Gordon has a footnote which parallels my own experience. He addressed the Adult Film Association at their quarterly meeting at the Waldorf Astoria in New York in 1978 at an informal luncheon. "By and large," Gordon reports, "I've found them a surprisingly sincere and intelligent audience and extremely interested in the topic of my talk, which concerned the attitudes of young people today--and tomorrow--toward X-rated films, and the artistic, and even educational potential of such cinema. In many ways, they resemble Hollywood's original film makers in the early days of the movies. They are slightly guilty because of their extraordinary financial success; uncertain about the future of their medium, and deeply concerned about public attitudes toward an aspect of culture that much of the public does not understand, but in unspecified ways and without much proof, considers a dangerous form of corruption. Like the other early film makers, they, too, consider themselves to be outcasts: therefore, their drive to band together in their own common interests, as well as their unusual warmth toward a college professor who they perceived as being on their side and who treated them exactly as what they were--his peers--and in terms of common interests, his superiors by far!"

My reaction to most of the people in the industry is similar. It is not their goal to corrupt America. They sincerely believe that - they are providing an entertainment for which there has always been a demand and like good American business men, if the demands shift, which I believe it will, they will shift with it. Whatever their nationalities or whether the actresses and actors do or don't enjoy sexmaking for a living the truth is that they and the producers, directors, cameramen and practically every other person involved in

the industry are just as confused in their interpersonal moralities and in their sexuality as you and I are.

My first contact with the adult film industry was in the spring of 1980 I attended my first annual three day Adult Film Convention which was being held that year at the Sheraton Center Hotel in New York City. On the lobby bulletin board the convention was listed, along with the meeting of the Insurance Actuarial and Statistics Association, Kinney Shoe, State Liquor Authority, The Japan Travel Bureau, and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. The notation at the bottom simply was the AFAA Meeting and the presence of the members was completely played down in the hotel environment.

Lest you think this was an occasion for an orgy, let me disillusion you. Unlike many alternate life style conventions, or meetings of various humanistic psychology groups, or seminars in the human potential movement that I have attended the participants were not there for sexual exchange. The three day meeting had the usual cocktail parties, dinner dances, and big luncheons with guest speakers, but if the group of well dressed people, many of them women, had anything in common, it wasn't sex. It was bottom line profits and good-living.

Conversation with a lovely middle-aged producer of more than one adult film, who was introduced to me, sums up the middle class morality of the group. When she learned that I was the author of more than one novel with an underlying theme that you could love more than one person without destroying a monogamous marriage, she was more than a little shocked. "If my husband ever got involved with another woman, I'd murder him," she told me grimly. When I suggested that in one of her current films movie mogul husbands (whose wives you never see) were <sup>5</sup>bully fucking young movie starlets on their way up,

ner laughing response was "Them's stories, it's not the way most people live. 'This is a business. It's a way to make a buck."

Making a buck is the key word. In their personal lives most of the people in the adult film industry at the production and distribution level are pretty average, and the actors and actresses probably have fewer hangups than most people who will view their films or sex-vids in suburbia.

Many of the various workshops at this, and later <sup>AFAP</sup> conventions, <sup>held</sup> ~~held~~ <sup>in alternate years</sup> ~~key note views~~ in Los Angeles and New York City <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ oriented around the adult film theatre owners and their continuing community and legal problems. The Association has its own lawyer, Joseph Rhine, whose wife, Anne, Perry is one of the few female producers of adult films. They also have a national network of lawyers who are skilled in <sup>defusing the local</sup> of ~~the~~ arrests and lawsuits <sup>against</sup> ~~of~~ various ~~local~~ adult theatre owners.

Q The Supreme Court's decision to leave the problem of pornography to local jurisdiction and <sup>whether it even applies</sup> ~~force it to comply~~ with the moral standards of <sup>these areas of</sup> ~~the~~ various communities <sup>throughout the country</sup> has created a monster, not only <sup>for adult film makers but for</sup> ~~for~~ magazines like Playboy, Hustler, Penthouse who must publish editions that don't offend the sensibilities of the citizens of Arlington, Texas and Sandusky, Ohio, <sup>and at the same time</sup> ~~but still~~ will attract more sexually, sophisticated buyers in New York City and Los Angeles. In Texas, for example, most of the towns and some of the major cities do not permit the exhibition of hardcore films. The meaning of hardcore in adult films varies from place to place but essentially it means that there will be no display of erect penises or open vulvas with or without erect penises in the act of penetrating them. In one of the work shops at the convention one producer explained in detail how he had developed techniques to produce hardcore and soft core versions of his films simultaneously using two camera men which he stated was much less expensive than assembling the actors for second run through. The soft core version

was produced without the offending genitals. This meant of course that the softcore camera man must somehow shoot the copulating scenes from a different angle, without tripping over the hardcore cameraman. At the same time the good natured male actors somehow or other must maintain an erection.

Some <sup>Film</sup> producers <sup>at the convention mentioned,</sup> griped about certain theatre owners who they insisted were always complaining but <sup>who, actually</sup> were responsible for the low quality of many of the films. Some of the theatres in the major cities are nothing but "grind houses," one producer explained. "They must have a new film every two or three days. They cater to the "raincoat" crowd" who don't give a damn about story line or plot but want to see at least ten different girls get fucked in one hour."

The term raincoat crowd lumps together quite a few million American males young and old, who are either very shy with women or are too fat, or too thin, or who have physical handicaps or who think they are too ugly. Essentially, <sup>what the movie is</sup> ~~my beliefs~~ if you took a survey on the male audiences of adult films through out the United States you would find one common denominator. They have very little joyous fresh contact with a female. Presumably, they arrive at the adult theaters wearing

of Summer School, a recent adult film, the comment is that the movie "shies away" from being hot or erotic...and while it does have its moments, it is not pure crotch-teasing material because it is done for the cameras and not for the horny porn-film buff." In another chapter I'll examine the rating systems of various man's magazines for adult films. Their appeal for the male audience is usually scored on the basis of the "hard-on" produced.

But first let's take a look at the profitability of the industry. There are approximately 800 theater owners who cater to the three million audience who pass their doors each week and pay a rental fee for the films they project of approximately 40% of the admission price. In the April 1980 issue of Mother Jones which is devoted to Sex, Porn and Male Rage, Carter Stevens, <sup>as director of adult films</sup> ~~one of the directors~~ assured Henry Schipper that he didn't care what any one thought about him. "People make porn features for one reason: money--easy money."

Bob Sumner, head of Mature Pictures, one of the porn industry majors and also chief factotum of Quality X Video Tape Distributors agrees with him. "It's a very hard business to lose money in," he told Schipper. Sumner told Schipper that his company had produced or distributed thirty-seven sex films: All have made money. ~~the~~ <sup>Sumner</sup> averages a 1.5 million to 2 million dollar gross per picture. "About sixty percent of that goes to the theater owners and the rest is divided by the film companies and distributors. After expenses, according to Schipper, Sumner is left with three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars per picture. Bob Sumner's Mature Pictures is located in New York City and the majority of distributors and producers are located either in New York or Los Angeles. Adam Film World in their monthly review of new films actually indicate whether it is an East coast or a West coast production.

After you've watched a number of the films or sexvids it's easy to detect the difference in film backgrounds and the different styles without being told where they are made. There are at least one hundred different production companies such as Card Productions, Citrus Productions, WinWan Productions, PRP Inc., Entertainment Ventures, Essex, Hollywood International Films, Pacific Coast Films, Capa Productions, to name a few whose names give no indication of the business they are in. Most of the distributors of the films many of whom handle the sexvids made from them--companies such as TVX, VCX, Select, Quality X, Video X, and others (see Filmography) are closely involved with the production companies as are some of the theater owners. They not only distribute sexvids directly or through the retailers but they finance production costs of these films which unlike their

Hollywood cousins (who can't produce most commercial films for under a million dollars) rarely have budgets over \$300,000 and for the most part, even in today's inflation, are produced for an average of about \$75,000. Production companies market their films directly to the adult theatres but most of them don't produce or market videotapes from their films.

The producer signs contracts with the ultimate distributor of the sexvids which will be made from his film which will give him a royalty on the sale of each sexvid. Sometimes the producer will insist on a guaranteed advance in various amounts, typically <sup>the price is</sup> five to ten thousand dollars, but varying upward depending on the anticipated box office response to the film. Some producers will sign a contract with several distributors which accounts for the fact that you will frequently find companies like TVX and Quality-X offering the same sexvid. Richard Aldridge, a well-known west coast producer (See chapter ) laughingly told me that sexvid contracts between producers and distributors are as many and as different as you can think up in a week. Many of the contracts have time limits and performance limits and the advances are against royalties from the sale of sexvids. Thus producers and distributors have a ~~similar~~ relationship <sup>similar</sup> as an author has to a publisher.

The distributor's wholesale price for a sexvid to the retailer varies, but averages around \$50. Included in this price is a royalty paid to the producer usually about \$10--or <sup>it can</sup> ~~could~~ be more depending on the popularity of a particular film at the adult theater boxoffice.

How vital this sexvid royalty has become in the past few years is revealed by one producer who told me, "It's fantastic! I put Blank Bland (name of the picture is purposely withheld) in the can

for \$46,000. It's only been in the theaters for two weeks and the distributor has already sold 4,200 sexvids. That's \$42,000! Even without theater rentals, I'm in the clear.'

Keep in mind these video tapes have long life. People who don't yet own a VCR or video disc player will be buying tapes listed in the filmography and many others like it produced in the past ten years for the next ten years or longer. Many in the industry believe that the sale of tapes of new films is actually increased. To men who have seen a particular film in an adult theater and want to own it and watch it again. Presumably, many men like to startle their friends with adult films and hope that they may get their women friends to enjoy sexmaking as much as some of the female stars seem to do. Many tapes are purchased by small male club groups to show to their members, much like stag films were used in the 1950s, when the ladies aren't around.

Final figures for specific adult film theater grosses are hard to come by. Review after review of many foreign, erotic films particularly Japanese, where <sup>almost total</sup> sexual censorship <sup>still</sup> prevails, and (even Playboy cannot appear unless the genitals are air brushed) reveal that many of these films are not very sexy by the new far out American standards. There's a lot of nudity and explicit sex in the Scandinavian and German films. But ~~were~~ <sup>there</sup> often <sup>as</sup> not so much concentration on genital thrusting nor do the films seem so sexually self conscious as American versions. In the Japanese films there is much soft core sadism with naked women being tied up or flagellated. American films sell exceedingly well in Europe, Japan and West Germany, and there is a big black market for them in the Islamic countries, <sup>as of</sup> which provide additional revenue to the companies who control the video cassettes or particular films.



Deep Throat (two words which have entered the American vocabulary) has grossed according to various estimates anywhere from fifty to a hundred million dollars at the box office and still has a long life ahead of it. Box office receipts of the industry in 1978 were three hundred and sixty-five million and in 1980 will very definitely exceed five hundred million dollars. If you divide this by a production of a hundred and fifty films the average gross on a film that costs on an average of about one hundred thousand dollars to produce would be a million and a half dollars. A film you probably never heard of Ms Magnificent grossed twenty-two thousand dollars in the first two weeks when it was released in two theaters alone. Frat House, another porn flick grossed seven thousand nine hundred ninety three in three days in one Denver theater and eleven thousand one hundred forty-eight in another theater in San Diego. L'angerine, in one year after it's theater release had grossed seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand five hundred and thirty-two dollars at the theater level without any sexvid sale. As sexvid audiences grow, either in the form of tapes or discs

or both the entire industry will eventually experience some interesting changes and shakeouts. Distributors who can make their own tapes by hooking up a battery of video cassette recorders both in the VHS and Beta format to a computer. They can turn out one hundred or more tapes an hour from a master tape made from the film which is usually produced for them by companies specializing in the transfer of film to tape at a relatively small cost for the master. But compared with the cost of pressing discs which can be turned out as fast as phonograph records producing duplicate tapes is still a much more costly business.

Whether large companies like RCA and Universal will press private label discs for distributors who control the adult film rights is still an unanswered question. But RCA, in particular, needs more software to encourage people to buy its disc players. As I have mentioned previously, adult films on discs are a sure way to increase and build a large market for disc players. When this happens prices will tumble because discs, once the original mold is made, are much less costly to produce than tapes--especially if they are produced in quantity. On the other hand, distributors who control specific adult tapes can produce as few as twenty-five duplicates and thus maintain small inventories of many different films on tape. While I am sure that eventually current and highly successful adult X rated films will appear on discs avid collectors who get intrigued with building a library will have to depend on video tapes sources.

In July 1980, I attended my first Erotic Film Festival, an important annual gathering of the industry which is a key to the new star system--It was The Fourth Annual Erotic Film Awards at the Hollywood Palladium. Patterned after the Motion Picture Academy Awards the proceedings weren't televised, but I

was never reported by Time magazine or Newsweek, - When Samantha was asked if she'd display something more than the award she received for Best Actress she replied, defiantly: "Absolutely not. Remember I'm a lady." (at the Adult Film Convention a few months earlier she told my wife that she was the daughter of an English countess-- believe it or not) and Georgina Spelvin when asked by reporters if there was a place for acting in porno films laughed and said: "Acting? Acting is what you do in between films."

The Fifth Annual Erotic Award held at the Hollywood Palladium July 1981 provided an interesting spotlight on the internal problems and bickering within the industry on how to behave vis-a-vis the public. Under the leadership of its new president, Sidney Niekerk, (who is also president of Cal-Vista Inc) the adult film association has been trying to give the industry a new charisma. While sex is the subject of adult films, the film makers, actors, actresses, and various people involved in the industry should, from Sidney's point of view and many other leaders in the industry, try to avoid clashes with the more puritanical citizens in our society and not act like sex maniacs at public gatherings. Sidney set the tone for the new respectability at the Adult Film Convention at the Universal-Sheraton Hotel in March of 1981 when he insisted that all male members should attend meeting wearing suit coats and not arrive in T shirts and jeans. But keeping Al Goldstein under control and actresses like Carol Connors (and many other female stars who don't hesitate to show their breasts and vulvas to admirers) is not easy.

Al arrived at the Erotic Awards the year before in a tank, and in 1981 in a motor cycle sidecar <sup>wearing a suit of medieval armor</sup> driven by two Hell's Angels. According, to Al Goldstein, Sidney told reporters that <sup>Al Goldstein:</sup> he "Lent dishonor to the affair" but Sidney was having even more trouble with Carol Connors who appeared in a lacy see through gown in which her behind and breasts were clearly visible and which revealed without question that she had a full bush of blonde pubic hair.

It's against Palladium rules for the Erotic Awards committee to run any explicit sex segments from their films or put on a show which goes beyond naked breasts and Las Vegas style costumes. but Carol (as well as others) obligingly posed for photographers with her dress in the air, and several other stars tried to liven up what was essential

a dull but expensive way for the industry to celebrate their togetherness.

To top off the internal bickering between the adult film producers and acotrs and actresse, the Award Committee split the top award between Urban Cowboys and Talk Dirty to Me (see filmography) and passed by the film Amanda By Night which stars Veronica Hart which many thought was a better film.

"Real Obscenity", said Al Goldstein from his Screw editorial platform (August 3, 1981) "lies not in the honest depiction of sexuality but in the AFAA's slimy, two-faced posturing--accepting the wealth and status of the adult film industry--while at the same time throwing up a blind of respectability and high moral tone to assuage their craven, chickenshit feelings of guilt...obviously we have to strip this semantic facade away and reveal them for what they are--peddlars of male and female flesh--entrepreneurs of erotic fantasy. There is nothing wrong this. I accept this definition for myself and for those in my business. It's no less respectable to traffic in sexual dreams than to make escapist entertainment like "The Raiders of The Lost Ark" or "Star Wars" or the newest James Bond film. The AFAA would not let porno actresses at the event show a tit or reveal any other provocative charm. For some reason, they want to run AFAA as if it were a meeting of funeral parlor operators instead of show people." On August 24th, 1981, Al Goldstein let David Friedman, an adult film producer who looks as if he were a Vice President of The Bank of America reply. "I probably project the most prominent image in the adult film field," Dave wrote. "I tell my family, my bankers, my lodge brothers, my fellow Republicans, my friends from San Marino, Short Hills, Grosse Point, Kenilworth, and all those other WASP enclaves that 'I'm in the adult movie business, the X-rated movie

business, the porno movie business, the dirty movie business, the  
appellation is yours.' I am quoted and profiled in Forbes, The Wall  
Street Journal, Newsweek, Time, The New York Times, Los Angeles Times,  
New West, Variety, etc...but maybe it takes a little more intestinal  
fortitude to stand up and sell Sodom and gospelize Gomorrhah to the  
people who wouldn't be caught dead reading Screw but still might spring  
for a fin to peek at a sex film. Yes, we set standards of The Erotica  
Awards. It is our show. The public is not admitted. We can run it  
any way we damned please. We have all seen our performers nude and  
in various throes of passion and lubricity. There is not a pubis,  
penis, pore, pimple or pustule on their lithe lustful bodies we have  
not seen magnified twelve times life size. We have heard them utter  
their immoral lines and know all the four letter words, gutter talk  
and concupiscence catch phrases that are used effectively for shock  
value. Since seeing our players in the nude is no great novelty and  
hearing vulgar language is no great theatrical breakthrough, why not  
among ourselves recognize and honor our people in keeping with the  
propriety of our fellow showpersons in the Academy.<sup>71</sup>

So much for the industry as a whole. The real question<sup>1</sup> raised by  
Al Goldstein<sup>and Gloria Leonard who in an editorial in her magazine High Society sided with Goldstein</sup> but not answered by Dave Friedman is a question of con-  
sistent sexual behavior. For some reason, I <sup>can't</sup> ~~wouldn't want to~~ <sup>in the</sup> explore<sup>the</sup>  
<sup>most of us can</sup> ~~seen and~~ watch a very sexual encounter in a Hollywood regular movie  
<sup>within the confines of a movie theatre</sup> that would repulse us if we saw it happening in broad daylight in a  
public place. <sup>The truth probably is that publicly we are still</sup> ~~basically~~ <sup>are</sup> ashamed of ourselves as naked or as  
copulating human beings. When the day comes that we aren't, adult  
films will no longer be made or watched by anyone. <sup>OK</sup> In addition to the  
best film of 1981, the best actor chosen for the Fifth Annual Award  
was John Leslie for his role in Talk Dirty To Me. Best actress,  
Samantha Fox (for the second time) for The Lady Is A Tramp. Best

supporting actor and actress war Richard Patchéno and Georgina Spelvin for their roles in the best films.

Depending on your point of view adult film makers, producers and many of the actors and actresses are like harmless adolescents who have discovered their genitals by playing doctor together and are so amazed with erections and how penises go into vaginas that they want to show and tell the whole world. Or--if that thought horrifies, you and you lean to a Jesus saves morality, you may now be certain that the industry is controlled by the Devil himself, walking the earth in a new disguise determined to destroy the last vestige of sexual morality in the world. I hope that you're still laughing!

#### PLOTS, CONVENTIONS, AND HANGUPS OF SEXVIDS

You are watching Mike Slammer emerge from a bookstore in Tiburon. He's being followed by Sheila, a reporter, who is interviewing him on his new book--a best seller titled My Dick is Private. Now, you know the horrible truth that Mike is a tough, wisecracking detective--a la Mickey Spillane's hero. But this Mike quickly proves that he fucks more than he detects. Sheila asks him to tell her about his life, particularly the dirty parts. Now, you are watching Mike posing as a butler. He is sitting down to dine with his wealthy mistress and rolling his finger around in her mouth as her husband and a drunken lush passes out in his soup. And now our hero is in the living room with the mistress of the house and her maid. Naked, the women are lapping Mike from head to foot while he's still wearing his butler's vest. Finally, in the bedroom the ladies give up on Mike and are now kissing and lapping each other and trying on dildoes for size or using vibrators that seem to work much better. Than Mike reappears in bed with both of them. You have watched fifteen sweaty minutes of The Untamed. There's forty more to come--literally and figuratively. The only conversation is Mike's occasional philosophical asides: "Everybody has to get hurt. You don't have to get married. There's some pretty smooth fucker's out there!"

In his book Contemporary Erotic Cinema, William Rotsler lists five basic plots that were common to most stag films: "Plot 1. A woman alone at home becomes aroused by reading or handling some phallic shaped object. Masturbation follows. A man arrives--is invited inside, sexual play begins: Plot 2. A farm girl gets excited watching animals copulate. She runs into a farmhand, or a travelling salesman, and sexual play begins: Plot 3. A doctor begins examining a woman and sexual play begins: Plot 4. A burglar finds a girl in bed or rapes her or vice versa: Plot 5. A sunbather or skinny dipper gets caught and seduced."

The films Deep Throat and The Devil and Miss Jones produced in 1972, were presumably responsible for a "new wave". The backgrounds for these films were no longer sleazy bedrooms or motel rooms nor did they depend so much on out door settings. Instead they are filmed in luxurious bedrooms, seductive lodges and expensive mansions with swimming pools. In addition, the actors are people with beautiful bodies who <sup>would</sup> ~~can~~ even act a little and give the viewers some empathy with their sexuality--and much more frequently there is a plot and some dialogue.

Wayne Losano, in his book Sexuality in the Movies believes what distinguishes current adult films from their predecessors "is their tone, and their attitude toward the subject matter." Losano describes a woman in one film who asks a stranger if he wants a blow job: In another film, The Nurses--one of them has sex with a patient so that she may get a ~~urine~~ <sup>urine</sup> sample: in another film a nurse screws with a patient who is being given an enema: in Meatball "the hero unfailingly gets an erection every hour and reinforcement must be brought



in to spell his tiring nurse." Losano concludes that: "the effect is to make sex just good clean fun." Losano's essay was published in 1975. In my opinion, as shown by the ratings I have put on the listings of 150 best sexvids in this book, a great number of the films produced in the past five years continue in the stag tradition but <sup>mostly</sup> without laughter. Instead there is much cynical sex. ~~and~~ Much of the conversation and action treats human sexuality as a kind of necessary but essentially nasty and dirty business which is, of course, in keeping with the Christian morality that is embedded in many of the male viewers minds. Losano insists that a laughing sex film cannot be good pornogarphy which must depend on evil. I disagree but will come back to this later.

In the past few years contrasting with the image raising attempts of the Adult Film Association, are adult films known as the One Day Wonders. Unlike recent films such as Babylon Pink, Debbie Does Dallas, Lipps McCain, Beach Blanket Bango and several ~~of the~~ <sup>other</sup> Richard Aldrich films which avoid sadism and much kinkiness, the One Day Wonders are produced by one person who is ~~combination~~ <sup>combin</sup> Producer, cameraman and director. The films <sup>are mass produced</sup> ~~they make and produced~~ for the "raincoat crowd" <sup>which,</sup> ~~with a~~ <sup>is an</sup> seemingly insatiable market, <sup>They are</sup> ~~and are~~ shown in adult theatres <sup>usually in</sup> ~~in some of~~ the largest <sup>big</sup> cities which are known as "grind houses". The producers of One Day Wonders, also, specialize in completely sterotyped "sex loops" which run for approximately twelve minutes and are available to customers in adult stores where they run on peep machines for 25¢ a look. After a certain number have been shown ~~for 25¢~~ they repeat themselves, ~~and~~ hence the word loop." They offer every imaginable sexual act and perversion. A big collection of them are sold via men's magazines under the overall title of Swedish Erotica, <sup>They are available as</sup> 8mm films which can be run on any home projector without sound, <sup>and also on a series of sexual tapes.</sup> ~~They are available on a series of sexid tapes.~~ Many of these

so called one day wonder productions can be identified by the far out names of actresses such as Ass Pumpin, Passion Ruse, L'il Squeeze, Mary Mendem, Kelly Mint, Misty Winters, Alice Thatch, Ronda More, Veri Knotty, Honeysuckle Devine, Sally Deer, Veronica Melon, etc. Of course, many actresses, who appear in the "better films" which I am dealing with in this book and have some kind of shooting script and take at least a few days to film and edit, also, use stage names as did Linda Lovelace--and presumably do Annie Sprinkles, Serena, Seka, Desiree Cousteau, Samantha Fox, Candida Royalle and Laureen Dominique to mention a few. <sup>but they</sup> ~~who~~ have appeared in one film <sup>after</sup> ~~or~~ another, and can be readily identified by their faces regardless of the stage name they use. <sup>Gr</sup> In an interview with Andre Hirschfield which appeared in Adams Film World July 1980, Marcia F., an actress who has appeared in many of the one-day wonder films, tells how the films are made. Here's a paraphrase from the article: "Imagine a huge loft where ten different sets are built in a circle with three walls and one open side--all cubicles with different kinds of bedroom set-ups, baby cribs, walls with harnesses, high school locker rooms, dungeons. Chip (the producer) put a crew on a twenty-four hour day...While one scene is being shot in a bedroom, people are warming up with whips for the dungeon scene...At the end of five days Chip has eight films in the can...Scripts <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ written on the way over in a cab, but most of them are improvised." <sup>Gr</sup> Marcia told Hirschfield that a big budget for these films is six to ten thousand dollars. In the process of shooting, the director allows an extra half foot of film for every foot shot to eliminate mistakes. Actors and actresses ad lib on story lines which they quickly absorb from a few written sentences describing the film. Canned music is dubbed in later. Actors and actresses are paid \$150 for a 20 hour day which "includes two to three

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heavy sex scenes and at least one orgy scene or bondage and discipline or enemas--the raunchier the better. If they can get two cocks in one cunt they'll do it. If they could stick a cock in someone's ear and film it they would." <sup>4</sup> Amusingly, since the thrust of Adams Film World editorial policy is to upgrade adult films and give them a new aura of respectability, Marcia F. confesses in this interview that an actress like C.J. Laing is better at this than she is because 'C.J. is into the S&M thing.' But Marcia admits <sup>that</sup> after a few days work ~~that~~ her cunt is very sore." And her mouth is <sup>so</sup> weary from sucking cock and thrusting her tongue in and out of someone's pussy that she spends the next day resting in the tub. Nevertheless, she ~~admits~~ <sup>confesses</sup>--evidently so as not to disillusion Adam Film World's readers--that "actually it's like a big party. Everybody shows up and gets to see each other, and gets laid and paid. What could be better?" <sup>4</sup> If you purchase or rent a sexvid of Untamed <sup>a "you are there"</sup> description of which precedes this chapter--you'll discover thematically that even ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> better producer/director like Harold Lime doesn't hesitate to offer <sup>a</sup> film which differs only from the one day wonders in the use of more glamorous backgrounds. The Untamed has better editing and cinematography but it is essentially a plotless one day wonder fuck film.

In an interesting book The Sex Industry, by George Csicsery who produced several films himself, way back in the early 1960s, the author reveals how the adult film industry is still hooked to its origins. Along with Gerard Damiano and Alex de Renzy, the Mitchell Brothers were among the first in the sexploitation business. The Mitchell Brothers started making girlie films when they were students at San Francisco State College. Then in July, 1969 they opened their O'Farrell Theater in San Francisco and started showing "beaver" films

which were endless reels of women masturbating with their fingers or pulling their labia apart to reveal huge screen vulvas and deep vaginal tunnels to male audiences.

According to Jim Mitchell "If the cops hadn't bothered us-- business was so good--we probably wouldn't have ever gotten into stories." According to Csicsery, Jim still feels that "the purest form of titillation is the single girl "auto-masturbation" film... and the beaver film was a lot truer form for getting off on some kind of autoerotic fantasy. "When it opened up and you added fucking, you had to show the man and you covered up the girl... it disrupted the autoerotic trend of sex films...it was boring because all anyone really wanted to see was the closeup penetration shots." Interestingly, at the same time in San Francisco a producer named Lowell Pickett was too far ahead of his time. Csicsery points out "Pickett tried to eliminate the external cum shots in which an ejaculating male suddenly withdraws his member from whatever female orifice it happens to be in and has his orgasm outside of the woman's body preferably spraying her in the face. But a lot of people stopped showing his films because while they were sometimes funnier and more developed dramatically, they violated basic pornographic convention."

Losano, who believes the eroticism disappears with laughter, and Al Goldstein would agree. Here's a Screw review of Dirty Katie, a 1980 film: "It has difficulty mixing sex with humor. The result is a very funny film in which the humor may drive the audiences to distraction--from sex, that is." Today, new standards of what is obscenity are emerging in the large urban areas. As sexvids penetrate the home market, the one day wonder film either in its cheaply produced version or its more glamourized version with the inevitable kinky sadistic scenes are being replaced by an entirely

new kind of sex film. Even without a large home market but in anticipation of it, the adult film industry is doing everything possible to avoid churning waters and attracting the ~~attention~~<sup>attention</sup> of the guardians of morality and the various women's coalitions against pornograpny. Adult films with rape, sexual cruelty, and so-called "child porn" quickly bring angry women picketing the films, police raids, and occasionally legal action in the form of protracted court cases. The final battles against visual sex have yet to be fought but the forces are gathering. The police will ignore adult theaters until someone begins screaming that a film like Little Girls Blue is child porn (the actresses in this film are well over 18 but don't look it) or Candy Stripers which was seized in a raid on distributors early in 1980 and had a fist fucking scene which has now been eliminated from the sexvids.

You are watching Cretia Borgia arriving on earth in a space machine with her cohorts from another planet. She's after a man who has thrown tomatoes at her during her previous landing on earth and she has a magic amulet --a plastic reproduction of his 14 inch cock. Now you're watching Super Woman saving a man named Charlie who is about to jump off a building. She consoles him with her magnificent tits and agrees to talk dirty to him. "Oh fuck me. Fuck me, Charlie." Five minutes later he's still thrusting into her and Cretia Borgia has arrived on Earth. She parks her space ship in a parking lot in down town Burbank where she deploys her troops behind her enemy. Now you are watching Linda--Clark Kent's fellow reporter. Linda tells him she's trying to locate the guy who screwed up Cretia. Now Linda has discovered a friend of his who is watching subscription television. He refuses to believe that Linda is a reporter and wants the story about the space ship for a cover story on the Los Angeles Times. Linda has already asked two arriving space men if one would like to fuck her while she sucks the other. Now the man who is watching subscription television--a real nasty character--grabs Linda and intimidates her so badly that she lets him fuck her in her ass. Super Woman finally arrives, grabs him by his penis and balls and nearly yanks them off, as she tosses him on his back. You are watching Ms Magnificent and you are only half way through. Finally, among other things Cretia Borgia stuns Super Woman with her magic phallus and nearly disembowels her.

Even though new types of films are slowly emerging in which actors and actresses are doing a much better acting job, and all the major producers attempt to maintain a story line from beginning to end, the industry is still plagued with the stereotypes and conventions built in to sex films from stag film days and from the early 1970s with Deep Throat and The Devil and Miss Jones. Most producers and directors believe that they must play this game otherwise they will lose the male audience that has kept them in business from day one. Since there are many more sexvids available today with these conventions, more or less intact, than without them, it's not only interesting to list them but watching for them may provide some amusement when viewing sexvids. The following listing includes not only the obvious ones but some that may not be so obvious.

1. The male actor rarely ejaculates inside the female.
2. When he does he ejaculates on her breasts, lips, or stomach. Without the friction of his penis, often using her own fingers, the female actress seems to be climaxing herself while she ecstatically rubs his gism into her flesh.
3. If the male actor is being sucked off, he ejaculates so that the female can not only be seen swallowing his gism but her facial expression indicate that it's good to the last drop.
4. Females never feel embarrassed or indicate that they don't enjoy sucking a male cock. In fact they often initiate the procedure by grabbing the male and unzipping him.
5. Most actresses, not to be outdone by Linda Lovelace, manage to go down on the entire length of the male penis (the only possible exception being Johnny Wadd's 13 inch unerected member) and the actress manages to do this quite a few

minutes without gagging.

6. Rarely does a male or female actress say "I love you" to each other, but via moans and groans and occasionally they tell each<sup>other</sup> "It was a great fuck!"
7. There is very little conversation between male and female in the act of love, or preceeding it, in any films produced prior to 1978, and it still isn't very common in recent films.
8. There is very limited foreplay. The male is usually aroused orally by the female. He may take a quick lap or two of her vulva but when he comes inside her she presumably is totally lubricated waiting and right on the edge of orgasm all of which occurred because she enjoys sucking his penis so much.
9. There is never any afterplay or any friendly cuddling. When the male ejaculates the plot, if there is any, will finally continue until the next fuck scene (the fast forward on video cassette players is a great convenience in helping the viewer to get past the "ins and outs" and back to the story).
10. Jealousy or most human emotions except fear and lust are rarely expressed in adult films. In practically all films two (or more) women work over the hero and share his penis from mouth to mouth from vagina to vagina or even from anus to anus with no apparent jealousy, or worry about sanitation.
11. All sexvids have at least one scene of lesbian sex during which the women enjoy each other often more than they have enjoyed the hero.
12. A very large percentage of sexvids have one orgy scene

(Mazola party) that involves at least four or more naked couples screwing together.

13. Practically all sexvids have one scene in which two women work over one man but rarely are two men ever seen sex making with one woman. (I'll come back to this later, ~~on~~ <sup>in</sup> The Cosmopolitan 1980 <sup>sex</sup> survey ~~which~~ reveals that 23% of Cosmo girls had sex with more than one partner at a time and these were male partners)
14. Anal sex occurs in most sexvids with the female being penetrated but never the male unless the film is specifically a gay film. Keep in mind that male homosexuality is not a factor in sexvids unless they were specifically produced for males.
15. Women rarely get pregnant. If they do (try Beach Blanket Bingo) it is treated humorously.
16. Men past forty rarely appear naked. If they do they are paunchy, lecherous, and can't get it up, and are usually cast as simpletons or villians.
17. Sexvids rarely show a woman past forty naked, let alone sex making.
18. Age limits for female lead actresses is between 20 and 30. Georgina Spelvin now appears in supporting roles. Since a great many sexvids are teenage oriented, both actors and actresses often look older than the ages they are portraying. In this respect, make-up people are better at camouflaging women than men.
19. Practically all lead roles in sexvids are between unmarrieds or formerly marrieds. If extra-marital sex is treated it is usually from the standpoint of swingers (non-committed



- spouse exchange). An amusing exception is Babylon Pink which won the Best Film Award in 1980. If a male actor seduces a woman, who in the sexvid plot is married, he and she are usually totally guiltless. If the husband appears, he is often flaky or some kind of dud.
20. Most males are circumcised. A fascinating exception is John C. Holmes (Johnny Wadd), but you rarely see a scene in which the female plays with his foreskin...moving it over his glans.
  21. Many of the 1970 sexvids commence with a genital sex-making scene which continues through lengthy film credits. This entree is slowly disappearing from current films made in the 1980's, but only a few current sexvids actually manage to delay the primal scene as long as ten minutes into the story.
  22. Many recent sexvids commence with a real "class" ambiance which equals or exceeds many regular Hollywood productions. But after the first ten or fifteen minutes, complying with most of the conventions listed above the director frequently loses the plot and in some cases it may disappear and never return..
  23. Sexvid stories with a few unique exceptions (see filmography) rarely revolve around a one male, one female or even a two-couple sex relationship. And the male actor must <sup>have</sup>~~make~~ sex with at least three different females and often many more during the course of a particular sexvid.
  24. Female stars, such as Vanessa del Rio, rarely have breasts which hang normally on their chests. You can tell a woman's silicon breasts by their impossible perkiness when the

actresses are standing, lying, or being touched. It's interesting to watch sexvids for exceptions.

I've previously mentioned that a totally laughing sexvid like Alice In Wonderland for example turns off the raincoat crowd and is rarely shown in adult theaters except in a hardcore version, but adult film makers are well aware that softcore is popular with cable and subscription television audiences, including females, usually only shown on late night cable and subscription television programs. Many directors are now shooting two versions of their films one for the adult theater and video-tape audience, and one for subscription television.

If you watch many sexvids you may discover that I have missed many more conventions. But they all have one common denominator. They portray the human sexual experience and relationship in a way that may eroticize some older males but for the most part do not appeal to the younger male generation who have discovered that the way to really enjoy the female is to give as much, or more, than the male takes. Of course all of these conventions fly in the face of normal human sexuality. On the other hand like many sex manuals they <sup>give the impression</sup> ~~try to prove~~ that the "Joy of Sex" is really based on endless environmental variations--where (not in bed) and how you do it--and <sup>usually</sup> ~~not~~ on mental rapport between the partners. In addition the female errogenous zone for most sexvid producers seem to be the females's vulva. <sup>Most adult filmmakers</sup> They haven't ~~seemed to~~ <sup>learned</sup> that although the vulva has lips it can't talk or express emotion. (~~But~~ One French-produced sexvid "Pussy Talk"...see filmography...takes a shot at it.) Nor have the producers learned that for the viewer (and actually <sup>most</sup> ~~any~~ males in the act of sex) the female's face is the most errogenous zone of all.

Listing these conventions that appear in sexvids may seem like

carrying coals to Newcastle. Many critics of sex films believe that without the conventions which are basically based on male fantasy and produce a kind of catharsis for the male that there would be no purpose in erotic films at all. The attitude is that men watch erotic films to get a hard-on and that's all. Of course, this may be the biggest convention of all. Presumably the man who enjoys porno films and sexvids wants to escape into a world populated by young women who can't wait to suck his cock or spread their legs so he can make sex with them to a fare-thee-well while they groan

in pleasure. But my belief is that millions of males are not eroticized by this kind of fantasy female and are much more turned on by mental nakedness coupled with physical nakedness. If the adult film makers and the producers who are working directly on tape want to avoid drowning in their jism, they've got to capture this male market which is totally interwoven with the female market. The best way to begin is to suddenly toss out all these old conventions--avoid them like the plague and produce films and sexvids with caring sex and interpersonal relationships good and bad.

11

UNCLOISTERING VIRTUES...OR  
RATING THE SEXVIDS

You are somewhere in South Dakota watching Iris and her friend, Casey, who is planning to go to medical school. They are picnicing in a secluded, wooded area near a lake. Casey undresses and Iris watches him and her face tells you her needs and doubts. She wants to make love but this is the first time with Casey at least. "I love you, Iris," Casey tells her as he kisses her body. She holds his penis, "Do you want me to put it in my mouth?" "Not unless you want to," Casey tells her. Now as Iris tells him that she wants to go to Hollywood and be an actress they are enjoying each other's bodies and finally Iris laughingly tumbles onto Casey and rides him. But somewhere up above them on a hill a man is taking a snapshot...and now Iris has gone to Hollywood and Casey is in Vietnam and you're watching black and white soldiers in a barracks, screwing a white woman and a Vietnamese woman, one after another. Casey is lying in his bunk in another part of the barracks with a very young Vietnamese girl. He is thinking of Iris. When his buddy arrives he tells him, "Take her old buddy." And now you are hearing Casey's buddy telling Casey, "I love her (meaning the Vietnamese girl); I'm going to marry her and take her home after the war, Casey." You are halfway through the Legend of Lady Blue. While the director's flirtation with a romantic theme is occasionally interrupted by some kinky sex eventually Casey finds that Iris is really a hooker, and not an actress, and though he catches her in the act she runs to him horrified. Sobbing in his arms she forgives him.

Today if you see frontal male or female nudity for more than a few seconds in any regular motion picture, especially if the camera examines the male's genitals too long and most surely if his penis is erect, the chances are that the film will have an X rating. But most producers and directors don't let this happen. An X rating on a commercial film is a kiss of death. The big theater chains with their Cinemas One, Two, Three, or Four in suburbia try to avoid visual sex battles with local morality groups.

In 1973, a movie that was made of my novel, The Harrad Experiment, offered one scene in a swimming pool where a number of youngsters male and female are naked. In those days it carried an R rating and still does but even then it's distribution in suburban areas was very spotty. In 1980 the movie, The Blue Lagoon, was endorsed by sex educators but it carried an R rating because of some frontal nudity and teenage love making with which any twelve year old girl or boy could identify but hence could not be viewed by teenagers under the age of seventeen unless accompanied by a parent. If you live near a suburban theater showing R movies such as Saturday Night Fever, Animal House, Friday the 13th, which appeared in 1979 and 1980 the chances are you've had many opportunities to "adopt" young people at the door ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen who are determined to see the picture, and according to all statistics are heavily involved in their own sexuality already. Sadly, despite the fact that there are a million teenage pregnancies annually, the contraceptive message which John Travolta offered in the back seat of an automobile in Saturday Night Fever was finally excised from the film so that it could get a PG rating.

With the advent of uncensored R movies available from Fotomat and many other rental sources at low rental rates, and the coming

invasion of the sexvids, within the next ten years millions of young people are finally going to get a good sex education via television and in the privacy of their own home. The burning question of who is responsible for sex education, parents or schools, will no longer be an issue. Hundreds of explicit sex education sexvids, carefully developed for children in various age groups, will be widely available. In the next few years parents will face a dilemma. If they don't view these sexvids with their children, their kids may be watching them in the homes of more liberal parents. Inevitably as several thousand so-called adult films become widely available on tapes and discs, teenagers will discover their parents' hidden cache of sexvids and watch them (for better or worse) at home on the family television set when their parents are working or have gone out for the night. And ultimately teen-age sex education films will have to deal with the false and often sick sexual morality, not only of adult films, but the way interpersonal human sexuality is constantly being portrayed in the mass media.

Unless, of course, our self-appointed moral guardians win the final battle. In an essay A History of Screen Censorship (see the book Sexuality in the Movies) Arthur Lennig traces the history of movie censorship which is as old as movies themselves. The early concern of those who decided what was visually permissible for us to see, according to Lennig, was due to four factors: "Cinema affects a lot of impressionable people. 2. It caters to the lower classes who in particular need strict guidance. 3. It is a medium as yet to be considered an art, and 4. It is too graphic and immediate about life itself. The unwritten rule (which still prevails)

is that the closer to life an art form becomes, the more it suffers censorship."

Many of these early beliefs dominate film censorship and film rating systems today. During the first decade of commercial moving picture production, approximately 1907 to 1920 movie censorship so far as nudity went was pretty relaxed. D. W. Griffith included nude scenes in Intolerance (1916) and actresses like Theda Bara, Gloria Swanson, and even Valentine, (Blood and Sand, 1922) were filmed naked. Censorship was accomplished by various state and city organizations who snipped pieces here and there from films. But in 1922, the motion picture industry, trying to keep the heat off and prodded by women's clubs and religious organizations hired Will Hays. A new code was established which didn't worry much about violence on screen but insisted that "the sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home should be upheld," and "low forms of sexual relationships be avoided." "Adultery must not be explicitly treated or justified or presented attractively." Films should not be presented "to stimulate the lower elements." Rape or seduction is not "the proper subject for comedy."

If you watch old movies on late television or you are a film buff and are now collecting film classics on video tape you'll understand the story lines better if you are aware of the changing morality conditions that prevailed in the various periods of movie censorship. And you'll realize how far X rated films have come in 50 years and how changes in sexual morality have paved the way for sexvids. According to Morris L. Ernst, who wrote several books on film censorship, in 1928 when 579 feature films were produced, only

42 escaped some kind of cutting before they were released. In recent years the Motion Picture Rating Board often pre-censors films by advising producers in advance the only rating they will approve on certain potential subject matter such as best selling novels that are being turned into movies.

In 1930, prodded by the Legion of Decency who threatened that their 30 million Catholic members would boycott all Hollywood theaters if screen sexuality weren't controlled, a new movie czar, Joseph Breen, proposed a new production code which was finally adopted in 1934. The code determined the morality of many American movies for the next 30 years. No movie could get the Seal of Approval, as it was called -- meaning it couldn't get distributed if "it lowered the moral standards of those who would see it."

Incidentally, this is an interesting subject in connection with sexvids. The effect of film censorship changing the morality of a society or conditioning it is carefully analyzed by Mollie Haskell, in her excellent book From Reverence to Rape in which she studies the way women have been portrayed in film since the 1900's. Mollie clearly shows that prior to the 1930 moving picture production code treatment of women was much more honest and equalitarian, both sexually and otherwise, than it has been since. The anything goes X rating of our current production code has unleashed in adult films at least a new breed of aggressively sexual women and a totally unrestrictive sexual morality. The widespread viewing of sexvids in the coming years raises the question whether the totally loose morals and manners depicted will affect monogamous marriage and the family or eventually create less restrictive marriage styles.



I'll come back to this in a latter chapter. But realistic or not in 1934 the movie production code controlled all scenes between men and women in bedrooms whether the scenes were sexual or not. Twin beds were the order of the day. Husbands and wives were never shown in bed together and unmarried lovers never passed the threshold of a bedroom door. No sexual words were ever said and no swearing was permitted. Clark Gable telling Vivien Leigh: "I don't give a damn!" in Gone With the Wind (1939) was a breakthrough of sorts.

The first reversal of these and many other sexual edicts in the first production code occurred with the censorship of a religious movie that was only incidentally sexual. The Catholic hierarchy was shocked by Roberto Rossellini's film The Miracle. It told the sacrilegious story of a Catholic peasant woman (Anna Maganni) who believed that St. Joseph was the father of her child. Prodded by the Legion of Decency the movie was censored out of New York theaters but was contested all the way to the Supreme Court by the producers and theater owners. In 1952 the court declared that censorship of The Miracle violated the 14th Amendment and interfered with the separation of church and state. A by-product of this decision was that within the next decade many of the sexual verbotens of the production code were no longer enforced by the rating board. The Seal of Approval was given The Pawnbrokers, (1965) and Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf? (1967). By 1968 various Supreme Court decisions had made nudity possible in movies and even a brief description of copulation appeared in I Am Curious Yellow (1969).

Getting nervous and fearful of repercussions, Hollywood producers decided they had better police themselves and Jack Valenti was appointed the new censorship czar of the moving picture

industry. Very quickly a new rating system appeared. G (for General Audience) M (for Mature) R (for people over 18) and X (for people over 21). In 1971 GP (General Patronage) was changed to PG (Parental Guidance). During the past ten years the morality of PG films has loosened considerably and in many cases it is more permissive than the early R movies. For a time it looked as if R rated movies might move gingerly into the visual sex area staked out by X rated movies, but if you have watched R rated movies over the past ten years you'll discover that while they may present frontal nudity and offer soft core sex, and what used to be obscene language, most of the producers are more cautious than ever about showing explicit sexmaking and any extended scenes with frontal nudity.

Theater chains such as General Cinema enforce their own form of censorship by refusing to distribute films that will aggravate suburban customers. Today first run distribution of feature films occurs in the suburbs even before the supposedly more sophisticated areas.

David Friedman, past president of the Adult Film Association, gave me his reaction to what he calls the pussy-foot attitude of major film producers which of course applies to many of the regular Hollywood product distributors, too. "The independent film producers and distributors led the fight against prior censorship in the United States resulting in the abandonment of many city and state censorship boards all over the country. During this time the major film producers did nothing. The producers of X rated films pioneered the home video business and were in the market two years before the majors took their first timid step."

This raises one of the big issues yet to be decided in the final battles of visual sex. Keeping in mind both the present and future: Is a simple X rating for sexvids adequate? During the past decade X rated films have had a fairly effective environmental censorship based on zoning and the location of adult theaters. Adult films were confined to theaters in certain zones of downtown cities or in occasional drive-ins off the main traffic lines. Until recently only an occasional adult theater would be located near a prime shopping center. At least three million people find their way to these theaters every week. But they are not located in visual areas that offend middle class Americans or are they usually seen by young children or teenagers. But keep in mind, too, middle class Americans are a sneaky lot, as proved by Prohibition when millions of high minded Americans, who would never go to a speakeasy or admit that they liked to drink pulled down their curtains, made gin, wine, and beer in their own kitchens or cellars. The analogy to sexvids is obvious. Despite the women's movement against pornography, sexvids are rapidly becoming a giggly phenomenon and are being shown in thousands of suburban homes today. Women who wouldn't be caught dead in an adult theater, and are outstanding members of various women's clubs, watch them with varying degrees of enthusiasm and disgust.

Eventually, explicit sex on tape must provide a whole new rating game, especially if the makers of sexvids want female approval. Anyone who has watched sexvids, or adult films in theaters, is well aware that X rated covers the whole gamut of human sexuality both normal and abnormal - with new innovations being provided weekly by the producers. In a fascinating 64 page pamphlet How To Build Your

Own X Rated Video Library, (see bibliography), Jim Holliday lists 1300 sexvids and he gives the approximate running time and whether the tapes are hard core or soft core (listed R or X). He also indicates all male homosexual titles and cartoon tapes as well as tapes available in either a hard core or soft core version. In one section of the book he identifies a few sexvids which specialize in kinky sex variations such as water sports, double insertions (meaning that a female is taking a male both in her vagina and anus) fist intercourse, interracial sex, women with large breasts, well hung men, bondage and discipline, older women, younger women, and twelve films that have been prosecuted. He also offers a list of the hundred best but there are no comments on any of his listings as to the contents of particular films or any information on the specific actors and actresses or producers/directors or who the direct distributor might be.

Despite my extensive listing All of the Best and Some of the Worst Sexvids that I have included in the filmography at the end of this book, it should be kept in mind that the range of human sexuality in these and more than a thousand more sexvids I haven't seen exceed the imagination and even the reality of Kraft Ebbings' Psychopathia Sexualis. After ten years regular patrons viewing adult films are a pretty jaded lot. There are many sexvids whose major thrust is bondage or discipline where the participants get sexually aroused by tying each other up or whipping each other while they wear leather clothing. There are sexvids which offer enemas, golden showers, and even Marquis de Sade's defecating and the eating of it. Most film reviewers (sometimes it's difficult to call them critics) rate the films on their ability to produce a hard-on, or at the very

least some tingling in the male crotch. Continuously seeking novelty, the producers and directors of even the best sexvids offer kinky sexual behavior which often borders on cruelty or sadism, or continuously link sex with violence against the female. These sexvids not only degrade the participants but human sexuality in general. But until we learn how to exalt human sexuality they will continue to be made.

Arthur Lennig concludes his essay on censorship with the following thought which I have paraphrased. "No one can prove that films with graphic sex or violence have a harmful effect on viewers but there seems to be little doubt that films do have some effect on society and that all of us live with such effects...the question of how society will function when all checks that a few thousand years of civilization have imposed have disappeared...has yet to be answered."

As I have tried to make apparent and will continue to explore throughout this book, my feeling is that the exploding market for sexvids will eventually change the character of sex films that we will be watching via tape or disc in the coming years. But thousands of the sleazier films on tape and disc will coexist with the new product. A rating system that breaks down the contents of sexvids not only lets the new buyer beware of kinky areas of human sexuality that don't appeal to a particular male or female, but it eventually could create separate markets. Ultimately it could pinpoint a new kind of censorship, which I believe will become pretty widespread, and even eventually drive deviant sex films underground or eliminate them altogether. Keep in mind despite media publicity the so-called "perverse market" is a very small market-with limited profitability. Thus, the categories which I am offering extend far beyond any

rating system now available. Note that I have not included any male homosexual sexvids which already have a clearly defined market and are served with a product oriented to the sexual needs of the gays.

Playboy, Penthouse, and the various non-sex oriented video magazines, which I have included in the bibliography, review a few of the current sexvids and adult films, but the general content of any particular sexvids often cannot be deduced from the review. In addition, there are a group of magazines entirely devoted to adult films and sexvids. The best is Adams Film World which runs short reviews of all films but does not indicate, in most cases, whether these are available on tape. In their reviews, the number of x's after the title of the film indicates the degree of erotic content of the film. Three x's means hard core. Two x's means simulated sex, and one x means soft core. (The film has some nudity and erotic content.) A star after the x, one, two, three, or four indicates the overall erotic content. And O means not erotic by hard core standards. Although it is not defined, by Adams Film World standards, the word erotic is male oriented. The reviews offer a few sentence synopsis of the story line and some positive or negative reaction. Interestingly, reviews of most foreign films carry a one x rating. Proudly or not the United States leads the world in the production of really hardcore films which tells a great deal about the nature of our culture versus the presumably more sophisticated sexuality of Europeans or Japanese.

Screw's current rating system is an erect penis symbol. One erect penis means not recommended -- you get the least for your money.

Two erect penises means reliable -- you get what you pay for.

Three erect penises, recommended -- you won't go wrong here. Four erect penises means recommended -- the best of its kind available.

Incidentally, the reviews which appear in Screw like many of the reviews of the following magazines are masterpieces of sexual put-down, reducing the human beings and sex making to a moronic level. As a supplement to these reviews, Screw offers an additional rating system which judges a film on a percentage basis covering the following areas: Sexually Explicit, Sexually Erotic, and Technical. Here's a paraphrase of Screw's review of Summer School, "Sandy tells about her cuntty sorority...and one member, Mary, a cute little pussy whose chore is to service the school's gardeners...having fucked and sucked both men dry her initiation is secure...Jack (another character) must sample the sweet taste of Ms Smith's cunt...but before he can ram his cock into her snatch, he must learn how to eat pussy properly. Jack however...acts like he's sucking on cock as the horny teacher fills his mouth full of her burning juices...Jamie (another sorority sister) tells Jack, 'This is fun, take it all please...she straddles his waist riding his cock like a bitch in heat...another female tells Jack 'Suck my toes you prick. Smell my cunt. Tell me how much you want to suck this juicy cunt. Lick it...that's a good little doggie.'" Screw's reviews are obviously male raincoat crowd oriented and they prove one thing. If you translate sick visual sex into words, it gets even sicker.

Video X unlike Screw, which is a newspaper, is a full color monthly magazine. It does not rate films but reviews them in the same far-out manner. Here's a review of one of the Swedish Erotic

films which is available both on tape and 8 millimeter film. "Donna nibbles Alice's clit as Bill shoves his hot hammer up the barbaric blonde's soaking slit. Bill then has the girls cunt bump for a bit before shooting his sticky jism all over Alice's pussy while Donna laps it up and flicks her tongue at his churning balls."

Hustler's reviews are a little tamer and Hustler reviews its films with a penis symbol in varying degrees of erection: Full, Three Quarters, Half, One Quarter, and Totally Limp. Porn Stars, another new monthly devoted to just adult films uses a stag symbol... Stags bring out the best in you. Four stags represent top erotica and one not erotic at all. Velvet Magazine, a magazine that is a little more sexually sophisticated in content than Hustler uses a symbol of the female lying on her back with her legs in the air. Wide open legs is the highest rating: Legs closed...you have to work very hard to get it up. Legs completely closed...might remind you that there's life below your bellybutton, but you'd have more fun attending the zoo.<sup>Gx</sup> During 1980 most of the reviews that appeared in Velvet were done by William Margold an adult film producer himself and the interesting thing about them is that he withholds no punches on the quality of many of them. His comments on two recent ones Three Ripening Cherries and Champagne Orgy is that Velvet readers can "avoid two turds with one stone cold review." Champagne Orgy is even worse than awful...Troy Benny, the director, may well have turned the cameras on and walked out of the room during this unarousing excuse for adult entertainment. What is supposed to be a cast-party degenerates into an orgasmicless series of grunting and grinding grapples during which many of the holes and poles spend more time looking into the camera than in each other. Cum shots are of course the main course, and Benny never misses the chance to show us a man's



seed from every angle possible. If I were a spermatozoon in Champagne Orgy, I'd file for residuals." Margold's review of Three Ripening Cherries in the same vein is that the same director bombards the eyes with the same cum shots over and over again.

Cinema X, another monthly devoted to the field, tries to be very professional and specifically rates films on direction, acting, screenplay, editing, production, music, costumes, and cinematography with letters E for excellent, G for good, F for fair, P for poor, L for lacking. The most detailed, buyer beware reviews, run in a small magazine Source Video which has no illustrations and approaches the film content with amazing dignity. The editor Matt Kovac sells sexvids and is determined to do all he can to upgrade the product.

One thing is obvious. None of these reviews is directed at a female audience or a more select male audience or men who may be more idealistic about sex and the kind of female they copulate with. Before I explain the rating system which I have devised and applied to the 150 best listing in this book, let me tell you why I believe that this type of rating system, (or variations on it) are inevitable.

The first reason is that the emerging female audience and a reconditioned (?) male audience will be much more intrigued, if the buyer knows what he or she is buying. The second reason is more complex. In 1969 Variety a magazine of show business which is against censorship confessed: "Reasonable people of whatever political persuasion find hard core appalling." I disagree with them. Billions of words have been written over the past few hundred years trying to define pornography and obscenity with no conclusions except what is obscenity, to me or you, varies with our background and education and the age in which we live. There seems to be no common denominator. But I think there is. The reason that I continuously propose a merger

of sexuality and religion in my novels is that a viable and healthy society must never become so sophisticated that it forgets or denigrates the sheer wonder and beauty of the human body or the never to be fully penetrated mystery of its existence over a given number of years. Lifetime sexual attraction may vary in degrees but a constant of the human condition is humans caring for each other. Sex for pleasure and procreation under happy circumstances is the sine qua non of our lives. Without this kind of environment other human rights don't have much meaning. Societies that continuously degrade human sexuality like the Middle Ages where women consort with the devils and are eaten by snakes and toads or in the present are simply cunts or pieces of ass and men are pricks getting their rocks off are the societies that eventually terminate all other human rights.

You are watching a young woman who looks as if she was one of Charlie's Angels from the television series, hitching a ride. A motorcycle gang passes, jeers at her and then chases her cross country into woods where they corner her. Helpless, she screams while they tear off her clothes, stretch her across the back of one of the cycles and for the next five minutes take turns raping her while one or the other forces his cock into her mouth. And now she's actually responding and you can tell by her facial expressions and happy groanings that she is enjoying her rape and is climaxing. They toss her naked on the ground and thunder off into the afternoon. Now, our heroine is being rescued by none other than Johnny Wadd to whom she tells her sobbing story. He comforts her and tells her that he is an artist. And now you are watching Johnny with his magnificent prick making love to her. But the Hell's Angels find her again in his beautiful artist's lodge, and one of them with a long knife in hand rapes her again. And once again, perhaps because she knows Johnny is servicing a few other women, she relaxes and enjoys her rape. Now you are watching her faint in the kitchen of Johnny's house in Arrowhead. Our hero rushes her to a doctor who informs him that she's four months pregnant. She hears the news and dashes out to drown herself in the Pacific, but she's pursued by Johnny who tells her "I love you. I want the baby. I want to marry you." (Yes, you

heard the words. That's what he said -- in a sexvid of all places!) And Johnny is afraid that this motorcycle gang has a thing about raping our heroine. He teaches her how to use a gun. Now you are watching two bridesmaids preparing for the wedding. The gang arrives. They tie one woman's arms to her legs, spread-eagle the other, and rape them both. "You love it, you fucking bitches. Say that you love it you shit faced whores," the rapists are telling their captives. Then our heroine arrives in her wedding gown. They strip her too. Johnny arrives but a member of the gang grabs Johnny and sticks a knife in his back. Our heroine grabs Johnny's gun and shoots one of them dead. And the rest make a hasty departure. Sobbing on the nearly dead body of Johnny, she sees him open his eyes. "Get your knees out of my nuts," he tells her "and call an ambulance." You have just watched Little Orphan Dusty.

So while although I'm not on the side of born-again Christians I may be fighting the most crucial battle of visual sex. Not to censor it but to redefine and carefully label what degrades human sexuality and what exalts it or at least uplifts it a little out of the slime and slop that is being heaped on it not only by sexvids but by our mass media and even industrial and political leaders who may be horrified by sexvids but do not hesitate to objectify women and use them as a continual sex tease to sell their products or services. Perhaps, with new labeling we can get rid of sex degradation and sex tease. Scorn, laughter, and pity are more effective weapons than censorship.

Another approach of course is diffusing much frustrated human sexuality by practical methods such as legalizing prostitution, (something the women's movement should think about) and creating sexual release environments in which men (and women) who are cut off from regular sexual channels can still enjoy a human right. Sex making, subsidized by Medicare if necessary, for those who can't afford it may not be as silly as it seems. Millions of healthy men and women who enjoy sex with each other must face reality. Sexual kinkiness, sexual sadism is a by-product of using sex as a sex tease in a society that talks out of both sides of its mouth on human

sexuality. Millions of quite normal citizens have no normal avenues for sexual pleasure. Men and women come into this world needing love and needing caring for each other and when they are in their late teens and from then on a sexual release which is something more than a "fuck." A repressive society that denies this need creates sex hatred that runs the gamut from sexual violence to kinky sex which is simply substitute ways of expressing hatred for one's self.

So, in judging sexvids, I am proposing that penile-vaginal sex making and oral sex making is normal sex with, or without, a marriage commitment. In a later chapter, I will examine sex without love and recreational sex. Both concepts have existed for centuries but only recently have they been labeled. I believe that normal sex as defined above can be experienced privately between any normal man or woman in approximately the same age range and also between both men and women separated by a fairly wide age differential, depending on the physical condition of the older male or female. In any case the quality of the orgasm originates in the mental rapport between the participants. I also affirm that watching actors (on a screen or television tube enjoying normal sex together)...<sup>or</sup>~~and~~ alone masturbating or in the company of another couple, who are friends, when it isn't reduced to a gymnastic exercise -- an orgy) can be a way of learning about normal sex even though the viewers might prefer sex making with one other person at a time. Also, masturbation is normal sex but as a substitute not as a way of life. On this basis the following N ratings have been derived:

N = Normal and Includes Oral Sex

NL = Normal - Laughing and bawdy sex.

NR = Normal - Romantic or deeply caring sex.

NN = Normal - Noncommitted sex without love but momentarily caring.

NM = Normal - Masturbation or self love.

D = Deviational \*

DK = Deviational kinky variations in normal heterosexual sex, including not generally accepted anal sex, golden showers, group sex, etc.

DB = Deviational bondage and discipline as sex stimulants.

DS = Deviational sadistic, violent, and victimized sex.

DC = Deviational sex with children under 16.

There is no DC listing on any sexvid in the filmography but many viewers will be convinced that some of the females acting in some films are under 16, which, of course, is the producer's intention.

BI = Bi-sexual. Sex making with a member of the same sex.

While there are many video cassettes totally devoted to homosexual sex (Gay or Lesbian) available the thrust of this book is totally heterosexual. Unless otherwise stated where BI appears in a rating this refers to sex making between two women. One or two scenes of this type are a convention of sexvids and the women are usually called lesbians. I think that bi-sexual is a better characterization since in the large number of sexvid plots (and probably

\*With the exception of DS and DC of which several examples are included in this filmography, all other ratings are non-judgmental classifications. I'm sure that you'll learn these classifications quickly and hopefully they may encourage producers and distributors to offer more sex with laughter (NL) and sex with affection (NR) in future sexvids.

in actuality) most of the women actresses are not lesbians and they are capable of moving from male to female sexmaking with no reservations. Males with bi-sexual leanings rarely appear in heterosexual sexvid plots. The reason is obvious. This would make the "straight" male audience very uneasy.

The DK category above could conceivably be revised in the future. Some kinky sex enthusiasts believe that what they enjoy is normal. For many people group sex, swinging, wearing clothes of the opposite sex is considered normal. Amazingly, in the 1980 Cosmopolitan sex survey to which 106,000 women responded, 15% regularly had anal sex. In a Redbook survey in 1975, 20% of the women engaged in anal sex and in the 1972 Play Foundation study found that among wives under 34 nearly 25% had occasionally tried anal sex. So, possibly in the future anal sex might be considered normal. But for most people it is still in the kinky area. In my opinion, once heterosexual sex making becomes dependent on external stimuli beyond the clean human bodies of a particular man and woman for sexual arousal and completion of the sexual act, it ultimately tends to deny the person and degrade human sexuality. My feeling in this respect is unequivocal in the DB category. In my opinion both the DB and DS category will eventually be self censored by the producers of mass market sexvids. But psychologically human responses in these areas continue to challenge all movie makers who are well aware of the erotic qualities of aggressive sex, at least up to a point, for some male and some female audiences.

For the most part, if I have rated a sexvid with a total BK or DS rating in various categories, let the buyer beware. It's sure to be a stomach turner, and you'll find it difficult to laugh. On the other hand, in contrast to the DS category, the DK category by itself

depends on your individual hangups. If the weird variations on sex making don't appeal to you, you still may find them so silly that you can still laugh.

Obviously, if you have read this far, you realize that from my standpoint an NN, NR, or NL rating or any combination of these is a reasonably healthy sexvid, but nevertheless it will probably contain some of the sexvid conventions discussed in the previous chapter. I'm betting that the adverse reaction of millions of women, in the coming years, will eliminate many of the old style sex conventions that they don't approve of. Eventually, and perhaps to the shock of many feminists non-committed but romantic films (NR) with a pre-dominantly romantic approach will dominate the market. In a later chapter, I'll propose a few of the many plots and challenges for this kind of sexvid. As this new era of female oriented sexvids develops I'm sure that men who are presumably more aroused by visual sex than women will not be disappointed or feel deprived. Men will simply discover that catering to female fantasies will not only create much more responsive sex partners for them but they will be just as aroused by presumed female sex fantasies as they are by the current male fantasies. And men will discover, if they haven't learned it already, that most women really enjoy sex making, too, but with lots of snuggling, hugging, and conversation before, during, and after.

For the moment, let me give you several caveats on these ratings. Almost all the films have lesbian relationships which I have labeled BI. Many women find these disgusting. And many producers and directors are well aware of the erotic qualities inherent in violence or a DS category as mentioned above. They also know that these films

are prone to attack by women's and religious groups. How to get around it? With laughter -- but in a very weird way. You'll discover that many recent sexvids have scenes which for a few minutes seem to be very sadistic. Then they are quickly terminated with some silly situations which are supposed to relieve the tension and make you laugh. I haven't labeled any of these films NL -- though many of them contain contrived humor as a staple.

A good example of this rather tricky approach is Ms Magnificent. Richard Aldrich who produced and directed it under the name Damon Christian told me that he detests anal sex scenes, but his financial backers insisted on having one, so he gave it to them in spades. Ms Magnificent was changed from Super Woman because the producers of Super Man threatened to sue. In one scene an actress (not one of the feature stars) is forced to go down on her knees while a man fucks her anally. At the same time he slaps her buttocks viciously and while he is thrusting into her anus he insists that she tell him how much she enjoys it. Then just as the scene is getting very gritty, Super Woman arrives. She tumbles the nasty man on his back. Amazingly the woman who has been sodomized is laughing happily (giving the impression that she's not too unhappy, anyway.) She claps enthusiastically while Super Woman nearly twists his balls and penis off in a nerve-wracking -- for a male -- sequence. Presumably, the viewer, who may be female, gets her revenge and laughs. In another scene, Super Woman is overcome by a competitor from another planet named Cretia Borgia who has a magic amulet -- in this case a simulated penis about 14 inches long. Using it as a dildo Cretia straps Super Woman to a chair and is about to disembowel her. Then while Super Woman is shrieking in pain - only about half the dildo



is in her vagina - presto! a young man and woman appear. Speaking in an English accent, they ask if this is the supermarket. They are looking for cucumbers. Cretia with the huge dildo strapped around her middle promptly offers it to them thus saving Super Woman's vagina and intestines from certain destruction.

## LINDA, GEORGINA, MARILYN AND ME.

You are watching a woman in the middle of her morning exercises. While she is ecstatically talking on the telephone with Eric, another man is enjoying her sandy blonde-dyed pussy. Now you are watching her leaving her highrise apartment in a chauffer driven Cadillac, of course. She is remembering a taxicab ride that turned into a real trip. The driver didn't have change for a one hundred dollar bill so she invited him upstairs. "I just wanted you to fuck me." she tells him, "I love hairy men." The driver with his hair down to his shoulders qualifies but he doesn't take chances and he produces a condom. Our heroine looks at him coolly. "Oh, come on....and he does wearing a cock ring as he screws her on her broadloom floor. You are watching Inside Jennifer Welles, before you are finished Jennifer takes you on a visual tour of her best fucks including the projectionist in an adult theater projection booth; her dentist who can't resist her as she lies in his chair; his dental assistant who she brings to an orgasm and teaches how to accomodate her boss; her male neighbor and his best friend Bert, who she invites to her apartment for a banana cream pie; and a lesbian at a gay club who asks if she's satisfied. She is but she needs a prick, because she still feels empty, and her friend provides George, assistant professor at the university, who has a big black one. In essence, Jennifer likes all men--skinny men, fat men, and all those in between.

If you become addicted to the sexvids, not so much for their present contents but because, just as you're about to give up, you come across one that is surprisingly well crafted then, in addition to laughing at or excoriating the sexvid conventions or trying to rate them along the lines I have suggested or marvelling at the unrealized potential of sexvids for story telling and projecting small screen human intimacy, inevitably you may wonder what motivates the actors and actresses who appear in them. Money? Perhaps, but if you're male, ~~then~~ ask your favorite woman, if she would appear in one of them at any price? If you're female, don't ask.<sup>1</sup> You may not like the answer. In July and August, 1980, both Cinema X and Adam Film World interviewed Sandy Fox who used to be an actress in

adult films and then joined with Darby Lloyd Raines, another porno actress to form their own talent agency, a casting service for porno movies. "People come and go," Sandy told Cinema X, "some people think it is a prostitution business. Men, of course, are always interested in getting laid. I have a girl who is studying for her masters, and I have an artist. Everyone has their own little thing that they do. They're not always in the film for money. Sometimes they are just interested in a new experience." <sup>6</sup>At first glance, it seems like easy money. The low end of the scale in 1980 was about one hundred and fifty dollars for a ten hour day, but some of the leading stars can make five hundred dollars a day. While a particular film may take six weeks to produce and a few months to edit, an actress (or actor) is only on the set, for a film, <sup>7</sup>five or six days at the most. That would amount to only fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars for a particular picture--a far call from the income of regular Hollywood stars--and even if an actress managed to appear in ten or more a year (some of them like Samantha Fox who is probably the top star of 1980, manage even more) the average income is still probably under twenty thousand dollars. Of course, for most women that's much higher wages than they can earn under any equal wage rights with men.

Sandy and Darby advertise in the Village Voice, Soho News, Backstage, and Show Business. It's harder to find women than men and harder to find them in New York where there are more opportunities for acting and dancing jobs than there are in Los Angeles. Sandy told Adam Film World that a woman like Leslie Bovee is a good example of what makes a star. "She's got this sexy quality about her that says 'Take me and fuck me hard.' It makes you want to jump out

of your seat and dive into the screen with her...Jennifer Welles is another. She's got a real classy sensuality about her. She does a seduction scene in her landmark film Sweetcakes that made me ache. On the other hand, Terri Hall has a pretty body, nice face, but she can't act. You could fall asleep while she delivers lines."

Asked for her opinion about actresses appearing naked in the movies, Shelly Winters responded, "I think it's disgusting, shameful, damaging to all things American. But if I were twenty-two, with a great body, it would be artistic, tasteful, patriotic, and a progressive religious experience."

Despite Linda Lovelace who renounced her life of sin, and blamed it all on her former husband Chuck Traynor--Chuck is now married to Marilyn Chambers--most of the women who have been featured in adult films (there are well over a hundred of them listed as feature actresses in the Filmography at the end of this book) would agree with Shelly, and probably add that sex making on a movie set where an actress offers her vagina, or anus, or uses her mouth on the penis of a relative stranger (the male actors) might not be a religious experience, but most certainly doesn't corrupt the woman's morals or make her a sexual pervert either.

Hardly a man is now alive who remembers May Irwin and John C. Rice (a man who wore a sinister up-turned moustache). John and May performed in the first film kiss in the Thomas Edison movie of the same name. The critical response to it was much more horrified than seventy-six years later when Linda Lovelace almost swallowed Harry Reems total penis and Georgina Spelvin offered her anus to Harry Reems for fun and games. Herbert C. Stone, one of the critics, wrote angrily of that first movie, "Neither participants are very

attractive, and the spectacle of their prolonged pasteurizing on each other's lips was hard to bear...magnified to Gargantuan size and repeated three times over is absolutely disgusting...the performance comes near to being indecent in it's vulgarity. The Irwin kiss is more than the vulgarity of the stockyards."

Billions of much more erotic movie kisses later today top movie stars often appear in bed naked but covered with sheets and blankets. The movie kiss is much shorter and is carried to it's conclusion, usually with little post-coital happiness, in the ultimate flesh merger <sup>with</sup> ~~under~~ the tricky montages which let you know that they <sup>actors</sup> are sex making but don't let you see much. ~~Are~~ other than an occasional buttocks or breast. Most people, in public at least, cannot face the visual reality of their own sexual behaviour. But we've come a long way baby! Today thousands of actresses (not the major ones yet) have no compunctions whatsoever about copulating on screen and acting out before the cameras every aspect of bedroom behaviour, normal or kinky. And thousands of more quite normal girls-next-door, who have never appeared in any porno movies obviously have few objections when their husbands or boyfriends take naked pictures of them which they submit to "Best Beaver Contests" or "Girl Next Door <sup>or Friends + Lovers</sup> Contests" run by men's magazines like Hustler or Gallery, <sup>Genesis</sup> or Velvet. Beyond the exhibitionist drive which probably motivates thousands of young women (within a controlled and safe environment) they evidently <sup>want to prove that their bodies are as good as</sup> ~~enjoy competing with~~ professional models, <sup>or pornoqueens</sup> Many <sup>obviously</sup> hope that they, too, may be "discovered" <sup>and become</sup> as a future star <sup>in</sup> adult movies. Thousands of more women of all ages let their men take naked snapshots of them and send them to national swinger magazines such as Select and Odyssey and many of the men's magazines <sup>listed above also</sup> who run similar <sup>photos</sup> columns, <sup>In addition</sup> ~~where they~~ to the pictures

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which are often  
with ~~appear~~, catalogued by States, ~~together with~~ <sup>they give</sup> descriptions of their  
~~natural~~ sexual proclivities in the hope of finding like-minded friends.

In the thirty years, since Playboy first ran its nude photo of Marilyn Monroe, female nudity in men's magazines has become so common-place that it's no longer sexually titillating. Female nudity in R rated movies is not far behind. Even naked women copulating with naked men is a common fare of Screw, and now appears regularly in the glossier national men's magazines such as Hustler, Velvet, Genesis, Gallery and Gloria Leonard's High Society. In the next few years, adult films viewed in the privacy of one's home will do for sexmaking what early Hollywood films did for kissing. The overexposure will come not because genital sex isn't perennially fascinating, but because the story writers and the directors haven't learned that the sexual attraction and fulfillment between men and women can be infinitely various and interesting only when it ~~becomes~~ <sup>Portrays</sup> a slow mental buildup prior to and as a part of the physical merger of the lovers.

Many of the movie kisses between screen stars of the middle 1920's were long drawn out affairs which depended for erotic interest on the newly discovered close-up of the actresses' faces. Eventually, the prolonged deep throating and genital thrusting of sexvids will give way to much more fascinating mixture of genital playfulness and wonder as the camera plays between the faces of the actors. But today, the silent and verbal joy of flesh encounter is only occasionally realized in sexvids. ~~Perhaps, one reason that~~ <sup>Perhaps, one reason is that in</sup> Movie directors, of both R and X rated films, don't know how to build eroticism on the screen for any length of time. ~~in that in~~ in their private lives they don't know how to sustain it either.

Actors and actresses kissing each other's mouths, and a male occasionally kissing a female breast has become ~~socially~~ <sup>visually</sup> acceptable,

but most people are still unable to escape their conditionings. Genitals are dirty. Girls are doubly bewildered by their mother's conflicting admonitions. They musn't touch the dirty thing between their legs, and, dirty or not, they must save it for the loving husband they will eventually marry. Despite the open sexual discussion made possible by the verbal sexual revolution, it's still okay to say "I'm starving"--because I'm hungry--but not to admit that I'm starving (horny) for sex. And it's especially sick for women to admit to the same high sex drives that men have. Men may be attracted to women who play the madonna role, but they are repulsed if their madonna reveals sexual compulsions and needs that are as strong as theirs. Audiences gasped when the <sup>Julie Christie</sup> ~~young lady~~ at dinner in a fancy restaurant in the movie Shampoo announced to Warren Beatty. "I want to suck your cock," and then proceeded to try to do so. Was that dialogue written by a male for males, or did the women in the audience who laughed have some of the compulsions that the heroines of adult films really freely admit?

I predict that sexvids are going to change the meaning of hardcore pornography. Violence against another human being is <sup>the only</sup> hardcore ~~pornography~~ and <sup>it</sup> should be eliminated. Deviatonal sex, which may or not appeal to you and certainly normal sex, is not hardcore. But the stereotype that adult filmmaking is a sleazy degrading business is still widespread. The movie Hardcore, in which George C. Scott appeared a few years ago, and which he assisted in financing, encapsulates the emotional feelings of millions of people. How would you feel if your daughter were a porno actress? Hardcore tells the story of a middle-aged, middle class man whose daughter has run away. A detective discovers that she has made a porno film, and takes him to see his daughter performing unspeakable acts on the screen. The rest of the story is about the poor man's attempt to rescue his innocent daughter

from the clutches of the porn movie makers. In December 1980, in a Playboy interview, Scott was surprised that the movie didn't produce more angry reaction against porno films. "It was not a pleasant film to make. Very depressing. Everybody got that way. The crew, we all got very down because you can't spend much time in that environment and come out smelling like Mary Poppins...I had high hopes for the film. I liked the message."

Asked by Playboy "can we legislate morality?" Scott replied. "It can be done and should be done, but only on the local community level. If you don't want to clean up your own backyard, then you don't deserve to have it cleaned up...I think life should be made so fucking miserable for the disseminators of this material that they should find some other way to turn a rotten dollar." Leaving the moralities of some films that Scott has appeared in aside, it's interesting that Scott's marriages which have been filled with marital discord, reflect some of his patriarchal hangups. "Playboy asked him "Did you ever feel that if your marriage didn't work out this time, that it might be your fault?" Scott replied: "I'm very convinced that it is probably ~~true~~<sup>I</sup>. ~~It~~ must be so difficult, so insensitive. Of course, I don't feel that I am...Traditional marriages do work. But (now) there is a less feeling of female imprisonment, and probably a stronger feeling of male imprisonment."

Whether George C. Scott's moral outlook is responsible for some of his marital problems is of course nobody's business but his own, unless it reflects a dictatorial need (as it often seems to) to impinge his moralities on others. One thing is certain, the moralities of today's female porno movie stars would probably turn his stomach. And so would the fact that interviews with female porno stars have become the reading material of hundreds of thousands of male readers



of men's magazines. Scott would be horrified of <sup>the</sup> a future world I am predicting when porno stars (male and female) are interviewed by women and especially when their lives become as popular as the Hollywood fan magazine stories of Hollywood actresses ever were. Which tells us something. Men and women are continuously interested in comparing their own sexuality with the sexual drives of others.

There have been many studies published by psychiatrists of prostitutes and hookers (see Harold Greenwald, Call Girl

) and these studies often reveal all kinds of early emotional disturbances that led a particular women into the profession. But all you have to do is read a few of the many interviews with the women who appear in adult films or meet some of them personally, (with the exception of Linda Lovelace) and you can't escape the feeling that women who act in porno films may be the vanguard of a new kind of woman--verbalizing what many average women feels. Thus, they stand somewhere between the feminists and their less provocative sisters--the girl-next-door who is <sup>no longer</sup> ~~really~~ ~~not~~ just like the girl who married dear old Dad. Most of the women who appear in the porno films enjoy their feminine flesh compulsions and needs and are not afraid to reveal them on screen or later in print. In real life these women refuse to project a madonna image, which aligns them with the feminist who believe that many men prefer the woman on a pedestal image because it makes the women in their lives less threatening. Nor do these women think of themselves as whores. Without always being able to evoke it they reflect what I believe is a very different flesh/brain interaction than most men have. Offering their bodies to a clean caring man, being watched copulating by other men who are sympatico (as most of the actors, directors, and cameramen are) does not degrade their minds, nor their bodies,

nor does it personally (no matter how they may appear in the final sexvid) make them sex objects. They can examine their breasts and vaginas and mouths after hundreds of encounters with the male penis, and there is no physical change. No one--not even their lover, nor their husbands can tell the difference. If there is any difference, it may be on the side of good health. Who is to say that the human animal wouldn't live a longer, healthier life if it could freely enjoy copulation every day?<sup>4</sup> Keep in mind that porno actresses as distinguished from prostitutes are not selling their body<sup>s</sup> to a particular man who is sexmaking with them,

→ Both of them are being paid by third parties. <sup>But And</sup> and even more than the male, who must <sup>be able to</sup> perform, the actress is in control, not just ~~of~~ the male actors on a particular movie set but the untold millions of males who will watch her body on the screen and on their televisions and be aroused and excited by her. Porno actresses <sup>probably</sup> ~~may~~ reflect a deep, and mostly unexpressed feminine ability and need, to blend their bodies with male flesh, without committment, but at the same time with no loss of personal identity. It's a male drive that males have denied females, and it may be an even more pervasive need for the female. ~~because~~ <sup>women</sup> Many ~~of them~~ <sup>of the in sexuality</sup> are unafraid and really enjoy an earth-mother life role. As for men--remember Atlas. When his feet weren't firmly implanted on mother earth, he was an impotent weakling.

Many of the interviews which have appeared in the past ten years with porno actresses reveal this basic feeling and give a new perspective on a growing number of women who aren't afraid to acknowledge their enjoyment of themselves as women. \* Because Linda Love=lace is really the first porno star (prior to her with the exception

of Candy Barr who appeared in some stag films the actresses are largely unknown) and because she is the only one that I know of who claims that she was literally seduced and hypnotized by her husband into the business, let's get her point of view first. Admittedly in her first interview, which appeared in Screw in 1972, she didn't reveal very much about herself and her replies do seemed coached by Chuck Trainor who was present. But she told Al Goldstein; "My family was very strait-laced. I could never conceive of my mother and father fucking. But if I had a daughter, I would be uninhibited and open minded. I don't think sex is taboo. I am very happy and contented right now (making sex films). This really is a whole new thing for me."

Linda received three hundred dollars for her shooting time on Deep Throat. Perhaps she is justifiably angry at not getting a big piece of the fifty million dollar box office pie. In 1980 with the help of Mike McGrady she struck back with her book Ordeal, An Autobiography and she revealed much more about her background. "I was Linda Boreman, the daughter of a policeman. I was raised in Yonkers, New York and attended Catholic schools." It's interesting that many porno stars as well as Gay Talese had a Catholic upbringing

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\*Following a rough chronology from 1972 to 1978 the first person extracts which <sup>I have quoted</sup> ~~below~~, unless otherwise noted appeared in Screw in interviews conducted by Al Goldstein, or in the now defunct San Francisco Ball. After 1978 porno stars interviews have continued regularly in Screw but they have also appeared in Adam Film World which first appeared in 1971 and are the basic fare of Video X, Cinema X, Porn Stars, new magazines since 1979 as well as many men's magazines such as Genesis, and Celeb <sup>all from</sup> ~~all of~~ which I have paraphrased some of the following material with their permission.

and only in later life managed to rid themselves of their hangups by jumping into an uninhibited sexual waters <sup>where they</sup> ~~and~~ often <sup>discovered</sup> ~~found~~ themselves ~~for the first time~~.

"I attended St. John the Baptist in Yonkers," Linda continues, "and Maria Regina High School in Hartsdale. During grade school, my ambition was to be a nun. In the ninth grade I was elected president of my class and I enjoyed playing basketball more than anything else...when I was twenty-one I was going to get married and have a family. I was going to have a house that I could clean and there would be a garden with flowers. That was my whole dream--marrying someone and living happily with a family of my own. But now I was twenty-one and I was sharing a bed with a man that I didn't love. The few other times I made love there had always been a nice feeling afterwards. There was no nice feeling this time. Possibly the act had been done without any real emotion on either his part or mine. Afterwards there was just a question in my mind: Why did I let him do it?"

Two hundred and fifty pages later Linda still <sup>hasn't</sup> ~~didn't~~ figured out why she did it. But she admits one basic truth about herself which probably conditioned her life more than anything else. She dreamed of being a famous Hollywood actress--a glamour dream which has been implanted in thousands of young women's heads. "It's all such a shame," she wrote, "because I would have loved being an actress, the way Susan Hayward was an actress. I still have a fantasy of making one decent movie...a movie where you didn't have to do anything disgusting--and winning an Academy Award and having all those people knocking on my door so that I could say to them, 'I'm sorry--but you're late. You should have been there when I needed you.'"

To achieve her fantasy, Linda became a pimp for Chuck Trainor

who had so little regard for women that he encouraged Linda to screw with a dog in one picture. He also taught her how to suck cock. ~~and~~ Presumably her swallowing ability so fascinated Gerard Damiano that according to Linda he couldn't stop thinking about <sup>I.</sup> ~~her~~. Linda had already made a film with Harry Reems, before Deep Throat which Damiano produced. After watching her in action Damiano got the idea for Deep Throat. In 1972, Linda told Al Goldstein: "I learned from the guys that I was the best, that I gave the best head they ever had...it took a while to learn...you've got to learn how to control it...you've really got to learn to relax your muscles...you have to breath through your mouth. Whoever is going in my throat has to work in and out. As they come I take a breath. With my head over the side of the bed is the best. The cock goes in farthest like that."

In the same interview, Chuck explained how he had taught her. "It's a learning to control an involuntary muscle because normally the minute someone touches your throat you choke...so we dwelt in hypnosis, self-hypnosis and that had quite a bit to do with it because I would tell her that it didn't upset her and it didn't choke her."

In an interview in Screw in June, 1980, Chuck Trainor admitted that he had to boss Linda pretty heavily and that she didn't realize that Deep Throat was going to be a big time porno movie. "She <sup>really</sup> thought she was just fucking around," Chuck said, and he concluded: "There are millions of straight people out there who don't know anything about the world you and I live in. They really believe that people are snatched off the street like in that film Hard Core--and forced into pornography with guns at their heads." In his opinion LINDA'S BOOK ORdeal WAS ~~LAST~~ <sup>LAST</sup> ~~ATTEMPT~~ <sup>ATTEMPT</sup> TO OBTAIN SOME KIND OF STARDOM.

You are in New York City watching Penny Hickey, a high class hooker, who will inherit a million dollars from her uncle, the late Humphrey Hickey II, if she can answer the riddle, "What is French, turns on at night, and gives good crown?" Only someone named Sidney knows the answer. If Penny should die before solving the riddle her nasty old Aunt Celeste Hickey gets all the money. Now you are watching Penny searching for Sidney. Her travels lead her to a barroom, and before she leaves, without the answer, she sucks off a guy who says his name is Sidney, and after vacating the bar--flies fucks with him on top of the bar while the bartender watches. You are watching BAD PENNY--before you finish Penny is nearly blown to kingdom come by her conniving Aunt. To the continuous background music from Strauss Waltzes she continues her search for the right Sidney. Next is Sidney Le Pew. He is greasing motors at the top of a skyscraper. Penny doesn't give him time to wash his hands so her lovely white body gets a thorough black grease massage before she discovers that he isn't the right Sidney, either. Neither is the gay Sidney who is host at a sex night club for games of African roulette. A game in which five are cocksuckers and one is a cannibal. He also officiates at whipped cream orgies as one of the many "throw up options" available at the club. Finally Penny's boy friend, who she is giving good crown to, has the answer to the riddle. You guessed it! The Statue of Liberty!

Whether Chuck really avenged Linda and she really regretted her Deep Throat claim to fame, she certainly isn't as coolly pragmatic as Georina Spelvin, Marilyn Chambers, or Tina Russell who were her peers in the business at the ~~same~~ time. ~~Where~~ Today Georgina Spelvin only appears in supporting actress roles, the film that made her famous The Devil and Miss Jones was released in 1973. Georgina is still very active in the business and she's a feature star or big attraction in at least twenty of the sexvids which appear in the Filmography. To really make a comeback probably all that Georgina Spelvin needs is a sensitive story about a woman in midlife who is still a fully sexual creature. Unfortunately <sup>"old age" sex is</sup> ~~that is~~ a subject which ~~still escapes most~~ <sup>all</sup> porno film producers avoid, unless the participants are <sup>really</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> and "dirty".

"I was a very sensual child," <sup>Georgina</sup> ~~she~~ told Al Goldstein. "Since the age of eleven I could hardly say that I was deprived of anything sexual. To dress up is still one of my favorite games. My mother

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never knew who I was going to be in the morning. One day I'd come in as the Queen of Sheba, the next day I'd be there with my hoop=skirts on doing Scarlett O'Hara all over the house. I was aware of sex and a sexual relationship was the first kind I could make with anyone. You know--from the 'you show me yours, and I'll show you mine' stage to actual coitus."

And then Georgina revealed what many young high school girls with a good body, but not so pretty face (at least not so pretty as some of her contemporaries such as Marilyn Chambers and Tina Russell) often encounters. "I went through some pretty heavy trips. ~~because~~ I was a girl all the guys would take out to ball with but never to dance with. <sup>she continued:</sup> I'm not a very good cock sucker, but I'm a good actress...and I never felt jealous or possessive and I know this sounds very self-righteous but it's the truth. I've often thought that I had some flaw in my character because I didn't feel jealous in a given situation. This has gotten me into trouble with various husbands and I don't like to live alone, but I guess that I've always been very free not only about sex but about life."

Georgina's first professional job was dancing at the U.S.O. and then she appeared at the ballet corps at the Rockefeller Center and later was a featured dancer at the Latin Quarter. She worked in audio visual and staging <sup>up</sup> shows for industrial organizations but she couldn't get anywhere in regular movie making. "The fuck film people are the straightest, nicest, most up front people I've ever worked for in my life. <sup>she told Al</sup> -But to do fuck films you have to have a pretty good head. You have to know where your shit is upstairs. If you have that, you don't have to listen to anyone say: 'Come on give me a blow job and I'll give you a part.' You don't need that

because you are pretty much together sexually. <sup>Q</sup>" If I were going to produce a fuck film to turn someone on I would want it to be a sexual adventure of one piece. If you're going to make a film, you want to have one climax for your film: one moment of 'that's what the whole film's about'. So I would have one climax. How explicit it would be would depend on the situation...before you fall in the grass and hump, you've at least got to experience each other's reaction to things: you've got to get to know each other. You talk or maybe you hold hands without talking, but you've got to feel each other first. Otherwise, you might just as well go home and jerk off...I never felt horny without having been stimulated by something, even if it's just my own thoughts about getting laid...To me there's sexuality, there is sociality, there is love, and there is communication, and if communication should take a sexual turn, then, not to fulfill it, for any reason, seems very unnatural and unlife to me...When it got to the point of making love (with her last husband) in actuality we were already so much into each other that it reminded me of something someone said to me and that is: 'There is only one erogenous zone on the human body and that is between the ears...'".

Although Georgina has appeared in hundreds of porno films in which I'm sure that feminists like Gloria Steinem would complain that she acted out the role of sex object <sup>never thinks on</sup> ~~as~~ a woman-to-woman mental level both Georgina and Marilyn Chambers seem to have a clearer identification with <sup>themselves sexually</sup> ~~themselves~~ than most feminists. "I'm not a whore, and I don't think I look like one," Marilyn Chambers told Al Goldstein, 'I'm the Ivory Snow Girl who happened to be in the right place at the right time.' If you aren't aware of what was happening in porn movies in 1972, Marilyn--who really looked like



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the girl next door or the girl in the choir was featured in a full colored photograph as a young mother holding her baby on the back of Ivory Snow boxes.

Then, much <sup>to</sup> the chagrin of Proctor and Gamble executives she suddenly made headlines. In reality she was the star of Behind the Green Door a scandalous porno movie in which Marilyn was penetrated at the same time by three male penises. One in her mouth, one in her anus and one in her vagina. Then she sucked off a black man (Johnny Keyes). Now in her thirties, Marilyn is featured in a new movie, Insatiable in 1980. In the intervening years she has appeared in many other films and evidently has been guided by Chuck Tra~~n~~nor, who divorced Linda Lovelace, <sup>Marilyn</sup> and married her and has evidently guided her adult film career. But with none of the trauma that Linda experienced. When Al Goldstein interviewed Linda she was married to Doug

a man she had met when she was dancing in a bottomless, topless bar in San Francisco. About her husband's reaction to her movie making, Marilyn said; 'He'd ask me all those questions when I came home. I think he was testing me to see if I got off there and not at home. I think it was a great test for our love...I never get emotionally involved with the people I'm fucking in a film. But we do become good friends from working together. You know how it is. The directors say: 'All right, here comes the orgasm scene. You've got three minutes. Let's go.'"

Responding to Doug's remark that he didn't care to have his cock sucked a whole lot, Marilyn said: "I don't think that good cock sucking depends on how deep you get it in your mouth. It's what you do with it, <sup>(Presumably in Insatiable, she clear-throated John Holmes)</sup> I think having a guy tell me how he likes it and where his erogenous zones are saves a lot of time." Which most

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women will probably agree wholeheartedly. In the same vein many women, but not most feminists, will agree with Marilyn when she says: "I think a woman's duty is to give her man confidence in himself sexually and in other ways. We all lack confidence until we fall in love. You get confidence from your lover...if I were directing a sexually explicit film, I'd do something very romantic. I'd like to make a movie about a liberated woman who is very independent and doesn't need men. She starts off to prove that she can make it on her own, without the help of men, but then she falls in love with this guy and sees that there's nothing like it. I think it's beautiful because a woman has to admit that she needs a man. Women would love it."

Well, not all women. Not Phyllis Shafly who promotes a "total woman" concept, but a monogamous one, nor Andrea Dworkin who never stops challenging women's sick dependence on men. <sup>80-1</sup> ~~What~~ Marilyn may really be evoking the average American female and male sexual experience. As the youngest of three children she proves the validity of the birth order factor theory by admitting that she was always a "show-off". "I guess I always wanted attention...I don't like being called the porno queen but I knew exactly what I was getting into. I think pornography is important because it's really good sex education for a lot of people who don't know how to fuck. Some people don't get off because they use the same old positions someone told them were right and they don't experiment because they feel guilty. My favorite fuck film is Teenage Fantasies...when the man ate out the girl he did it from the side instead of straight on and that really turned me on. Maybe too because he was an older good looking man. I had that fantasy too about some of my father's friends when I was growing up. It's very interesting because a lot

of people are hung up about that, thinking it's unnatural. But I think the fantasy is always there unless you hate your father or you hate men. My father is a very good looking man."

In a recent new kind of video tape ~~which~~ which is really a video magazine Electric Blue (see Bibliography) Marilyn is mistress of ceremonies and ~~finally~~ reveals that she is wearing a ring attached to her labia..."because it makes her feel good." <sup>which raises the question:</sup> Was nearly ten years in the business made Marilyn kinky? Probably not. More likely she's one of the many new breed of women who have compartmentalized their lives. In the private area they may encounter all the typical marital hangups but they ~~never~~ <sup>rarely</sup> get overemotional about sex. Sex is recreation. Sex is fun. Unfortunately, most of Marilyn's films don't convey this to the male viewer. Normal laughing sex gets in the way of the raincoat crowd's hard-ons! Sex is a serious business and they can't escape their Christian-Judeo repressions.

One of the first and most interesting porn stars, although she has never received the publicity of Linda, Georgina, and Marilyn is Tina Russell. Tina who by 1976 had probably made one hundred of what Al Goldstein calls "fuck and suck films" was featured in Not Just Another Woman in 1976. After four years of working behind the camera and writing her second book (her first Porno Star was published by Pinnacle) which according to her "is mainly about the female genitalia"-but it's for male and females. It deals with misconceptions surrounding a woman's genitals to masturbation intercourse fellation and beyond." In 1980, after four years, Tina appeared <sup>on screen in a</sup> in a new film Daughters. "I learned about sex through marriage manuals," she told Rudy Mars in an Adam Film World interview in January, 1980. "And with a high school boyfriend and

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experimentation. I got laid when I was seventeen in the back seat of a station wagon. We made a bloody mess of his folk's Chevy. We were in my parents driveway until three in the morning cleaning it up." In an excerpt from her book Porno Star which appeared in Screw in 1976, she writes, "My sexual attitudes, though more restrictive than one would think have none the less been fairly open. Prior to our introduction to the "porno industry" my husband Jason and I had often shared our love with another female, male or couple but it was always a spontaneous interaction with close friends, and not a planned party. It was always a total and complete loving experience and not a partial physical expression of lust...to me the key to complete sexual satisfaction is feeling--full and complete feeling which can only result from trustful abandonment to another and to one's self. I am an insecure person, and therefore cannot trust many people fully enough to abandon myself to them. As a result, I have always preferred one-to-one relationship and I've always been rather selective in choosing my sexual partners...even in porno films."

Tina describes a swinging party that she attended and discovered that she was really a voyeur and not an exhibitionist and she couldn't really relate to swingers. "In a fantasy sense, I had been searching for the perfect orgy. In reality, I have spent much of my adult life searching for that rare transcendental orgasm. The difference between my search and that of most swingers I had met was a search for quality through selectivity...not quality through quantity...however, if one does not search, one may never experience life fully."

On camera, Tina has made it clear. "I won't have sex with animals or children. I never do real S&M. But I'll do fakies with

with stage blood and that kind of stuff. I won't do anal sex, though I enjoy it in my personal life. I won't do bathroom antics. I've done loops where I took a leak in a toilet but I wouldn't do it on anybody. No golden showers for me." In 1980 she was still living with her husband Jason. "But our relationship," she told Rudy Mare, "has always been quite open. Even while we were married-married, we had several three way experiences with a girl, a guy, and a few times four way with a couple. But it's always good to have a verbal communication in a relationship. A man should be able to sense whether a girl is turned on and whether her clitoris is hard. You'd be surprised how many guys can't even find a woman's clit!...A lot of guys worry about their performance in bed and whether or not they are turning a chick on. That's self defeating, because if you're thinking of anything while you're in bed, you're not in touch with your body. Breathing is very important during love making. Many people hold their breath when they are having an orgasm...I mean by transcendental orgasms--going beyond the everyday realm of where we trap our minds and bodies. A transcendental orgasm is totally and completely letting go. You are completely one with yourself, your orgasm and your partner. There's no distinction between your head and body. To me, it's the highest of highs that two people can share together." <sup>G</sup>It's quite fascinating that Tina said this in an interview in Adam Film World which is probably ninety-nine per cent read by men. Whatever else you may think about her, Tina is giving a real woman's point of view. Although she uses words like "girl" and "chick" which would turn most feminists off, she was giving male readers a feminine point of view that they never could find in Ms magazine. I'm making a point of this here because in a later

chapter I am proposing a New Feminist <sup>Sexual</sup> Manifesto which if feminists dared might blend the two very different female points of view.

Tina continues her ~~intimate~~ <sup>intimate</sup> revelation, and ~~even~~ <sup>Rarely are</sup> female writers for Cosmopolitan or Redbook ~~are rarely~~ so informative. "I don't like the term multiple orgasm and I'm in agreement with a lot of authorities that there's really no such thing. It's just that a woman can come much easier after she's already come once. A lot of women who are not in touch with their bodies mistake little twitterings of feelings for orgasms. As far as turning a woman on so completely that she's out of her mind, I would say that <sup>the</sup> most important secret besides sensitivity and awareness is time. Most sexual encounters are too fast, and there's not enough foreplay." <sup>fr</sup> I can't help chuckle when I quote from Tina Russell. She sounds like a character out of one of my own novels. 'Ideally, I think people <sup>should</sup> try making love for an entire day," she said, "When I have an orgasm, it feels as though it's starting from my cunt and it radiates outward and I'm flowing. Like when a man comes and pulsates with the sensual beat of ejaculation, a woman's body pulsates the same way. The vagina contracts and at the same time you can feel the waves of orgasm surging through your body. It feels like it radiates from my cunt and flows down my legs and up my arms and goes out of my fingertips and toes...I've counted these pulsations a few times and I usually average out between fifteen and twenty-three before they mellow out. Obviously, while Tina has to put up with "come shots" in films she appears in, like every woman, she prefers the male penis ejaculating inside her.

Another "old timer" in adult films is Gloria Leonard who publishes High Society a man's magazine in which occasionally outhustles Hustler in sheer rauchiness. Gloria is a tall, almost brassy appearing

woman who has appeared in more than one porno film. The sexvid All About Gloria Leonard which she produced with Howard Howard and directed herself is one that will intrigue many women. In scene after scene Gloria really exposes herself mentally and physically as a woman. ~~and~~ Increasing <sup>female</sup> the empathy with ~~many women~~ <sup>her</sup> is the realization that Gloria, in her thirties, is not so nubile or threatening as ~~the~~ <sup>to their husbands</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> teenage porno stars like Bambi West <sup>might be</sup>. Interesting, too, is that Gloria has a cool gloss of sophistication and complete selfawareness that would probably intimidate many men. Nevertheless her points of view parallel those of the other actresses and many American women.

"I don't want to sound like a chauvinist," she told Al Goldstein in 1979, "but I truly believe that there is an absence of female input in the business. I think if females had more opportunity to direct these films they'd be hotter...God, whatever happened to romance and sex? I don't think that men like to subject themselves to the fact that they really are tender...in All About Gloria Leonard I wanted to bring to the screen things I had never done before..."

You are watching Gloria. She's leaving the expensive home somewhere in Connecticut. Her chauffeur waiting in a Silver Streak Rolls Royce drives her to work. Voice over in the film a song is being sung. "Look around, Gloria. Yesterday is gone, Breakaway, Gloria, take what the world can offer you. You are free." It's the end of one erotic adventure the beginning of another. Gloria is going to publish her own magazine. "But wait a minute," Gloria says, "publishers can't operate in a vacuum." She remembers Horace...Horace Bently, Horace, the office boy. "I used to wonder why they called Horace, the Horse." Now you are watching Gloria unzip Horace's pants, and she is caressing his very large penis very affectionately. And now she is lying on her desk with her dress around her waist. "Ah, Horace, I want to fantasize while that big, beautiful cock is sliding in and out of my cunt." You are watching ALL ABOUT GLORIA LEONARD. Before you are finished Gloria tries a threesome, sex with a black

girl and a Chinese girl, and later with a man wearing a sweat shirt labelled Quick Shot while she describes her feelings in a ten minute extended dialogue as she is getting fucked. Then she experiments with a wiggly vibrator while sitting on the toilet, and finally she challenges Marc Stevens and Jamie Gillis to showdown. Which is the best in bed? The film ends romantically with Gloria lying in bed between Marc and Jamie, who both give her presents to commemorate her sexual ability.

Gloria told Al Goldstein "I wanted to bring to the screen things I had never done before. I did the double insertion with Marc Stevens and Jamie Gillis and it was really nice. I don't do as much ass fucking as perhaps the other ladies do...only because it hurts afterwards. It takes me a few days to recuperate. But it is very hot and horny and I get off on the sensation of having a cock sliding in and out of a very sensitive nerve ending erotic area. What could be bad?

23% of the Cosmo girls who in the 1980 survey admitted to having sex with more than one partner at the same time, the majority of whom were two men, would probably agree with Gloria. And they could easily relate to Andrea True who has starred in numerous films including The Seduction of Lynn Carter and Illusions of a Lady. "I was always in show business, beginning in Nashville," Andrea told a San Francisco Ball interviewer. "My mother toured the world with a very famous singing family, and I grew up with music and the theater. My father taught me foreign languages, and took me to the opera whenever we were in New York City. By the time I was fifteen I was in more than 50 theatrical productions. Then I moved to Greenwich Village and was trying to make out doing television commercials and I met Harry Reems. We made our first picture together Head Nurse, and then Meat Ball. I was horrified when I saw it on the screen. At the screening I was sitting next to Gay Talese--where I was seeing my cunt on screen for the first time. Later I went to dinner with



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Gay and we became great friends. But I was in a psychological stupor for a week. I went into the fetal position and turned up my electric blanket. It was very heavy."

But apparently Andrea quickly overcame her inhibitions. In 1974 she could tell the San Francisco Ball interviewer, Guillermo Knight, "I've had a film on Broadway every week for the past two years. I have a big sex drive, I admit it. Boys dig me and I dig boys...My audience like me because the men who go to see the films can't get a chick like me unless they pay for a hooker. I don't know that side of life. Let's face it, <sup>most of</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>watching</sup> guys aren't beautiful people. They have an average looking wife at home. Me, Georgina, Marilyn and Linda are not average looking. They're getting off on us. I'm not gay. I'm really a man's woman. I think the divorce situation in America should be straightened out...I believe in family. I came from a togetherness family. There was a lot of love among us. I'm sick about what's happening in the world. Even kids my age are divorcing, (Andrea was twenty-one at the time) but we're smarter-- at least most of them are taking a closer look at second marriages... I'm a happy person. If you don't have a positive attitude and a good head on your shoulders, forget it."

Come with me on a fast trip and meet some of the other porno stars verbally. <sup>They give</sup> ~~It gives~~ revealing insights, for better or worse, <sup>in the future, and right now.</sup> into a new kind of woman that many men must learn how to relate to. Peonie Jong starred in Oriental Blue. She was born in northern China. "I think my family would accept me (fucking and sucking). They would think that if I find it agreeable to do, there's some sort of strong reason for me to do it. They would accept me just like my friends; total. I think I have exhibitionist tendencies, but I've never been a hooker. I'm a jewelry designer, and I've been trained in art."

Or Keri Carpenter, who starred in Rendez-vous with Anne. She probably will evoke some female empathy. "I was curious to see what it would be like to do a fuck film. It was not a turn on. It was 100% work. I've occasionally been a hooker. I've worked in a massage parlor. It's basically cut and dry. Most of the men who came in were middle aged and have wives and families and their wives don't go down on them. I got into masturbating when I was about eight. I started having an orgasm when I was about eleven or twelve. I didn't know what they were<sup>4</sup> and I didn't know what masturbation was. All I knew was that it felt good, and I did it every night when I read. I'd just masturbate and come. What I read would turn me on. I had a boyfriend when I was 12 but he wouldn't kiss me. Nothing happened until I was 15. Then I started going out with a boy who started fingering me vaginally. I didn't know from nothing about my clitoris. I was 18, a freshman in college, and was going out with a guy who was getting blown, so I told him, "Teach me how" and he taught me how. There's no big deal to it. I liked it."

And here's Barbara Bourbon who is a favorite among sexvid afficionados for her film The Private Afternoon of Pamela Mann. But Barbara has also appeared in straight films, such as The Godfather, Part II and One Million A.D. "I started acting in college. I wanted to be in major films. I've watched films and I always wanted to see them get to the love scene. Then I'd like to see them get it on. I think it's beautiful to see people making love, so I promote porno films. But they still go in for close-ups of <sup>cock's</sup> ~~cocks~~ and cunts and all those come shots. <sup>You have to watch</sup> ~~for~~ an hour of sex and <sup>for</sup> five minutes of story. That's what screwed up the films." Like other porno stars, Barbara dis-associates her personal life from sex on the movie set. She is a nudist at home and had a long court battle which she finally won

with her daughter in a nudist magazine. Because of the photographs she was accused of pandering and selling her child for immoral reasons. "I explained to her that one reason you have to wear clothes is to keep warm, but the biggest reason is that some people just can't accept being naked. I don't usually talk about my sex life," she told Al Goldstein, "sex is very private with me. I have orgasms easily. I don't think that I'm being weird. Sex is a beautiful part of my life. I love to make love with people I love. I don't make love with everybody. I've got my life. I've got my theatre. I've got a lot of things."

Annette Haven, who is very verbal, has no hang-ups either: "Before I made China Girl, one of the first of many films she has appeared in, I did nude modelling. I was baptized a Catholic and raised as a Mormon, I first had sex with an older man. I was in my teens. We both seduced each other...China Girl, on certain levels, is a woman's lib movie. The woman is so saturated with her choice of pleasure and sexuality that I'm sure they're going to have screenings of China Girl at Ms Magazine...How can you explore a person's womanhood or anything in a film that isn't exactly about sex anyway? For some (in the women's lib movement) it may be dehumanizing. It isn't for me."

Annette is probably one of the most outspoken women making porno films. She told Rick Carroll in a long article which appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle (July 8, 1980) "I'm an x-rated film star--not a porn star. I prefer to call it the adult film business because no one can define pornography. There aren't many good actors or actresses in the business. It's difficult to find actresses because of the social stigma. Even though we are in the midst of a sexual revolution, we are still left with vestiges of the old double

standard. People still ask "How can you make love in front of all those cameras and lights with people watching? (They can't believe that I'm really a rather nice human being. I take care of people's little kids, sew a lot, cook a lot, stay home with my boyfriend and don't go out a lot. That to me is a good time. I'm a thinking, reasoning intelligent woman and I chose to do this. I'm a feminist, if ever there was one, but I resent the women's lib notion that somehow I'm being exploited because I appear in x-rated films. I have a steady monogamous relationship with my boyfriend. He's sondergul and handsome. He's not the jealous type. He understands that when I have sex on screen it's just work. When I was a kid, I didn't know anything about sex. I was brought up in a very religious family. We discussed everything but sex. Everybody, even a kid, knows ther's something between your legs, but when it's constantly denied, you're going to start thinking there's somet\_hing wrong with you.

"I do live sex acts and x-rated films because I have a point to make: that sex is healthy, that it's okay, that everybody should feel okay about it. My purpose for being in this business is that I want to transform people. I want them to get over being upset about sex."

Annette was married at 16. "To a man who was a manic depressive." I sent him home to his mother. He was either going to kill me or himslef." In her private life she has "explosive" orgasms but on camera, sex doesn't turn me on. I generally don't have orgasms because that's not what I'm thinking about. There's a lot of actors and actresses who find it to be a real sexual experience, but not for me. I'm performing."

Annette has a regular feature article monthly in Cinema X

magazine in which she answers all kinds of questions from male readers. Answering a question why there is so much more oral sex on actors in adult films than on actresses, she responded: "Part of it is that when a guy puts his face between a woman's legs it isn't easy to see what's going on. But the male audience identifies with a guy getting his cock sucked. They become that guy. The majority of the audience does not identify with the female.

Evoking a psychological study Me, The Narcissitic American by Aaron Stern, M.D., who insists that: "All loving relationships are always in jeopardy. To care deeply about someone other than one's self is an unnatural human act.", Annette writes "Most people if given a choice would rather receive than give. It's the same in sex...Most men would rather be given head than give it to their partner...In the films, I would rather see long foreplay than the endless shots of cocks going in and out of cunts...I think the American audience could use a little sexual sophistication in their tastes, then we wouldn't see so much crap on the screen...But people want to see sex...until this changes we are going to have to sift through the crap to find the decent movies...but I have high hopes for the future of the industry."

Again, the amazing thing about the calibre of these continuing interviews and the feature articles with sexvid actresses is that they appear in men's magazines devoted to adult films. Unlike the women's magazines, where women talk to women, here are women talking to men and laying it on the line with the. If they aren't showing it like it is in the films themselves, at least in the magazines devoted to them, women are reaching men verbally.

"I don't think women want men with big cocks," Susan McBain told Al Goldsmith. Susan starred in Roller Babies, Candy Lips, Odyssey to mention a few. "Actually it's very painful to work with men with a big cock. On screen I won't do lesbian, anal, bondage. I won't beat anybody, or let them beat me. I won't do golden showers...Some women say they have fantasies about being raped, but since I've been raped, there's no way that I'm going to fantasize about it...I don't find porn films degrading. This is probably the only business in the world, where women get paid more than men. I'm not being subjugated by a man. When I'm making love on screen I'm acting and

really trying to show that I care for this man."

Susan has several children and a daughter who at this writing is about ten years old. "I don't think it would upset me if she went into this business," she said, "obviously there are many things I would like her to do. She happens to be very talented. I have a college degree, but that doesn't get you a job. You can't support a family earning \$150 a week, which is about the most I could earn with my degree. (the year is 1977) "What I like about making films is that it gives me more time to spend with my family. My parents weren't very liberal. They never taught me anything about sex. We didn't have sex education classes when I went to school. I didn't think about sex until I was in high school. At the age of 13, I looked 20."

Susan was modelling when she met Carter Stevens who asked her to appear in Roller Babies. "I had never fucked publicly before. I have nothing against swinging or orgies, but I have never participated in them. The first time I voluntarily had sex was when I was 17. I enjoy sex more since making films. The men I've worked with are very outspoken. They'll tell you exactly what they need for them to get off. Some like to be sucked. Some don't. Or they'll tell me to do it hard or soft or to bite it. I've never experienced and orgasm on set. Actually I have difficulty climaxing. I never masturbate. Basically I like to have just one man, but I worry if a man is upset with me--if I don't enjoy myself. He thinks he's not a good lover. I mean--if you're attentive to your mate then you're a good lover, better than any man who just socks it away for two hours. To me a good lover is someone who relates to you and understands your feelings and will stroke your hair or body and not just blast away at you. I can enjoy making love for hours without even

having the man inside me. He doesn't even have to get hard."

If Susan McBain doesn't reveal herself as a totally normal woman in that conversation I have never met a normal woman. Here is how she thinks about her daughter. "I think sex takes more out of a woman. I would not object to her as a teenager having sex with a man as long as she can handle it, but what happens with young women is that they get very emotionally attached to the man they are having sex with. When you are younger you split up much more often than when you are older, and then to have a sex relationship taken away from you, it's very difficult. I wouldn't want her to just go sleeping around. I think that children should be aware of the emotional effect it will have on them."

Susan even writes poetry. Here's one that concluded her interview with Al Goldstein. "He stood at the door and simply said/ How are you? I answered him, I'm feeling fine/and brushed his cheek/ I wanted to tell him everything/I feel sick/my thoughts never grew to words/life is pain/I wanted him to really know me/hold me tight/ would it hurt so much more than this/so afraid/the door was tightly shut/peering out I watched him go/too late for him to hear/Daddy, I love you." <sup>Q</sup> If the feeling behind Susan's poem is ever translated into an adult film the adult film industry will have come of age. And Susan is not alone, the star of Budding of Bree, Heavenly Desire, Taxi Girl, Hilary Summer, sounds like the girl next door—if the girl next door <sup>ever</sup> dared to speak openly. "I started sucking cock when I was eighteen or going on nineteen," she told Video X in August, 1980. "I was scared. I thought that the guy would get up tight. He was my boyfriend and I thought, 'Oh my god. He's going to take me home and never want to see me again.'" Asked if she liked oral sex,



Hilary replied, "It depends on who's doing it. They have to know what they're doing. A lot of time girls know better than men. The same sex knows what the same sex wants...my boyfriend and I used to take my parent's Joy of Sex and read it by flashlight in his car and practice in the back seat of his Ford. I rate a fuck on how gentle the guy is. The sexiest guy I ever met was a virgin. It was just his enthusiasm. This guy was so excited about the whole thing. It was incredible to see a guy in awe like that. He put me on a pedestal. Wow! It was his first time."

Hilary enjoys being on top of her lover most and prefers oral sex in private to doing it on film. But she points out something that many women watching sexvids in their own home think but are reluctant to admit. "I do like watching other women doing it because it differs from person to person so much. Some women act as if they don't even want to touch it, and other girls really go at it. Some guys are easier to suck off than others. With some you gag and choke. What makes it easier is how the guy reacts. Some of them (not the professionals) get out of control and really batter your face."

Before very long I predict that some of the top stars of adult films will appear on video discs very seriously teaching and demonstrating all aspects of sexual behaviour. There are <sup>already</sup> some tapes like this produced by Edcoa and Multi Media Resources. I will cover educational sexvids in a later chapter. <sup>But up</sup> until now most of the actors and actresses appearing in these are not professional and the films are photographed much too clinically. As a part of my proposal for New Feminist <sup>Sexual</sup> Manifesto see Chapter . I'm suggesting that feminists should move rapidly into the sexvid market. A good

starting point would be to base a movie on an article by Richard Milner which appeared in Porn Stars May, 1980 titled How I Give Head. In this article ~~five~~ <sup>seven</sup> ~~porn~~ stars tell how in silly, laughing detail ~~which~~ <sup>and</sup> were headlined as follows: "Guys come in all flavors. Each one tastes different."--Gloria Leonard. "I think the key to good head is lots of spit."--Anne Sprinkle. "Using your hand while you suck is an extreme turn-on."--Annette Haven. "Don't use your teeth, make sure you cover them."--Samantha Fox. and "If you don't swallow, you're doing a half assed job."--Vanessa del Rio.

Obviously if the feminists entered the sexvid market, as I have proposed, ~~that they should be~~ professional male actors photographed in attractive environments could <sup>show many other things</sup> teach men how to arouse a woman orally.

Interview after interview with porn film actresses continue in the same vein and point to a much healthier future for sexvids. "I made some Sometime Sweet Susan to upgrade pornography," Shawn Harris told Al Goldstein. "It had nothing to do with fucking for money. If I had a child of fifteen--that's when I began understanding sex--I wouldn't be afraid to take them to see this film."

Or here's C.J. Laing who has been in innumerable films and is considered somewhat kinky. She says: "I have an absolutely normal sex life. I've found through pornography I could earn money and I didn't have to put up with anyone's bullshit. I'm not a hooker and I don't think you can compare the two prostitution and porno. The men in the industry are clean. They are good looking, they are your friends, you know them. I think it might be a good thing to see a little more naturalism in the films but men want to forget their nagging wives and kids. They want to see something lively happening."

Or here's Carrah Major-minor who is a Farrah: hawcett Major look alike. "I have no problem with sex on a movie set. I thought it would be difficult but it wasn't. I was not myself. When I was doing that I was someone else. I was acting." Or here's Serena, who has appeared in the Journey of O, Honey Pie, Hot Cookies to mention a few: "The business is a big turn-on for me. If I'm on stage dancing I can interpret or be the music with my body. Basically, I'm fucking the muscians with my body. If I make contact with someone, they've been fucked and they know it...with all those people's energies supporting me, their mouths hanging open, sitting on the edge of their chairs while I do my number, I explode."

Or here's Vanessa del Rio <sup>who appeared in</sup> Babylon Pink, among many others. "I came from a strict Catholic family, but I didn't listen. The religious background accounts for the lack of Hispanic people in porn films. A lot of them are hooking but not on film. But if I were making a porn film from the female point of view I'd tease the audience through the whole film...to me that's the biggest turn-on. A mental and visual turn-on. The mind is the first thing you have to turn on. The body follows after that. I enjoy the foreplay of turning on the mind."

Or here's Désirée Cousteau: "When I was younger I was very straight. My family are strict Baptist. My Dad pretends that what I'm doing doesn't exist. I'm still his little girl. My mother says, 'Please, come home and be a cocktail waitress.' Go to school.' I was first eaten when I was 20. I was very shocked, but after that I was hooked. The only thing wrong with porn is that the material tends to concentrate on violence. I don't like violence in sex. Slapping women around makes me sick. If I were making a film, I'd make it a love story. I don't do anals. But privately if a guy has

got a small cock, it often feels better than in your pussy. I masturbate a lot and I think about God when I come. I'm not very kinky. I did the enema in Pretty Peaches because I have been taking enemas for a long time. I think they're good for your health."

And here's Seka who starred in Dracula Sucks, Heavenly Desires, Ultra Flesh. "I use the Yugoslavian stage name Seka because it was the name of a girl I liked a lot. My mother loves my work. She said if she were twenty years younger she'd do it, too. I have to know somebody mentally before I'm able to really do anything for them, or for myself, sexually. I think about Ken (her husband) when I'm on camera. That's how I usually get off. When I'm with someone else in that situation I'm always thinking about him. There's nobody's cock that I like better than Ken's. Ken likes long legs. He likes them to be wrapped around him. Ken always looks at short brunette woman, but he always likes to go to bed with a blonde, long-legged women. (Seka is very blonde) I'd love to have children, but I'd like to wait until I'm 35. I love the business. I feel no shame whatsoever. I'm an exhibitionist, and I think people should see porn. It's there. If you want to see it fine. If you don't, then stay out."

Or here's Bambi West, star of Debbie Does Dallas who told Richard Milner in Porn Stars, "I enjoyed doing the movie but I really didn't like doing the sex scenes. There were too many people around. One person watching is too many. I've always liked to do crazy things. I grew up on Long Island and went to a Catholic grammar school, ran away, stayed away about a year, got married, got divorced, and now I'm about to get married again. I'm really crazy--especially with money. I'm always broke that's why I have to dance and do movies.

But I'm having a good time."

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Here's Marlene Willoughby with 50 x-rated films to her credit. "I'm protective. I'm excessive. If I caught one of the guys I date in bed with another woman I'd probably kill him...but I can't help it, I fuck all over the place. Everyone I have sex with knows what I want. It's like a deal and that way it's very good business. There's no commitment, no love involved, no calling up at weird hours of the night when his wife is going to answer the phone."

Or Lisa de Leuw who was the star of Pro-Ball Cheerleaders, and has appeared in more than 20 other films including Frat House, Ultra Flesh and October Silk. Asked if she enjoyed herself sexually when acting. She replied: "Really, with 10 to 15 people standing around there's not much time to worry about the girl. The girl has to worry about the guy. After all, he's the one who has to perform. Personally, I enjoy love-sex rather than wild animal lust. I can't get into that. I don't like S & M...there's only a small public for it, anyway I don't think it's necessary. I've done very little anal sex. It hurts too much."

As there are in all walks of life, there are <sup>also men</sup> ~~men~~ less sexually conservative women making adult films. In an interview in Adam Film World, Ming Toy may have been still acting for the rain coat crowd when she said, "I love getting high. I love quaaludes. Downs. Mmmm! They're great for making love. Have you ever done poppers while fucking? It's so outrageous. I'm getting horny just thinking about it. They only last about ten or fifteen minutes. If there's no man around, I'd go out and grab one. I'm a very aggressive woman. Sometimes, I just walk up to a man and say: "Hey, you wanna-fuck?" I take them home ball them all night and kick them out the next morning."

And then there's the unbelievable Tara Alexander. Twenty-four years of age and married. She appeared at Plato's Retreat in New York where she was video taped for Al Goldstein's Midnight Blue a sex=vid magazine (see Bibliography). Tara set a world record in what was billed by Plato's as a "spermathon orgy". She brought eighty-three men to a climax in one evening and came twenty-four times herself. Each man in the contest arrived with a prearranged letter of admission to Tara's workbench and they were given a time limit of about five minutes. She took on as many as four men at a time with two hands, her mouth and vagina. "I did it all myself," she probably told High Society magazine, "no fluffers were used. There were always four men having sex with me and the next four were watching. I found that when a guy started having a climax it got the rest of them excited and triggered other orgasms. Sort of like a chain reaction. I didn't do it for money. It was a fantasy of mine. I always wondered how many men I could do in one night.'

And just like you and me women porno stars can say one thing and do another. Candida Royalle of Hard Soap, Champagne for Breakfast fame told Adam Film World in September of 1980: "If they could just do sex and make it more integral thing you'd have a beautiful film...I think the women should be portrayed as more than sex objects. We need to educate our audiences. The women act like nymphos, like: 'Oh god, I just want your cock...' the producers never worry about the woman's orgasm. Now <sup>they're</sup> ~~they're~~ starting to have women fake orgasms in film. I think the industry is still controlled by older men who came from the fifties when sex was naughty. They want a woman wearing garters and stockings and forced into sex...I have a conflict about always having a man's cum shot in my face. I don't know any woman who likes it in real life. I'm against men coming in a

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woman's mouth. That's something very personal. Some women love it-- and that's fine for them." <sup>4</sup> But later in Cinema X (December, 1980), Candida posing on a <sup>summers</sup> ~~leisurely~~ beach, with her vulva in nice detail writes about a new film Bewitched that she is making. "This movie is particularly special for me, because aside from being the most erotic film ever made, it also happens to be my first venture as a script writer...the story takes place in a huge fairy tale like castle at the turn of the century. If you've ever known the titillation of watching a woman peel off layers and layers of petticoats and underwear, this film will turn you on to a thrill that only men in the era were privileged to experience...one of my favorite scenes in the movie was between Samantha Fox and Victoria Hart...as they become enamoured of each other's physical beauty, Veronica lowers Samantha down to the couch and sits at her feet, running her hands up her long legs...I especially loved it when Victoria sensually raises her skirt and slips exposing her luscious round ass for all the lucky viewers to gaze at...or when Samantha slowly and shyly peeled off the top of Victoria's lacy dress, lowering the straps of her slip over her delicate white shoulders and exposing her full brown breasts with their tiny nipple." <sup>4</sup> Candida goes on to describe a scene in which another actress Merle Michaels imitates a cat in heat. "The way a woman moans and scratches in the throes of passion is so cat like already that this was like taking the image and exaggerating it to a more scorching degree.", and then she concludes. "I think this movie offers both quality and quantity material for anyone with their own kinky fantasies to fulfill."

So we've come full circle. It's unlikely that Candida wrote this <sup>words for</sup> ~~article~~ in Cinema X or even wrote the script for Bewitched.

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The tone of it <sup>sounds like</sup> ~~is~~ one male trying to incite another in the never ending <sup>male</sup> chase after sexual ecstasy. Obviously, if Candida did script the movie it's a far call from her statement in Adam Film World about making women sex objects. On the other hand, Cinema X, Video X, Porn Star, Adam Film World and a host of other men's magazines are offering something new in the world. Women writing for male readers about female sexuality. While some of it may be hoked up <sup>and</sup> contributing <sup>us</sup> to the search for the elusive "hard-on", it's much more normal than men writing about women for men or vice versa.

Seeing hundreds of these women in the act of sex making in the privacy of one's home and at the same time discovering that mentally at least, most of them react very much like the average American female is going to be an on-going experience in the coming years for millions of American men and women. You may feel pretty grim about some of them, like Tara Alexander, who is obviously trying to enter the Guinness Book of Records, but how much of her behaviour is simply a feminine retaliation to similar male machismo? When I was in college one of my favorite females, after a couple of drinks would happily sing: "I lined a hundred men up against the wall and bet two bits I could fuck them all. I fucked just ninety-eight, and thought my god-damned back would break...the other night at the Dark-Town Strutters Ball." In those days it really startled males to hear her sing such a song even when it was obvious that she was simply <sup>singing</sup> ~~doing~~ it to shock them, and her <sup>actual</sup> ~~fuckin'~~ experiences were very limited.

If you are a totally possessive man, you couldn't abide a woman who can calmly tell you (as some of the actresses do to their husbands) "What I do on the movie set has nothing to do with our private life." Especially, not if you believe that your woman's genitals and breasts



are your private property. But there is no denying that we are on the threshold of a new world. Lifetime monogamous loving and ownership were the daydreams of another age. The reality today may not be much sounder. Millions of men and women are searching for the ultimate El Dorado--a mirror reflection of themselves in the other sex. The question that adult films and sexvids continue to raise is: After we get tired of watching adults play endless variations of doctor with each other on our television tube, what next? I think women, if they dare--have the answers. But until they really begin to make waves, we will go through a long transition period and a lot more of them are going to be singing the song Earl Wilson, Jr. wrote for his musical Let My People Come.

"I go to the movies almost every day.  
There's not a porno film I haven't seen  
Linda, Georgiana, Marilyn are my favorite stars  
Upon the silver screen.  
I'm leaving my old neighborhood,  
No longer a non-entity.  
I wonder how I'll like Hollywood,  
When it's Linda, Georgiana and Me?

What have they got that I haven't got more of?  
What can they take two of that I can't take four of?  
It costs more money when the actors are lean  
It takes only one of me to fill your silver screen  
What can they do that I couldn't do better?  
I'm enclosing a snapshot with a nice long letter.

Are you smiling? I hope so. Whether you are Linda, Georgina, Marilyn or Harry, Johnny and Jamie who you will meet in the next chapter, <sup>of seeing them performing</sup> in the process, you are learning something about yourself.

HARRY, JOHNNY, JAMIE, AND OTHER COCKSMEN.

You are watching a woman sitting in front of a crackling fireplace waiting for her lover. He arrives and she kneels before him. He undresses her. Naked, lying back in her chair she puts her legs around him and luxuriates as his tongue searches her vulva and his hands caress her body. The telephone rings. But both of them ignore it. It continues to ring incessantly. Finally the man reluctantly answers it. It's a Vietnam, war-time friend calling from Encinada. He needs help to apprehend narcotic smugglers. His wife has left him and is on dope. "Please," the woman tells her lover, "please come and make love to me before you leave." You are watching TELL THEM JOHNNY WADD IS HERE. Johnny never refuses a woman. Now the woman is kneeling before Johnny's magnificent cock and caressing it to an erection that is bigger than your television screen. And now gently--gently--Johnny is penetrating her vulva. He face is ecstatic. Before you are through Johnny takes you to Mexico where he and his friends are roughed up by heroin runners and spend the night in a Mexican jail and his friend is murdered. Johnny finally triumphs over the villians, but not before he has released several other women in joyous foreplay and orgasms that will make most female sexvid watchers wish they were his partner.

In his preface to Man and Superman, George Bernard Shaw pointed out that in Shakespeare's plays, "the woman always takes the initiative. In his problem plays and popular plays alike, the love interest is the interest of seeing the woman track the man down.' If you've only seen one or two porno films or sexvids, you may think it is the woman who is hunted down in them and that she is simply fresh meat, a piece of ass with no personality of her own, or a simply convenient moving target with at least three orifices into which a male can insert his throbbing tool.

But after you've watched a dozen or more sexvids and begin to analyze what is really happening, especially in many recent productions, it gets to be more interesting than the copulation. For the first time you suddenly realize that neither on screen nor in real life is the male really in command. He is dependent on women

not just for sexual relief but for fantasy fulfillment. Just as today, four hundred years ago, Elizabethan England, under the leadership of the virgin Queen, Elizabeth I, was in the throes of conflict between masculine and feminine roles in society. Women had finally achieved a much greater independence. Rosalind, in As You Like It, and Kate in the Taming of the Shrew, are just a few of the Shakespearean women who couldn't be easily put down by any man.

A Puritan moralist of the time, Phillip Stubbes, in his book, Anatomy of Abuses, complains that: "Women now wear doublets and gherkins like men, and have buttoned up their breasts and wear wings and welts and pinnions and shoulder points. Though this be the kind of attire appropriate only for men, they blush not to wear it. I think that they would truly become men. Indeed, since they now degenerate from godly sober women they are much like men."

Although feminists today might not agree, even when women seem to be subjected to male passion, women are winning the battle of the sexes in sexvids as well as anywhere else. In his booklet How to Build your own X-rated Video Library, Jim Holliday lists 82 women who consistently appear in sexvids but only 40 men. It is intriguing to compare the men Holliday has listed with the featured male actors who are listed in the filmography in this book.

After seven years of really active porno film production one of the most popular stars is still John C. Holmes (Johnny Wadd) who is now in his mid-thirties. Obviously, with the coming expansion of the female audience via sexvids, women will demand new male stars. But for the next few years because most sexvids have a timeless quality about them--other than hair styles, and occasional films where women can be seen wearing mini-skirts, most of the recent ones are impossible

to date. Thus, many of the original stars, like Harry Reems, who hasn't made any films since he was convicted on obscenity charges in Missouri in 1976, or Jeff Hurst and Marc Stevens, who have presumably quit the business, together with Jamie Gillis, John Leslie and George McDonald, will be continuously seen in sexvids for the next decade. Keep in mind there's a huge inventory of films which can be transferred to discs and they most assuredly will be because they were produced at much lower costs. My prediction is that both the classic sexvids as well as thousands of the inferior ones will eventually appear on discs for under ten dollars.

Jim Holiday's complete listing includes some fairly well known new male stars such as Bobby Astyr, Richard Bolla, Roger Caine, Eric Edwards, Ric Lutz, Mike Ranger, Ken Scudder, Paul Thomas and Jack Wrangler which altogether only total sixteen men. Incidentally, because of the financial nature of porno movie making and the low budgets which in 1980 are still low by any standards, many of the male actors double as cameramen and producers and directors. The remaining 24 on Holiday's list are not nearly so well-known. They are Jessie Adams, Randy Allan, David Blair, Rick Cassidy, Joey Civera, Bill Eld, Don Fernando, John Keyes (the only black star), Sonny Landham, Turk Lyon, William Margold, Jon Martin, David Morris, Wade Nichols, Kip Noll, Tony Perez, Tyler Reynolds, John Russell, John Seeman, Mike Stapp, Jack Teague, Phil Tobias and Ed Wiley. Many of these men, like Harry Reems and Jamie Gillis and Marc Stevens use fictitious names but from the standpoint of male viewers, at least, they don't have to worry. The male audiences pay little attention to the male faces of the porno stars.

In essence, unlike Hollywood, which has created hundreds of male stars who have captured the millions of mens imagination, only John

C. Holmes has achieved any real identity or established any empathy with most men. This is not just because of his penis size, but probably because he was starred in a series of films where he <sup>finally</sup> achieved a screen identity as the detective Johnny Wadd. <sup>Sandy</sup> ~~And~~ Foxx, who is an agent for male as well as female porno stars in an Adams Film World interview (August 1980) summed it up: "For men it's a ball buster to get work. Directors are not overwhelmed by the idea of using new men. They usually pick either Jamie Gillis, Marc Stevens, Eric Edward or Jeff Hurst...All the old people who have been around. New men are not important (underlining mine). The ladies are what sell the films anyway."

In the previous chapter, I have tried to show how vocal female ~~porno~~ actresses have become in real life about the kind of men they prefer for sexmaking. Psychologists studying changing male roles might come to some interesting conclusions if they studied porno films. Not just for the old reasons about why males are so turned on by visual sex, but in terms of the interaction of home-viewing by the new co-ed (I use the word <sup>advisedly</sup>) audiences. Couples watching sexvids together can open the door to sexual communication that they rarely achieve in their normal life because the communication is made easy through a third person point of view that the actors and actresses provide.

On the other hand, in adult theaters, most male audiences probably never empathize much with male actors and many men may not even like most of them (especially if they compare genital equipment). What probably actually happens in an adult theater for the average 75 to 150 minutes of a porn film is that the male viewer <sup>actually</sup> becomes the stud he is watching. Worth thinking about is whether during this escape from reality time, during which a large portion of the film time is

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devoted to blow-jobs, is whether many men in the audience become by proxy a passive sex object--a man who is pretty much controlled by the women who are sucking his cock. Even if he (the actor) tries to take control, by moving the woman's head against his organ, it's a futile gesture. Much of the appeal of porno films to millions of men, is that both orally, and in the saddle, they can enjoy being passive partners. They don't have to perform which is quite different from their normal private sexual lives where their wives or girl friends expect them to take the active role. Women watching sexvids at home are going to discover new style females on their television tubes. Women who are actively pursuing, hunting and capturing men. It's a fantasy that many men would like to have become a reality. Many women are totally unaware that a sexually aggressive women (within carefully defined feminine limits) assures the male performance. It's something that sex therapists from Masters & Johnson down overlook when they are trying to revive impotent males. Rather than sex surrogates they should use the potential of especially created sexvids with actresses who teach women how to take the sexual initiative--not just by unzipping the man's pants, either.

In real life, male porno stars have a moral philosophy that is very similar to the actresses they copulate with. Before we try to decide whether these actors reflect an underlying sexual polymorphic sensuality of all men, it's important to establish some of the differences between them and most men--differences which include an answer to the question: "If you are male, would you like to be a porno star? On thing that interviews with male actors reveal is that most of the guys who have taken up the business, as the reasonably lucrative way of life, even after years of screwing, and 'eating'

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hundreds of different women basically like women. Unlike many men they not only "Bless them all-the long and the short and the tall." but they enjoy being with them on camera in scenes that may take anywhere from several hours to all day to shoot. And it's not just physical sexual joy. Every one of them admits they must mentally identify with each and every woman to get and sustain their erections. If you are male, think about that! If you are female, of course, you know, without telling him, whether your particular male has this kind of female identification all of the time or only some of the time.

The main reason that experienced male actors are preferred is their genital control. Harry Reems of Deep Throat fame, admitted to Turin and Zito (Simema) that on his first job when he opened the door, 'and saw all those beautiful ladies, I immediately got hard, pulled my pants down and came immediately. Totally oblivious to all those people behind the camera, I was just so excited about the whole situation I came instantly inside the girl. And that was not kosher! I'd blown the whole scene! They went flipping--out crazy.' But then the directors happily discovered that it only took Harry about ten minutes to be ready for action again. That kind of fast rebirth would make many men feel more inferior than the size of Harry's penis, and so would his remark: "I've never had any problem getting it off...and I can usually regulate it, and give (the camera=man) a twenty second warning." Harry pointed out how important erection control is to the producers and directors of who have hired an actor. "New actors can't understand why three guys are waiting around not getting hard ons, or why a producer is standing there yelling, 'What the hell is the matter with you guys? I hired you

to fuck.'...It's not an easy number, you know--a lot of people fail miserably at it."

John Holmes told a San Francisco Ball interviewer: (In 1974) when he was twenty-six that he had made at least twenty-two hundred films and had sex with thirty-five hundred women and that he was high on women. "I love women I love my work, it really comes through ...but if I'm not into a girl mentally, I can't get into her physically." Another problem that male porno stars have to face head on--especially with actresses they have never seen before is whether they may catch a venereal disease. Most of the pros have never had VD but they occasionally encounter unpleasant smelling women. John Holmes admits that he once took a woman into the bathroom and deposited her in a tub. "I turned on the water and told her not to come out until she scrubbed herself good, even if she had to use a tooth brush."

Jeff Hurst tells an amusing story in Steven Zitlow's The Film-makers Guide to Pornography which gives prospective <sup>male</sup> porno stars something to think about. "I was really excited about doing a movie. I was twenty-four...that week we began shooting on location in Newark, New Jersey. I was so excited about the whole thing that I had the shits. The first day of shooting I was squeezing my legs. I had the shits so bad. We broke for lunch and I grabbed an Alka Seltzer. I'm allergic to aspirin and I didn't know Alka Seltzer had aspirin in it. I blew up. My eyes puffed out. I broke out in blotches. Then the director said, 'Put a little <sup>fake</sup> blood on him. Let's shoot it...Let's not waste it.' So there I was lying on the floor and it looked as if I'd really got beaten up. After that they took me to the doctor's."

Actually the question whether men would enjoy performing on camera as male porno stars conceals a deeper one with wider meaning



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for the future of male and female relationships. Most men and women acting in porno movies seemed to have moved beyond sexual possessiveness and sexual jealousy. Over and over again in the interviews with them about their private lives they coolly accept that their off screen sexual partners may be having sex with other persons. Sexual possessiveness among people who freely share their bodies with others becomes ludicrous. But most men in real life still have double standards. They may enjoy their wives or girlfriends when they initiate the sexual activity, but most men are motivated by their patriarchal conditionings and only pass on sexual control to women within defined limits.

Many women acting in porno movies have not only evolved new sexual standards for themselves but respond to men with a frightening, ego destroying honesty that many women would be afraid to emulate. A new female star, Ashley Brooke (Finsel) is typically blunt "She told Video X, December, 1980 ("that penis size does make a difference to her. Guys who are small just don't register. I'm very very tight. I can get anything in me, small, big, medium, large, fat-- but to me the larger ones feel a lot better. I've been doing it since I was fourteen. But since I've gotten older it takes a larger one. The smallest cock I could get off on now would be about five inches long and two inches thick."

And that brings us to John C. Holmes, whose claim to fame is his twelve, thirteen, or fourteen inch penis--depending on who's measuring it. In any event, it's big enough to cause gasps of surprise when you first see it on your television set. Like the female actresses who often interject silliness and exaggeration into their interviews it's interesting to sift out many of the honest

remarks made by male actors which reveal that they are not only fully integrated sexual persons but presage a new kind of man. Holmes makes no bones about it. Hundreds of women have paid him to go to bed with them. He calls them "tricks" and told Al Goldstein (Screw, 1975) that he had balled two governor's wives, one Senator's wife, and one Congressman's wife. A "trick" in London pays him two hundred dollars a day whenever he comes to town. He's "done" women as old as sixty-one. "Some older women really turn me on, sexually. Their mind is in the right place their bodies aren't beautiful but they have it together mentally."

Astonished at his replies, Al Goldstein felt that "Ms--Gloria Steinem--should make him a centerfold. You're the ultimate manifestation of women's lib," Al told John. "You're a sex object, and yet women can buy you. You are really what women lib is seeking--to give women the right to do what men do. Women are paying for your cock!"

"It's a natural thing," John told Turin and Zito (Sinema "it's a turnon thing. I can only be and do what I am...while you're here man, you're here to fuck, to dig life, to enjoy it, do your thing, work, become somebody or not become somebody." John's philosophy may be sounder than he realizes. What is man's purpose on earth anyway? Happiness in our energy short world may only be capturable when we learn how to merge sex play into the work ethic--a subject which I have toyed with in a recent novel.

When Al Goldstein asked John whether his sexual attitudes would destroy the family unit and the basic structures of our civilization Christian Judeo society, Holmes responded: "Because of our Christian society we have wars, death, overpopulation, and courts that you can't even get tried in because they are so over packed because of

Christian situations. <sup>The leaders of</sup> ~~Never~~ the Catholic church ~~that~~ knows by scientific common sense reasoning that if, if you keep fucking with no control, you're going to have an over populated world <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ they can't get it in the back of their minds that they have to cool it and start accepting birth control. Because of the Christians, we have a fucked up society. Look at every sex freak--every idiot that has ever been busted and thrown in jail for raping children or murder. They usually have some kind of religious background...it's totally insane. The perfect child who always goes to church finally goes out and cuts fifty people's throats."

John told Turin and Zito, "I've never seen a girl on a porno set that shouldn't be there. Whether she's greedy for bread, or she's got an old man to pay for, or she's trying to be an actress, she's there for a reason. I've never fucked a chick who was high on dope, or didn't know what she was doing."

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John was born in New York City and lived with his aunt in Europe for six years. The intriguing thing about his many interviews which are probably, ninety-five percent read only by men, is that like women actresses, he is offering his version of a new kind of sexual world. 'A lot of chicks say they can't get off. But in front of a camera they change. It's something about the exhibitionist quality that is latent in most of us. That's why a lot of women do pornos. For the sexual gratification that they can't get elsewhere. Lots of sex scenes play for real."

John is evoking what millions of people have discovered. Unusual environments and the danger of being seen or caught in flagrante delicto can be sexual turnons. Many authors of sex manuals and particularly Alex Comfort in the Joy of Sex offer readers all kinds of alternatives from the sexual boredom of the bedroom. Inevitably, as I propose in a later chapter, making your own sexvids may provide an exciting sexual ambiance for millions of people. Seeing yourself sex making on television may not only improve the quality of your orgasms but because you are introducing laughter and new mental perspectives on each other and because you are risk taking together it makes you an adventurer which can be a real sexual turnon.

Perhaps, the reason that so many actresses like John C. Holmes, and coolly admit it in interview after interview, is his sexual honesty. "I think that seventy-five percent of the girls who I've been to bed with wonder 'Can I take it all?' It's like a guy asking a girl, 'Did you come?' I always tell the girl, 'No you didn't take it all.' and that kind of bothers them. But that's good because if I told them 'You took it all,' then the next day, or week, they are going to think 'My god I must be huge. He couldn't even hit bottom.'"

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Holmes continues: "I don't have a big ego about it. A cock is a cock. I'd just as soon take a girl to bed and go down on her and have her go down on me and just relax. It embarrasses me to have a girl say 'Wow! You've got a pretty terrific cock.' It's not the size. It's how you use it." As Hilary Sommers confirmed in Video X Magazine "Length is easy to take than width...John Holmes knows what he's doing. He's very considerate and if it hurts, all you have to do is tell him and he won't go any deeper. He just kind of eases his way in. John is a good lover as well."

John Holmes as Johnny Wadd <sup>with the guidance of Bob Chinn as director and creator of his film character</sup> proves this over and over again in sexvids that because of the quality of love making <sup>will</sup> appeal to many women. <sup>who haven't seen them yet.</sup> Not since women were advising men in ancient China how to delay ejaculation and thus prolong their lives have men and women together discussed their sexual drives and needs so openly as the porno stars do. It raises an interesting question. Beyond the concept of "porno chic" or that it is sexually sophisticated--the "in thing to be sexually honest--to watch sexvids and even act in them and not be shook up by them--is a broader question. Unless visual censorship intercedes in the coming years will sexvids gradually change the sexual morality of millions of viewers for better or worse? Whether it is for better and creates a new sexual cohesion may depend on vastly new approaches to sex making on television. Some day soon a male star like John C. Holmes <sup>will</sup> ~~should~~ make educational sexvids with female stars like Annette Haven along the lines I have proposed in a later chapter. Produced sympathetically and romantically--Richard Aldrich--Bob Chinn style they would be far more intriguing than the typical psychiatrist--psychologist case studies of their patients which continuously appear in do it yourself therapy

books to confirm pet sexual theories of the writers.

John told Al Goldstein: "I think women are more emotional than men therefore, they will do what a man wants them to do. If I come off egotistic, and a woman likes me very much, she'll act as stupid as necessary to appease my ego." How many men have this insight into the women they presumably love? Or John continues: "Women need security and gentleness. If you are romantic, gentle, sincere and you are slow nothing else in the world will matter to her at that moment...You can get some women off just by sucking their titties." As for oral sex, John points out: "Some girls are very gentle and like to do it, and some are very gentle and don't like to do it. They do it because they are accomodating. I'm too big to move with the girl. The girl has to move on me. I can start a slow rhytnm, but I never take my hand and pull a girl's head down." And then in one sentence John offers a view of a new style non-macho man. "I just like to lay there and relax and let the girl do it."

Marriage is not a situation that John wants to get into. Here again he reflects the general society and the growing number of singles who now occupy more than twenty-two percent of the households of the United States. "Marriage is a love situation." he told Al Goldstein, "You can't make a life with someone you don't have a total rapport with. You have to like a woman. You have to love her. You have to desire to be with her. You have to feel empty inside when she's away from you...but marriage is antiquated. Eight out of ten end up in divorce. If you need a piece of paper to say "See how much I love you."--you don't need the relationship. If you know, in your heart, and in your mind, that you would die without

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this person, you won't need a piece of paper. The growing prevalence of cohabitation as a premarital style of the past six years bears John's theories out.

Two years before Harry Reems was convicted in Memphis, Tennessee of "conspiracy to transport obscene material across state lines" by acting in the movie Deep Throat, Kenneth Turin and Stephen F. Zito probed him about his porno film life. Out of eleven or twelve films which at the time had grossed at least a million dollars, Harry had been in nine of them. Four of them, Wet Rainbow, Sometime Sweet Susan, The Devil and Miss Jones, and of course Deep Throat have become sexvid classics. Unlike many male stars, Harry had acted in many legitimate stage and screen productions. And he had even done three Wheaties television commercials. He told Turin and Zito that he didn't believe that man is naturally monogamous. Having worked out just about all his sexual fantasies before the camera, making porno films would be kind of a sexual therapy for him. From the 'dark lit room type of sex, he said, "I now really enjoy laughing and joking and carrying on. Sex is fun. It's not only a great sensation and all that kind of thing, but it should be fun. It shouldn't be heavy and serious and bogged down in love. People should share themselves with each other."

Here again the concept of sex as play which the Christian work ethic has not transmitted to the bedroom or anywhere else is something that many porno actors try to evoke. If you watch many sexvids made from films produced between 1974 and 1980 you will quickly discover that unfortunately the writers directors haven't learned how to create laughing playful sex on film. You may even get the feeling that you are watching grownups who are still playing doctor

period out of adolescence and developed into a huge industry. After that, as far as the actual script content and the style of the films, they never changed. Every film has it's rape scene, it's orgy scene, it's lesbian scene, and it's young love scene. They're all the same-- every one of them with a little different skeleton story line to tie it all together."

Six years and six hundred or more films later Harry Reems is only partially right. The orgy and lesbian scenes continue as well as the come shots but in many current films they've been modified, and the rape scenes and even bondage scenes have pretty much vanished from the films of the new producer director such as Chuck Vincent, Richard Aldrich, Ron Sullivan (Henry Pachard), Anthony Spinelli, to mention a few. On the other hand, the macho sadistic, on screen style of Jamie Gillis, who beats women's faces with his cock or slaps their asses while he screws them, persists.

Just as the actresses in porno films are much like women in real life and range all the way from far out to conservative in their sexual behavior so do the male actors. In all probability on the screen or off Jamie Gillis will not appeal to as many women as Johnny Holmes. Gillis doesn't make women feel secure. Holmes has established himself in the Johnny Wadd series as a man's man. A guy who will beat up the bad guys but rarely hurts any woman. Gillis on the other hand vacillates between a wild, lustful lover and a slaphappy sex maniac who is reminiscent of Burt Reynolds. 'I'm not interested in pain or S&M,' Jamie told Al Goldstein (Screw May, 1976) "somebody usually aggressive and somebody's usually passive. So the people with whom I have the most lasting relationships are people who can move in and out of being dominant or passive...but I



enjoy pleasing women, so I think over the long term I may disappoint them. but not sexually. Women are much freer sexually, now. They are free to explore what they want. It's hard to talk about women's sexuality. Obviously, it's a merging in a much more open and aggressive style for those who want that. You never know what's going on (in women's minds) but it makes it much more interesting."

Like many men Jamie purposely tries to become a reflection of the kind of woman he happens to be with. "My sexuality is very varied and whenever somebody brings to me is what I give back. It can be a little girl who is sweet and cute and fluffy. That's great. Or it could be someone very intimidating to me and I really get off on that. I play different roles and want to do different things ...I guess that the most exciting time is when you get together with someone and everything else is just forgotten and there's nothing else but the sexuality. Sometimes you almost feel a drive to get to that state. But maybe it's not the orgasm you're looking for but rather getting into it. In a way the orgasm is almost a disappointment, because then it's over. It's like, 'What happened?'".

As for his future life, Jamie says he would like to continue making sex films. 'The guy who must be sixty-eight or so in Sensations reminded me of myself a little, that gleam in his eye. He was having such a great time. That was very exhilarating for me, because it gives sex a good name, particularly for the older guys in the audience. You can still fuck and enjoy it. Maybe when I'm older I'll be doing older men, or I'll be making my own films."

One thing that male porno actors have in common and it's obviously learned because of the great sexual intimacy they have with many different women=something the average male rarely experiences

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--is a total rapport with their own sexuality. "It's a training ground," Jeff Hurst told Steven Zitlow. "There are times when I've been impotent--everybody has. Sometimes I have to fantasize harder ...the feeling I had first time was 'Oh shit, why am I not getting it up?...the reason was that I wasn't really turned on because the girl wasn't. I had a couple of girls that just couldn't get into it, and that creates a problem."

Zitlow tells another story about the problems of male impotency on a porno set that reveals how the male actor, despite final appearances on film is a sex object and like the average man very much depends for his sexual prowess on his female partner. During the shooting of a sex scene the film that Zitlow was making, he says, 'All of a sudden our actor went limp. He kept going away at it,, but he could not regain his erection...he just couldn't get hard again. He turned his attention to the actors for help in this situation. Our little honey pie was nonchalant not really getting into it. He grabbed her head and tried to obtain her assistance to heighten his desires. The actress was beginning to get a little tired and bored with the whole thing and demanded 'What's wrong with you? The obviously very frustrated actor replied: "Can't you put a little more passion into it?" The extremely annoyed actress jumped off the couch and rattled "Listen honey, I don't get paid for passion. I get paid to fuck."

And that's the kind of scene when the <sup>producer of adult films</sup> finally dare to produce it in a sexvid ~~which~~ will not only humanize the sex making, but should achieve instant rapport with many females (Married and unmarried viewing it in the privacy of their own homes). In similar situations many women would be happy to employ what is known in the industry as "fluffers"--women who are on the set not to act in

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the films but rather to give the male sex objects the necessary hard on that he needs to proceed.

As for women in porno films, Jeff Hurst feels that "most of them don't want to be actresses. They're out for the fun. Most people have an image of actors who do porn as people who want to orgy all the time or are crazy...sex deviates. Actually, they're just normal people."

Fun is the keynote in the thinking of most of the male and female sexvid actors. And fun is simply another way of saying that adult film making in addition to providing (but certainly not from the actors viewpoint) any riches<sup>g</sup> gives many actors and actresses the opportunity to experience other human beings in an environment where sexual expression rather than repression is a way of life.

In an article that he wrote for Screw February 1978, Mark Stephens begins with the statement that the porn industry stinks but quickly qualifies it. "First, let me explain, I'm not bitching. I've had a ball fucking and sucking for a living."

Mark's complaints revolve around the environment of "fuck film making and the plots which so far as he's concerned haven't improved in seven years." If only porn had developed a little class, it might be in a stronger position today. But a greedy handful of controlled it and kept it in the gutter." But then Mark wonders: "Possibly the film going public have kept porn at it's crummy level by supporting a bad product..."or maybe the public has been 'suckered into supporting bad films by the hypocritical reviewers who are so used to shit that they don't even recognize it when they see it. Reviewers who laugh and joke along with me (Mark has reviewed many films) at the crap we are seeing and then go out and write the most

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incredible glowing reviews."

Like most of the actors both male and female, Mark has very definite ideas about his own sexuality and the kind of film that should be made. <sup>(which incidentally was directed by a woman (Linda Dine))</sup> "Health Spa is a good production based on a premise that appeals to me--that sex is good healthy fun...I think that associating sex with health and fun is the most positive thing we can do to improve the sexual attitudes in this country. Health Spa made sex like something parents would want their kids to grow up and enjoy and not avoid because it is dirty. If we can get sex away from the sordid image of dirty scum covered sheets and cheap slimy hotel rooms that most of the porn films feature we'll have a lot more going for us in every respect."

Mark could add that the sordid image of sex as something dirty is something not only typical of many of the theaters in which adult films are shown but has been created by forcing any visual sex activities into what is known in many cities like Boston as the 'combat zone'.

Two years ago Mark didn't have too much hope that it was going to happen. "Once we had a good cause. We were trying to help create good,,not, funny entertaining fuck films for the whole world to see. We were proud to be the first to publicly flaunt society's hypocrisy just by wiggling our butts, swinging cocks, spreading pussies...but now everybody is in it for a fast buck. It's controlled by a select few. Nobody in front of the camera is sharing it. We're locked in to a sleazy product."

If it weren't for the coming sexvid explosion, Mark Stevens might have been right. But when he wrote he couldn't possibly have envisioned the vastly expanded market for in-home viewing of sexvids

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or the vast changes that will be made to tap the huge female market who enjoy explicit sex in the privacy of their own homes. In later chapters I will point out many of the directions that the new female audiences can and will create. But the encouraging thing about <sup>both</sup> ~~the~~ actors and actresses in the business is that right now they seem to be more aware than some of the producers and directors of the need for a new upbeat approach to human sexuality. For the moment, however, none of them, including most of the producers/directors and owners of theaters who continue to be dominated by the furtive male theater audiences fully realize what vast sexual changes are churning in the wind of the video sex revolution.

To Come

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# TO SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS NEVER SEE YOU

## OR...MAKING YOUR OWN SEXVIDS

November 1981  
THIS  
CHAPTER  
REVISED  
TO INCLUDE  
SUSAN'S VIDEO  
IN PENNSYLVANIA  
A GROUP  
OF YOUNG  
PEOPLE WHO  
OFFER AN  
EXCHANGE  
OF EROTIC  
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TAPES

You are in New York City watching Penny Hickey, a high class nocker, who will innerit a million dollars from her uncle, the late Humphrey Hickey II, if she can answer the riddle, 'What is French, turns on at night, and gives good crown?' Only someone named Sidney knows the answer. If Penny should die before solving the riddle her nasty old Aunt Celeste Hickey gets all the money. Now you are are watching Penny searching for Sidney. Her travels lead her to a barroom, and before she leaves, without the answer, she sucks off a guy who says his name is Sidney, and after vacating the bar--flies fucks with him on top of the bar while the bartender watches. You are watching BAD PENNY--before you finish Penny is nearly blown to kingdom come by her conniving Aunt. To the continuous background music from Strauss Waltzes she continues her search for the right Sidney. Next is Sidney Le Peu. He is greasing motors at the top of a skyscraper. Penny doesn't give him time to wash his hands so her lovely white body gets a thorough black grease massage before she discovers that he isn't the right Sidney, either. Neither is the gay Sidney who is host at a sex night club for games of African roulette. A game in which five are cocksuckers and one is a cannibal. He also officiates at whipped cream orgies as one of the may "throw up options" available at the club. Finally Penny's boy friend, who she is giving good crown to, has the answer to the riddle. You guessed it! The Statue of Liberty!

In part three of this book, I am going to propose a New Feminist Sexual Manifesto and show women how they can create new and much more controversial, and much more loving sexvids. But you don't have to wait. Right now in your own home you can, if you wish start your own personal video sex revolution.

Long before the invention of the mirror, Narcissus caught a view of himself reflected in a stream and fell in love with his own image. Whoever told the story was probably acting out a male fantasy. He may have experienced it alone or lying with a woman on the edge of a placid pond. Below them their bodies took on a separate life reflecting back a different vision of themselves. Men,

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and I'm sure women--though most women are reluctant to admit it--  
often wonder what they look like making love. Once they discover  
that watching themselves is amusingly erotic, they are prone to in=  
dulse their whims. We are all voyeurs at heart. Our literature



and arts continually confirm it. You can be sure that not long after the mirror was invented some male persuaded his woman to prop it up so they could both watch themselves swiving. In past centuries both poor men and kings have built mirrors on their ceilings and in the canopies over their beds to enjoy the pleasure of watching themselves thrusting into their partners. Whether women like to watch themselves in the act of sex making will most certainly be resolved in the next few years. For the first time in the history of the world, men and women can not only watch themselves on their television screens but they can, if they wish---and I'm sure that several millions of them will--record their love making for themselves and posterity.

Imagine the possibilities! You can now leave a record of a youthful you sex making with a friend or spouse for your grandchildren. Keep in mind you're youthful no matter what your age, if you still enjoy sex making. If nothing else you can prove to them, while everything changes, and in the words of Plotinus "All is flux" one thing never changes, Sex making. Not only is making your own sexvid a romantic way to spend an evening, I'll guarantee you that you'll look at your personal sexvid much more often than you do any commercial product, You may even get so enraptured by the process that you will make your own sexvid on the installment plan over a period of a year or longer.

Because I've always rebelled against sexual repression and the mentally sick kind of person who believes that the naked human body is ugly, or that the act of sexmaking is "the beast with two backs" I have enjoyed challenging, (or trying to) man made restrictions on visual sex and human nudity. In the early 1950's when I

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was writing my first novel, I labored for a while under the delusion that I was going to be another Renoir or Robert Brackman (whose nude painting, I admired). Using photographs from Sunshine & Health, a nudist magazine, I painted nude studies of my friends, particularly female, with a reasonable facsimile of their faces attached to the naked bodies. For several years, a cynosure of all eyes in our living room was a 16 x 20 oil painting of several young married couples (I worked from a snapshot) standing naked together on a rock overlooking a flowing stream in the White Mountains. What made the painting somewhat startling, in those days, was that the females had pubic hair and the males had slightly raised penises. Deciding that I could never be a successful painter, I took up photography and the painting was replaced finally by a nude, pregnant Amahocsee Indian mother with full breasts. She's dancing her bright-eyed two year old on her knee and is obviously telling him that very soon he's going to have a new friend to play with. Even today this and other paintings in our living room startles my peer group.

Having taken up photography, complete with darkroom, I discovered that with a little practice I could do even better and produce naked pictures of my friends--without their help--by finding suitable photographs of other naked bodies and superimposing their heads on a particular model's body. With care and a few darkroom tricks, the neck and shoulders of a friend could be easily joined into a strange naked body. The results were often breathtaking. At the same time, a good male friend, who was engaged in much more dignified pursuits to make a living, and I, discovered that we were really frustrated movie producers. In short order, our living room was loaded with lighting equipment and we produced crazy, laughing versions of old time stag movies with somewhat reluctant participation of our wives.

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While we stopped short of recording sexmaking, we always managed to complete a particular film with all of us happily running around naked. One of these romps, produced outdoors on Cape Cod, we titled The Meshuganah Ape. With some modifications, to fit the story line, you'll find it described in The Harrad Experiment.

Of course, making the movies, and getting them developed in the 1950's was an entirely different problem. If you used colored film, as we did on some productions, you were entirely dependent on Eastman Kodak. Today, some thirty years later the on-going battle of visual sex is still being fought with an 1980 engagement between Bob Guccione of Penthouse and Eastman Kodak, who refused to return his negatives of naked models. Needless to say, they paid no attention to my piteous complaints, nor my suggestion that they could return my developed film by carrier pigeon, or in lieu of that develop my films and keep them until I could drive to Rochester and claim them personally. Today there are many places, advertising in nudist magazines, and other sources, who will develop both still pictures and movie films, and most local developers will process naked snapshots (not sexmaking) without comment.

In the 1950's whether you got film back (in those days only Eastman could process their color film) was a gambler's chance. Naturally, early in the 1970's, when I was writing Thursday, My Love, I was very intrigued that color television cameras were suddenly becoming much less expensive. An affluent amateur, who could afford \$7500 could make his own video tapes. But the price was still far out of reach. Sensing the inevitability of cheaper cameras and the potential of video, I used video as a running theme throughout the novel and gave it a time frame of 1980 to make it conform to the inevitable future. In a climatic scene in the novel Angela who is married to Jonathan synorgamously (but no one else knows it or would

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approve) are caught in flagrante delicto by their children in the studio of Adams National, which is launching video software division.

Prior to this scene, in Jonathan Adams' apartment on Pinckney Street, with much hilarity and sheer joy, Angela and Adam, as she calls him, have tried to make video tapes (when I wrote the book there were no videocassettes) of themselves making love. They used an Instavision Camera, a product of Ampex, which no longer competes in the video camera field. The interesting thing about this scene is that when I wrote it, I had never used a video camera, or had one in my hands.

While Adam peeled oranges for them and poured coffee, Angela unearthed the video camera and took picture of them. Then, while she was sitting crosslegged on the bed, munching graham crackers, Adam told her that he'd continue the sex documentary of Angela and Adam. He aimed the camera at her exposed vulva. "I like the way it looks at me." He leaned over and tasted her. "It's kind of soft and downy...independent of its owner...smiling. If it had a tongue right now it would say Adam "I love you."

The next day in Adam's apartment Angela really goes to work.

Angela bustled around the room naked, putting the Ampex camera on a tripod, aiming their only flood light toward the bed, checking the lighting and footage from various locations. "Whatever changed your mind about making a video tape of us making love?" Adam was enjoying her preoccupation with her preparation. "To blackmail you, silly." She moved the camera extension cord nearer to her side of the bed. "Oh, Adam... not to blackmail you, I want this tape to bring home, and those days when it isn't Thursday, and I'm alone and feeling at sixes and sevens, I can run it off and grin a little between my tears."

Finally, after much conversation and lovemaking, and horsing around, they run the tape they have made, and watch it on a T. V. monitor.

They tumbled together gasping and choking with laughter. They were both absolute hams. The tape was terrible. A turkey! Instead of being lovely and erotic, the tape was self conscious, corny, and as contrived as a stag film. "We look like country cousins just arrived from Mexico." Adam was hiccoughing from laughing so hard. "Middle-aged wrecks," Angela was sitting cross-legged on the bed, tears of laughter funning down her cheeks, "Frustrated old sexpots!"

Later before they go to the Adams National studio on a Saturday morning to continue the "insanity" and improve their sexvid by using

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several electrically controlled studio cameras to give them different angles, and perspectives, Angela decides that they could also shoot tapes of themselves from every conceivable angle, alone and together, and she would edit them. Everything I wrote about making your own sexvids in 1972 was technically possible then, but monetarily far beyond the budget of the average man or woman.

My fascination with video continued in the novel Come Live My Life (published in 1975 but again written with a future time frame) in which Charles Atwood develops big screen, hang-on-the-wall television tube that transmits holographic pictures (three dimension) and is not projected. Today this type of television screen is in the late developmental stages. In my novel, The Byrdwhistle Option, written in 1980, the world finally caught up with me. Heman Hyman Youman teaches M'mm how to use a video camera and how to make erotic tapes of herself and later of them both together. Not only that, he proposes a selling program in which Love You Cosmetic distributors (his creation) combine video cassette making with their sales pitch to entertain their clients with complete afternoon sex and beauty programs.

My fantasies as a novelist have now become a reality. Just as the Polaroid camera made it possible to take naked pictures of friends and spouses without the intervention of outside developers (it made swinger magazines and advertising for sex swapping possible) so now does the video camera offer you far superior results with moving, talking pictures. If you are intrigued it is much easier, and less costly than you think. Americans already now own more than a million video cassette players and 100,000 home video cameras. In the coming years as prices drop and newer techniques emerge, millions of people will inevitably make video tapes of themselves naked and sexmaking. Canon has already produced a small camera not

much larger than an 8 millimeter camera which uses quarter inch tape and runs for twenty minutes. They expect to market it in 1982. But you don't have to wait. Half inch video cameras now on the market will always be superior to any camera with a quarter inch tape and they will give you instant playback on your television set which the smaller cameras, at least initially, will not be designed to do.

Amusingly, despite the ease and simplicity of using a video camera and attaching it to your video cassette recorder, the first issue of a new magazine Porn Stars published in 1980 offers an article on how to make your own pornographic films using an 8 or 16 millimeter camera. If you have ever tried to shoot home movies of any kind, you know how difficult it can be to get the proper lighting and afterwards to get your film developed. And movie film is much much more expensive than video tape. But even Cinema X another magazine devoted to adult movies doesn't seem to realize that the potential for the amateur sex vid making is so great. In the late 1980s they ran a contest, which may be continuing, for the best homemade adult movie, <sup>and</sup> the photo illustration explaining the contest showed expensive video type cameras and lighting equipment which is far beyond the average home budget.

If you now own a video cassette player all you need to make your own sexvids is a video camera. Black and white cameras sell for as low as two hundred and fifty dollars. Color cameras with a zoom lens and built optical finder run about seven hundred and fifty dollars. You will need an additional extension cord to the one that comes with your camera. Price is about sixty dollars. The cord is thirty feet long which is the maximum that you can record away from your video cassette recorder. You will need one or two five hun=

hundred watt bulbs which have about a five hour life at six dollars each. You will need a good tripod so that your camera will stand firmly-with a swivel head that allows you to turn it up and down from left to right. Cost about fifty dollars. And of course, you will need at least one two-hour video tape. Cost about fifteen dollars. Incidentally, if your VCR is like mine (a JVC 6700U) you can record on a two hour tape for six hours! That will take you a few evenings to watch!

Thus for well under a thousand dollars (beyond the cost of your VCR which you may already own but which are available for around seven hundred dollars) you are now your own screenwriter, producer, and director. Before you begin, if you're male you should immediately start practicing a Taoist sexual control (see Chapter 4 ). If you don't learn how to control your ejaculation, your first sexvid may be over before you start to record. Assuming that in most cases men will take the initiative, presumably because they enjoy visual erotica more--you obviously will need a cooperative, laughing, fun-loving female. She must agree along with you to be both actress and cinematographer and you can be sure that if she will help you direct your personal sexvid. This means that she too must operate the camera. If you're married, she may be much more cooperative than a single woman. After all, you're not so likely, being a male chauvinist, to show tapes of you and your wife sexmaking as you are of some woman you might never see again (my sympathy is entirely with a single woman) and another thing--if this is a baby making night your wife may be easier to convince. Tell her that you can leave your children a unique legacy. Mommy and Daddy in the process of actually making them--followed later by a video of them arriving

in the world.

So now, you and your friend have pulled down the shades in whatever room you've turned into a temporary studio. Before you turn on the camera try the floodlights. They'll help to keep you warm if it's a cold winter night. Experiment with raising and lowering your floodlights and the different shadow effects that they create on your bodies. If you have white walls or light wall= paper you'll probably get enough light for a color video camera by aiming just one floodlight at the ceiling. In a pine panelled room with an open pine ceiling, such as I have, ~~such as I have~~, the refraction of light is not so good, but two floodlights <sup>will</sup> more than compensate for any situation. Make sure, in advance, or before you turn on your camera which should be securely resting on a tripod that no matter how you move it around during your recording sessions that it does not look directly at your floodlights. If you turn the lens directly into such a bright light you may burn out your vidicon tube which ordinarily should have a life of several thousand hours, and you may have to buy a new one at a cost of about two hundred dollars.

Before you turn on your camera put a few records or tapes on your hi-fi for background music. Your video camera will have an excellent microphone built into it ~~often~~ close to the carrying handle, <sup>of the camera</sup>. Home video making does not require a supplemental microphone. Although not necessary, if you open a jug of wine and fill up a couple of glasses, it will give you a more sophisticated environment and a nice ambiance for sex making. The wine (not too much) will help break down your inhibitions.

Now, turn on your camera. Presumably-again I am assuming <sup>that</sup> you



are male;—you have learned how to operate the camera and you have connected it with a many pronged plug to your VCR which is already hooked up to your television. Now you can explain to your co-movie maker, who is probably protesting vehemently that she's sorry that she ever agreed to such insanity, that your television tube is both a monitor and later when you push the record/play buttons on the VCR it becomes a recorder. ¶ Show her the release/pause button on the camera and how it controls the movement of the tape in your VCR when the play/record buttons are down and how you can stop the tape and the recording. Explain to her that any time during your recording you can depress the pause button and stop the tape for about five minutes. This gives time for you to change positions and angles and check them on the monitor to create a superior sexvid. She'll have to understand, too, how to use the zoom lens and the close-up lens. ¶ Don't buy a video camera that doesn't have a zoom lens. Learning how to zoom in and a close-up takes about two minutes training. Before you turn on the record/play button on your VCR you should experiment and monitor yourselves in living color on your television screen. Standing or sitting, let her get used to long shots and the fun of zooming in on your body and taking close-up shots of your penis while she makes sure that your body is sufficiently lighted by watching the television monitor. Let her try the close-up lens, moving with the camera to a few feet from your penis and see it (presumably erect) fill the entire television screen. Assuming that she has been using the camera on the tripod, take<sup>3</sup> off the tripod and show her how easy it is to perch on her shoulder. Passing it back and forth, you can now televise each other's genitals in laughing detail.

Hopefully by now she's stopped protesting and is enjoying

watching herself as much as you are. Snap on the play/record switches on your VCR. You've already convinced her that in order to make a really interesting sexvid you can't shoot it just from one angle. You can set the camera up in a fixed position on the tripod focused on her. Now, with the camera running, sit down next to her and see the miracle. There you are both watching yourself and each other on the tube. When you run back your tape and watch it <sup>together on your television</sup> you'll quickly discover that the fixed position you are in will get boring to look at. Hopefully, your loving lady now realizes that your recording session will not only be atheletic {sexually, of course, but you'll also both burn up calories changing the camera position or handing it back and forth to each other. If you're a video nut and you're determined to produced a better sexvid than you ever could have purchased from professionals, now you may have to declare time out while she helpfully restores your erection.

Really this is where the laughing, talking (remember you are recording your voices too) fun and romance comes in. One warning. A wise Taoist male will have made love to his woman and brought her to at least one orgasm without "coming himself." This will not only make her more mellow about your video insanity but hopefully will make her <sup>more amenable about stopping</sup> stop the action anywhere in process while you change personal positions and camera positions. Assure her that you really aren't trying to make a six-hour sexvid in one night and then show her the real fun. Play your production, thus far, back and watch yourself <sup>and</sup> and determine what positions <sup>and</sup> long shots medium shots and close-ups you need to alternate with to make your sexvid more explicit or more romantic. In all probability, she will argue with you over your propensity for close-ups of her vulva and behind and

breasts. <sup>Q</sup> So that you aren't jumping up and down every couple of minutes you may have started to produce your sexvid with a hand held camera. Since it won't be in a fixed tripod position, you both can't appear in your sexvid at once (unless you prop it up somewhere) but it will give you a chance to see your genitals as others see them and as no one has ever seen them before including you. At this point if you do some fast exchanging of the hand held camera, every three or four minutes or so, you can establish each other <sup>as</sup> lovely sexual persons from many different angles. Of course, you'll be aided by the fact that you can constantly see yourself on the tube. It will also give you an opportunity to become the ultimate ham actors. <sup>Q</sup> With the hand held camera, you can produce some remarkable close-ups from many different angles. Keep in mind you are mastering a new technique. No professional video or film producer ever made a movie film or video tape this way. They can rely on editing after the filming or taping of various scenes. You can't. You are discovering, and I assure you that it can be done, how to make a continuous sexvid with no breaks between scenes <sup>from</sup> ~~with~~ many different camera angles and how to create a finished product without any editing. You have to learn to do this because unlike <sup>half</sup> ~~three-quarter~~ inch reel-to-reel tape used by professionals or <sup>three-quarter inch cassette</sup> ~~two inch~~ studio tape, you can't edit <sup>half-inch</sup> ~~a~~ video cassette tapes. <sup>\*</sup> In fact, if you open the cover of a video cassette you do so at your own risk. But never mind, all creative arts have built in limitations. If the bug hits you, you can learn how not only to produce off-the-cuff tapes of your own sex making, but later you can work out simple shooting scripts that will let you create a home made masterpiece!

If you are determined <sup>to take</sup> the actual "goes into comes out of" sexual thrusting that is so boring on most sexvids, you are going to require

\* Keep in mind that in the video field anything is possible if you wish to. Good luck & more. The approach I am describing is truly unique & a bit

a very cooperative female. You<sup>will</sup> have to put your camera on a tripod and it will take some experimenting with the camera angles and personal positioning and some mutual laughing patience to get superior results. Be sure and alternate the close-ups of sex making with some full length shots of yours and your friend's face. I hope by this time she still is your friend. Since I hope you won't feel compelled to ejaculate outside her vagina, like the heroes of sexvid films, you can finally arrange the camera so that it is watching her face when she climaxes. Then, when you run it back you'll have the sounds and sighs and the sheer beauty of a woman's face (or your own) in the act of sex making and orgasm. And you'll discover that facial beauty and sex making is both contortions and agony as <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ organisms searches for the final release plus ecstasy and warm laughter as you float placidly for a moment after the consummation.

While <sup>I'm sure that</sup> you'll invent your own scenarios, here is one simple one. Take a camera-held long shot of your environment. Your lady can be entering the room fully clothed or naked and do what you rarely see done on most sexvids--talk! But don't argue. If your lady is dressed, she may slowly undress. She can leave something on for you to take off. Or you may prefer to put the camera on a tripod and undress her. Now it's her turn on camera. She can take a long shot of you undressing whether she's holding the camera or not she can pan it slowly over your lovely erection. Now, after following you with the camera to your sofa or bed with a long shot, she joins you. Glancing surreptitiously at the tube you can make sure that you are both on camera. My God, "you are! Now, she can kiss your penis. You can kiss her breasts, her vulva. But remember no <sup>body else is</sup> ~~one is~~ out there holding <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ camera, following your movements--and remember something you have learned from years from watching the tube. What

makes the action interesting are close-ups interspersed with medium shots and occasional long shots.

Of course, if you have a video camera and are in a synergamous relationship or in a corporate marriage you may have other people available to help you make your sexvids...or if you are a swinger you will probably have no difficulty finding many sex partners and recording your sexual activities. Not being an advocate of group sex--my publisher once called me "the last Puritan", I do not recommend making copulating sexvid tapes in groups of three or more people--especially if you are married! Make all the silly tapes you wish of each other in large or small groups running around naked together, but not copulating with different persons of the other sex. If you do, you may be opening a Pandora's Box of jealousy that you never anticipated. Hearing about the details of your spouse's sex life with another person, even seeing your spouse in action as a swinger may not be mentally unbalancing to some people, but actually recording your pair-bond performing and seeing him/her over and over again on video tape may reduce him/her to the level of a porn star. This of course is a personal viewpoint in keeping with my belief that romantic reciprocation <sup>(see Chapter 20)</sup> may well occur between more than one lover--but not simultaneously, at least in the twentieth century--given the level of our emotional conditionings and learnings. On the other hand, I think it may be entirely possible for original pair bonds to make their own sexvids and exchange them with sexvids made by other pair bonds or for two couples involved synergamously to watch their masterpieces together, but unless it is a satellite relationship of very long standing where jealousy has long since ceased to exist as a factor, refrain from making a communal sexvid.

Finally, singles who are cohabiting or pair bonds may discover a new way of eroticizing each other by making their own personal video with themselves as the hero or heroine. It's very easy to do. Set your camera up on a tripod. Put a tape in your recorder. Turn on your television. Now walk to and fro or lie down <sup>alone</sup> staying within the focus of your camera. Lo and behold, there you are with no help with anyone on television! Snap on the record/play button, position yourself. ~~and~~ Now snap-up the camera release button. You are now recording what you see--yourself. With a little ingenuity, aided by background music on your hi-fi, you can strip, do erotic dances, caress yourself and intersperse the action with amazing shots of your genitals buttocks or breasts. Now take the camera off the tripod and prop it up so that it's pointing up at you (incidentally, never aim your video camera directly down to the floor at such a sharp angle some particles may be released in the tube.) Now when it is aiming up <sup>Get you</sup> snap <sup>the camera release button</sup> it on again. There you are <sup>in naked alone</sup> on your television screen. But <sup>you are</sup> taller <sup>and recording them</sup> and more graceful than you ever realized, <sup>and now are seeing</sup> with naked views of yourself, that you've never seen before. Now, if you really dared you can create a half hour tape of yourself eroticizing yourself. Smiling and gesturing at your absent lover, you can tell him or her how much you need them. You can show him or her with your hands on your own body how you wish it was his/her hands on your body. Then later <sup>on the next day</sup> with the lights turned low, you can tell him/her "Honey, today--I made something just for you!" Turn on <sup>your</sup> the tape. ~~that~~ You <sup>should</sup> have ready and waiting to be rerun on your television, <sup>And now</sup> and let him/her discover an erotic that he/she never knew existed! Prelude to romance? Of course! See what I mean about the video sex revolution?

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### Part Three

For Worse or for Better...Visual Sex Today and Tomorrow.

Stupid sex, like stupid violence offends us. Stupidity is offensive. Stupidity is dangerous, harmful to the morals of tender minds, inimical to the public good in all ways. But there is no way to suppress it-- certainly not so long as it remains in the majority, on the bench, in the studios, in theatre audiences, and among the public at large.

David R. Slavitt

Sexuality in Film in

the book Sexuality in the Movies

edited by Thomas R. Atkins

## TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

You are watching a young woman--Jeanne--talking with the headmistress of a girl's school. Our heroine has innerited the entire estate of a kindly gentleman who adopted her when she was thirteen (five years ago) and nas provided her with a very expensive French education. Now you are watching Jeanne with a suave, white-haired lawyer who you just know is a scoundrel. She is signing her rights away to the old gentleman's mansion in exchange for five thousand dollars. The mansion will be sold to pay the debts of the estate. Poor Jeanne, her only hope is to pay off the mortgage (taxes) on the estate to inherit it. How can she ever do it? Now you are watching her with her aunt, madame of a very lush whorehouse. Jeanne has also inherited her benefactor's catering trucks. Voila!--she will run a business serving food and sex to construction workers. And now--just as you were beginning to think this isn't a very erotic film, our young women are selling sandwiches and snatch to very hungry and virile workers who munch their hamburgers while they are being sucked off, or in between eating "hair pie". A specialty of the catering service are hotdogs warmed in the young ladies vaginas and served to the hungry patrons. And suddenly Jeanne is a heroine. The boss of the construction company tells her the combination of sex and food has worked worked wonders. His workers productivity has increased and he's way ahead on schedule. You are half way through CHOPSTIX which has not Oriental actors or backgrounds but is the name of Jeanne's catering service, and you are only beginning to eat and be eaten.

Having surveyed male fascination with visual erotica from the beginning of time, and naving zeroed in on many phases of the soon-to-arrive, after-me-the-deluge, video sex explosion, I hope that you are still smiling. Hopefully, too, you are a woman who loves men, or a man who loves women because in the next few chapters I want to tell you now, working together, you can win the final battle of visual sex and in the process lay the groundwork for a much more loving society.

I hope by now that you have some glimmer of the differences between visual sex in ancient societies which were much more patriarchly oriented than the world we live in but were no where near



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as sex negative as the 20th century. This is important because in my opinion, the feminists who are up in arms against violence in pornography and wish "to take back the night" are fighting the wrong enemy. Likewise, the leaders of Morality in Media and other groups that would try to prosecute pornography out of existence are attacking the symptom and not the cause.

Unlike any previous societies on this earth Western man has mastered the techniques of mass communication but unfortunately individually, we have made little progress in loving and caring for each other or in the art of interpersonal communication. We can send images of ourselves and our voices around the world but we are still mired in the enmities and hatreds and psychological human traps that intrigued the ancient Greek dramatists and motivated religious leaders to try and resolve human conflicts with one-God religions. Equating one God with love didn't help much either. Men (and in all probability women if men hadn't suppressed them) find it much easier to hide behind scientific and technical proficiency in almost any subject than to let go of one's ego. Owning another person who believes that you are lord and master is much easier than daring to ~~have a relationship with~~ be the other person. It's easier also to believe that men and women have different life goals which are conditioned by their different physiology and hence they never can really understand each other than to accept the simple premise that what people need most from each other is affirmation and laughing affection. "I may not agree with you, but I love you and I'm glad you're alive in my world."

Overriding all other problems is that the techniques of mass communications are going to make visual human sexuality so commonplace that sexmating can very easily lose it's potential as the most

fundamental and enriching form of one-to-one human communication. Physiological functioning and scientific techniques and sexual gimmickery has been replacing human caring and loving and the wonder and mystery of human sexuality in much of our literature and in our sex manuals, and many psychologists have been trying to convince us that male and females can never really relate to each other because they have very different sexual needs, desires and longings. I believe that male and female sexual needs are nearly identical. The basic human sexual confusion has been caused by 20 centuries of Christian, Judaic, and Mohammedan religious conditioning that has not sacramentalized human sexuality nor made it a part of religious worship and by forsaking human sexuality has left it wide open to devalued commercialism.

If you study the erotica of ancient Indian and Chinese societies you will find that because <sup>sex</sup> ~~it~~ was integrated into religious worship it is sex positive. Unlike the sex negative religions (which condition our lives whether we actually attend a particular church or synagogue) these early religions blended the mystical-religious overtones of sexmaking with the sneer joy of human copulation and the amazing fertility of the earth. Loving God, you loved the lingam and the yoni, the penis and the vulva, the flesh and the breath of an actual person, and in the bodily merger of the male and female you lost your individual identities and became God. Today, instead of experiencing a lovely dance with one's divinity, in the act of sex, our bodies have become individual erotic parts--asses, tits, pricks, and cunts. The owners of them have no spiritual identity and the only goal is their momentary escape from one's self in the convulsion of orgasm. Presumably in Christian or Judaic societies men have made sex objects out of women to enhance their macho image.

But actually, this occurred as a by product of religious conditioning. Our Jewish and Christian prophets and religious readers never accepted the ying and yang principle<sup>all</sup> of life. Instead they created a God who was a-sexual. The ancient myths that totally interlinked male and female sexuality were transformed into a one dimensional worship of a male God who<sup>finally</sup> made his presence known on earth with a male son. Two thousand years later we still live in a shadow of the lustful Eve and the tortured Christ and a Jesus who was not the child of a loving man and woman copulating together but the son of a virgin mother impregnated by the semen of a Holy Ghost. And this son of God may have loved his fellowmen, but on the record at least he never blended himself with a woman. By contrast, the ancient Indian and Chinese societies which stressed the pre-eminence and equality of the female principle might have been legally patriarchal but<sup>even today</sup> most feminists would be happy to live in them.

or

If you fear<sup>or</sup> your sexual drives, are ashamed of them, you don't need a neo-Freudian psychiatrist, or a sociobiologist, or a psychologist to tell you why. Your fear and conditionings have been built into your genes and conditioned into your environment by generations of priests, rabbis and ministers, who have separated a sexual image of God from man and convinced your long-dead relatives that God, the creator, managed to bring the world and the cosmos into existence from his own ribs and loins without putting his penis (does God have one?) into a female vagina.

Today, Western men and women are at the crossroads. For the first time in human history the enjoyment of (and fear of) visual sex is no longer an upper class privilege. Sexvids are potentially available to everyone. Even low income people who cannot afford tape and disc players will be able to watch sexvids in their local barrooms-relabelled private clubs or pubs, if necessary to avoid legal

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censorship. Eventually, watching sex making on television ~~may~~<sup>will</sup> dilute the wavering morality of millions of people who still cling to religious edicts against premarital and post-marital sex. And sexvids may either exacerbate the divorce rate--as men and women seek the kind of sexual diversity that sexvids epitomize--or they may force a reevaluation of monogamy as the only family style possible in Western civilization.

If you don't believe in the power of visual sex to release men and women from their conditionings as to what is good or bad in sex making, think about the effect of Deep Throat. When the Kinsey report on Sexual Behavior in the Human Female was published in 1953 Kinsey's estimates were that between 38% to 62% of females had actually kissed, <sup>t</sup>asted, or sucked male genitals in the act of love. Kinsey qualified these figures in that for many women they represented and occasional experience. Less than ten years ago millions of people still believed that fellatio and cunnilingus were degenerate; horrifying, sick-sex behavior. Today, 27 years after the Kinsey report the Cosmopolitan magazine survey of 106,000 women who responded to their sex questionnaire in January, 1980, reported that 85% of Cosmo women enjoy oral sex regularly as a part of sex making. Deep Throat may not have produced such vast cultural sex change all by itself, but it made millions of young males and females who saw it laugh, and able to talk about it with each other. Then, after they experimented, they were able to admit that mutual genital stimulation was <sup>a</sup> joyously intimate and exciting way to experience each other's bodies.

On the other hand Gloria Steinem believes that Deep Throat (4s, 1980, "may have created a whole new genre of pornography. Added to the familiar varieties of rape" <sup>and</sup> she <sup>says without a smile</sup> ~~states~~, "there is now an

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ambition to rape the female throat." <sup>4</sup>Who will win the battle of visual sex remains to be seen. Perhaps it will simply degenerate into one more example of social inertia (a growing problem of democracies where too many educated leaders all with different opinions prefer to choke to death on their differences than to take action) but the battle lines are drawn. I'm convinced that none of the major groups that are determined to censor visual <sup>or</sup> eliminate pornography, as defined by them, are on the right track. In the next chapter I will present a completely different approach but first it's important to understand why the contestants are united in their basic fear that pornography is not a victimless crime.

In November of 1978, Seymour Feshbach, Chairman of the Psychology of UCLA and Neal Malamuth, assistant professor of Psychology at the University of Manitoba published an article in Psychology Today, Sex and Aggression, Proving the Link, which gave the women's movement the ammunition they needed not only for their ongoing battle against pornography but further proof that we are living in a patriarchal society whose ideology according to Kathleen Barry (see her book Female Slavery) is totally motivated by and depends on "cultural sadism."

Previously, with Barry Spinner, Malamuth had done a five year content analysis of Playboy and Penthouse--and proved that the sexual violence in these magazines had increased each year. Of course, during this period they were topped out by Larry Flint's Hustler which despite Flint's supposed conversion by Ruth Stapleton (Jimmy Carter's sister) to "born-again Christianity" continues his vicious put-down of women. Feshbach and Malamuth were inspired by Robert Stoller who in his writings (see his book Sexual Excitement) insisted that "hostility overt or hidden is what generates and enhances

sexual excitement and it's absence leads to indifference and boredom." After a series of experiments on college males, Feshbach and Malamutn concluded that 'man exposed to violent pornography <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>more</sup> sexually aroused than others <sup>than</sup> ~~by~~ reading a story of rape." Here is a paraphrase from this very important Psychology Today article which I think overlooks at least one fundamental condition of any sexual experiments with males, <sup>(see the next chapter)</sup> and reveals one direction that further experimentation must take: "We wondered whether sado-masochism in erotica," the authors write, 'could affect reactions to and attitudes toward rape and it's depiction...Some college students who volunteered for a study called 'Evaluation of Erotica' were randomly chosen to read two versions of a mildly masochistic story taken from Penthouse: one group saw the original and the other read a similar but non-violent version. After they completed a sexual questionnaire assessing their level of sexual arousal and other emotions, we then gave them a story about a rape to read. In this story, pain cues were moderate and the terrified victim, compelled to yield at knife point was not portrayed as sexually excited.

"By means of a second questionnaire, we discovered the males were much more affected by prior exposure to the sado-masochistic story than were the females. Men who read the story tended to be more sexually aroused in response to the account of the rape than others who had read the non-violent version. It was as if the men who had read about women's pleasure at being mistreated had then interpreted the victim's pain in the rape scene as a sign of sexual excitement. In other words, the inhibitions that are ordinarily a response to pain cues were somehow altered because of exposure to sado-masochistic material." <sup>Q</sup> Obviously, today experimenters would find that sexvids were much more effective than reading a story but

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of course they weren't generally available in 1978. Nevertheless, one problem with many sexvids is that they often incorporate scenes which are not quite rape but do involve male aggression against the female. Sexvid producers are well aware of the erotic effect <sup>especially when</sup> ~~and even~~ the whimpering female, in the story, turns into a grateful lover. Two other findings made by Malamuth and Feshbach (keep in mind ~~this is~~ <sup>that is</sup> very limited <sup>sample</sup> ~~number~~) are that, presumably, "for males the greater their judgement of the victims pain, the greater the sexual excitement." Also, the male who participated in this ~~the~~ experiment were asked if they "would be assured that they would not be caught and punished, would they emulate sex rape behavior ~~as~~ <sup>that</sup> they had read about in the story?" 51% responded that they might do so, if they were assured they would not be caught!

These findings are directly opposite to the conclusions of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography <sup>which</sup> ~~was~~ reported to President Nixon in 1970 that there is "no evidence to date that exposure to explicit sexual material plays a significant role in the causation of deliquent or criminal behavior among youth or adults. The Commission cannot conclude that exposure to erotic materials is a factor in the causation in sex crimes or sex delinquency." Many people disagree with the majority report of the commission and studies have been made and will continue to be made trying to gauge the effect of erotic pictures and literature on aggression in males. Ed Donnerstein <sup>of the University of Michigan reports that in studies he made</sup> ~~reports that~~ convicted rapists were aroused by films that showed violence against women even if they had no sexual content at all. The <sup>finding</sup> on males parallels Robert A. Baron's of Purdue University <sup>who believes from his experiments that</sup> ~~that~~ women, as well as men, who <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ previously angered (subject to aggressive cues) and then are shown erotic pictures are not only sexually aroused but become more aggressive in their words

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and behaviour too. Donnerstein, also, links male sexual arousal with sexually aggressive films.

<sup>On the other hand,</sup>  
Apologists for sexually violent films and sexvids do not believe that they incite imitative action. They rely on the Freudian theory of catharsis and believe that watching sex films relieves and dissipates basic male aggression and rage against women. Incidentally, rage against women are keywords used by many feminists who try to convince their readers that men and women coexist in a kind of hate-love relationship. Feminists deny that any catharsis occurs when a man watches a woman being tied up or raped (or murdered as presumably occurred in one adult film called Snuff.) And male aggression in other forms such as "fist-fucking" (forcing a male fist into a woman's vagina) or "tossing" (screwing a woman in a car and then tossing her out and making her walk home) or 'throat fucking' <sup>presumably a way</sup> ~~most supposedly~~ <sup>of life</sup> ~~occurring~~ among <sup>many</sup> readers who wrote letters to the Editors of Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler and <sup>while</sup> ~~was~~ condoned by these magazines is further proof to the feminists to use Robin Morgan's words that: "Pornography is the theory...rape is the practice."

"Take Back the Night," is the slogan of the Women Against Pornography and is also the title of a book edited by Laura Lederer which appeared in August 1980. This collection of essays should be read by every producer of adult films and sexvids. Hundreds of thousands of women are taking up the cudgel not only against sexvids and adult films but any commercial film such as Brian dePalma's Dressed to Kill which has a sexually violent story line. No sane person will disagree with them but what leads to sexual violence is a <sup>deeper</sup> ~~social~~ <sup>and most feminists realize.</sup> problem. <sup>At</sup> In one of the essays in this book Helen Longino opens a different can of worms. "A representation of sexual encounter" she says, "which is not characterized by mutual respect, in which at



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least one of the parties is treated in a manner beneath his or her dignity as a human is no longer simple erotica." Unfortunately, Helen forgets that the basis of much human interaction, sexual or not, denies human dignity and rarely involves a "I gotta be you" philosophy. Further along in this essay she digs a deeper hole and falls into the censorship trap. "Books and films," she writes, "may contain descriptions or representations of rape in order to explore the consequence of such assault upon it's victim...just so long as they explore the consequence of the act and reaffirm the victim's dignity." The producer of the sexvid Expensive Tastes, <sup>a rape story.</sup> (see Filmography) would agree with her theory. But there's more than one way to cater to the demand for violent sex. The rapist in this sexvid finally get caught and the tape ends with several Puritanical admonitions and denunciations, but <sup>but after you watch</sup> ~~not until~~ 40 minutes of a woman getting screwed in every orifice by ski masked rapists--one of whom turns out to be a woman.

One finding of Fesbach and Malamuth that irritated feminists is that women in their experiments were <sup>presumably</sup> "most aroused when the rape victim was portrayed as experiencing an orgasm with no pain." ~~In~~ <sup>In</sup> My Secret Garden, Nancy Friday's collection of women's fantasies, benign rape plays an important part. Diane E. H. Russell, Professor of Social Science at Mills College <sup>she partially agrees with</sup> ~~responds to~~ Nancy Friday in these essays ~~that~~ she compromises herself and encourages adult film makers to play on the theme. "It is true," Diane writes, "that many women have masochistic fantasies and can be sexually aroused by pornography, even violent pornography...this does not mean that it is harmless. It does not mean that it is healthy." She then quotes from her book The Politics of Rape and tries to distinguish between voluntary fantasies of being raped and wanting to be raped in actuality. "There

is no fear in a woman's fantasies," she writes, "but in actuality women are usually afraid or terrified." This kind of thinking revolving in the minds of writers and producers of sexvids will inevitably be translated into visual sex stories that play on the <sup>belief that</sup> ~~theme~~ of female <sup>are basically</sup> ~~masochistic~~. And it contributes to the male macho image that women <sup>not</sup> protest, but "healthy" or not, they really want to be taken and subdued by the superior male.

An even more difficult problem for women against pornography is their inability to define the difference between erotica and pornography. Some feminists approve of erotica but are determined to censor pornography out of existence. Gloria Steinem tries to define erotica in one of these essays in this book which appeared originally in Ms (November 1978) "Erotica is mutually pleasurable sexual expression between people who have enough power to be there by positive choice... it doesn't require us to identify with a conqueror or a victim. Pornography's message is violence, dominance and conquest."

But in another article in the same issue ten women <sup>try</sup> ~~ended~~ to tell what turns them on and what is really erotic for the female and end up in total confusion. Helen Gurley Brown says: "Having somebody think you are the most beautiful, sexy, exciting, thrilling and sensuous...plus a whole lot of champagne." Barbara Harrison (an author) writes, "when I'm sexually deprived, I don't feel the center of my deprivation exists in my genitals, my deprivation is tactile. My skin feels deprived, as if it too were a feeling, sexual organ." And Lynda Schor, another writer, admits: "Once every few years I meet a man who seems to be surrounded by an aura of sexuality." Finally Sherry <sup>to</sup> ~~Hight~~ shrugs it all off and says: "The way society is structured today even the word 'erotica'--

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although it has better connotations than pornography," still implies something out there from the rest of life. If sex weren't a political institution which it must be under patriarchy then, perhaps we could think in other terms. For now, all we can do is catch tantalizing glimpses of ecstasy."

All of this wouldn't help much in any censorship battle over most of the sexvids listed in the 150 in this book nor any of the thousands more available, many of which lean heavily on violence against the female. Not only can't women define erotica for themselves they are often unable to face the fact most men are sexually amorphous. Seeing the nicely shaped body of a particular woman, clothed or naked, will make most <sup>men</sup> wonder, if only as a passing thought, how she would respond to him in the act of sex making. But his fantasy is not to rape her. Actually he may often be praying that she might take the initiative and tell him how much she needs him to make love to her. Many of the sexvids produced in the past years cater to this male fantasy. Women <sup>portrayed</sup> in sexvids may not be true to life but most men hope they might be. Feminists forget that most men have very fragile egos. They don't want to violate the female body. They want the female to shyly take the initiative and reaffirm them with her eyes, her mouth, her lips, and her weaving vagina.

The ability of the male to objectivify the female body (actually many females probably can do this with the male body but hate to admit it) confuses the feminists in their attacks on pornography. Reading their literature you have the feeling that some of the women would try to eliminate any portrayal of explicit sex making. Laura Lederer admits: "Not all pornography is violent but even the most banal pornography objectifies women's bodies. An essential ingredient of rape and other forms of violence is objectification

of women.' Ergo--the kind of sex that I have labeled non-committed in the 150 Best Sexvids would probably be looked upon by any feminist as objectification of the female and by definition would be degrading and leading to violence.

Throughout this book I have tried, and will keep trying, to tell you, ~~several~~, to use the vernacular of the day, where I am coming from. I enjoy women. I like them. I interrelate better with them than most men I have known and I mean mentally as well as physically. But I'll be honest, and I think most males would agree, married or not, given a reasonably attractive, not too overweight female and given the opportunity to bed with her, with no recriminations or commitment beyond sexual caring, I could be easily seduced. On the other hand, if I had a choice I'd prefer to go to bed and wake up in the morning with a total feminist and a women's liberationist than a Cosmopolitan Girl or a Playboy Bunny. Because I'd be sure that before, during and after sexmaking while we were still kissing and hugging each other we would be happily arguing. <sup>And</sup> I would be trying to show her where she was out of step, with not only my male sexuality (mentally), but also millions of educated males who are much more like me than <sup>and of</sup> the male villains who the feminists have conjured up and <sup>who they think are</sup> ~~are~~ obsessed with the idea of raping them.

Because the collection of essays Take Back the Night give some insight into one group of contenders in the continuing battle of visual sex, it's important to <sup>understand</sup> ~~get~~ their perspective. Andrea Dworkin writes: "Men love death...Men love murder...In a male culture slow murder is the heart of eros...The sons, faithful to the penis, bonded with the fathers who had tried to kill them...only in this alliance could they gain access to the institutionalized brute force necessary

to revenge themselves on the women who had left them." Or try Phylliss Chesler: "Upon being asked about their sexual fantasies many men describe pornographic scenes of disembodied, faceless body parts; breasts, legs, vaginas, buttock. Men of all ages fantasize voyeuristically, scenes of whorehouses and male gang rapes; scenes of rape and mutilation, scenes of seduction and strangling; scenes of "clever" or omnipotent sexual control of extremely young and innocent children.' Or <sup>human</sup> Susan Lurie: "What is it about the sexual organization of men that inspires pornographic fantasies about sexual intercourse with women? What do men fear has been or could be done to them by women?...I believe the answers lie in the investigation of male psychosocial development...In the light of this inquiry, it will be possible to unravel the male fantasy that is pornography and to expose the lies that it involves...Sexual intercourse with women, which the male senses should be the crowning moment of his phallic/individual career, turns out to have characteristics that make it the closest most men will come to castration...With ejaculation the very substance of his penis is given over to her, and what he "gets back" is soft, depleted.'

As for pornography, Susan Brownmiller reports: 'Pornography like rape is a male invention designed to dehumanize women to reduce the female to an object of sexual access...The staple of porn will always be the naked female body, breasts, genitals--exposed, because as man has devised it, her naked body is the female's shame, her private parts the property of man, while his are the ancient, holy, universal, patriarchal instruments of his power, his rule by force over her." Or here's Beverly La Belle on pornography: "Women are invariably portrayed as carnal, submissive, promiscuous, whore victims, deranged and repeatedly subdued and conquered by the eternally worshipped phallus. Their only needs for credentials are bare breasts and exposed

genitalia. The color of their skin or hair is varied to provide an illusion of variety...The personality of the pornographic model is never well developed in any of the x-rated books or films because her mind is completely unimportant. In short, pornography propagates a view of women as nothing but "tits" and "ass"--silly creatures who exist only to be fucked, sexually used and forgotten." Or Diana E. H. Russell: "It appears that a large portion of the male population has a propensity to rape."

And finally, the editor of the book, Laura Lederer sums up the rage of many of the writers. "We'll never get rid of pornography because we live in a totally sexist society...it's better to have it underground than to see it flourish as an accepted part of our culture." "Have it underground" means to censor it in some form. But as Robin Yeamans, a feminist attorney, points out: "The pornography problem arises at a precarious point in our country's history. The far right is delighted to have feminists line up with them to suppress pornography (and by association be identified as opposing sex education, reproductive rights, and other obscenity causes of the conservative forces." For this reason Robin wants to avoid any use of media which equates sex and violence."

Like Robin Yeamins, there are many feminists who recognize the danger of trying to censor pornography. Ellen Willis writes: (Village Voice, October 15, 1979) "Any one who thinks women are simply indifferent to pornography, has never watched a bunch of adolescent girls pass around a trashy novel. Over the years I have enjoyed various pieces of pornography--some of them the sleazy 42nd Street paperback sort--and so have most women I've known. Women Against Pornography organizers maintain that pornography is really not about sex but violence against women...much is made of the fact that Charles Manson and David Berkowitz had porn collections...but it's men's hostility

toward women--combined with the power to express that hostility and for most parts to get away with it--that causes sexual violence. Pornography that gives sadistic fantasies concrete shape--and in today's atmosphere social legitimacy--may well cause suggestible men to act them out. But if Hustler were to vanish from the shelves tomorrow, I doubt that rape or wife beating statistics would decline."

Note that Ellen Willis using the words "men's hostility toward women" still believes that there is a basic male-female conflict.

Deidre English is an article The Politics of Porn (Mother Jones April 1980) is unequivocal: "Opposing violence against women is obvious. Opposing Porn is not as easy--because porn does not represent action it represents fantasy and because no one seems to be able to define porn satisfactorily. Furthermore, porn is or can be victimless--at least as much so as prostitution. As a result, many feminists including myself are coming to believe that in marshalling their resources against pornography, the women's movement is making a mistake comparable to the error made by those 19th century feminists who went to war against alcohol."

Most feminists are well aware that linking themselves with the right wingers and fundamentalists in the battle of visual sex may bring back a kind of night they abhor. In an hour long documentary Pornography, You are It's Victim, hosted by Efram Zimbalist and sponsored by Morality in Media, Zimbalist exhorts the viewers to help wipe out pornography. "If we had an Attorney General," he says "who would order his U.S. Attornies to prosecute pornography cases they would break the back of the pornography industry in 18 months."

The slogan of Morality in Media is "Turn back the tide" and quoting from Irving Kristol they insist "What is at stake is civilization and humanity nothing less." Replying to what pornography

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is doing to us they state "It is destroying entire areas of our cities. One only need to look at Times Square in New York: the opening of adult bookstores and porn film houses was quickly followed by prostitutes, pimps, pushers, and muggers. Today the area is a cesspool of depravity. By no stretch of the imagination can pornography any longer be called the first amendment issue. It is not. Pornography is a crime. It breeds other crimes and the traffic in hardcore pornography is controlled by organized crime. Morality in Media equates pornography with child pornography and in this documentary give horrifying examples of runaway children who can only survive by selling their bodies to men who are known as 'chicken-hawks'. These exploiters of children pay them \$75 to have sex with older people while the cameras turn for more than 6 hours. A young woman who entered the child porn business when she was thirteen tells an interviewer "You trade your body for your keep...It's all you got."

There isn't any question in my mind that child pornography and violence against women should be censored out of existence, but to use either cause to eliminate visual sex making between consenting adults, even on a non-committed basis, lays the groundwork for a very dangerous kind of supposedly beneficent dictatorship.

If Moral <sup>Majority</sup> ~~Amendment~~ under Jerry Falwell and Morality in Media win the battle of visual sex the first casualties will be the feminists themselves. Thirty million born again Christians, millions of Catholics, many Jews and practically all Southern Baptists many of whom are followers of Phyllis Schlafly ~~and~~ <sup>not only</sup> are unalterably opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment <sup>but that</sup> would eliminate sex education in the schools that offered any kind of value structures. They would win the right to life battle and eliminate abortion <sup>while at</sup> the same time ~~that~~ they



restored capital punishment; their theory being that a badly lived life is obviously not so valuable as an unlived one that they might direct from birth. Premarital sex would go underground and so would cohabitation. Gone also would be sexual pleasuring without marriage and the entire sex revolution for the good or bad that might have been accomplished.

But they were wrong and so are the feminists. Neither censorship nor a moral minority can create a new and exciting sexual ambience for America. Holding the fort, at least until a new kind of up-beat sexual leadership emerges are the civil libertarians. Harvard law professor, Alan Dershowitz is one of many who describes himself as an "absolutist" on the First Amendment. In an interview in the Real Paper, July, 1979, describing Susan Miller, a feminist, he said: "She views rape as a crime so serious...that she is like those people during the McCarthy period who believed the Communists did not deserve the protection of the law." And further to confound the feminists, Dershowitz added: "What about Marx, Jefferson, and Samuel Adams? They incited people to violence."

But don't misunderstand me. Both the feminists and the so-called Moral Majority are well aware that if democracy is to survive we must create a new sense of purpose and a new value system that most Americans believe in. But they are on a negative track. The only possible way to do it is not to deny human sexuality but instead to affirm it. We need a new kind of leadership that dares to show us how to use our joyous, God-given sexuality, extolling it and exalting it without shame. A leadership that dares to enjoy sexvids and human loving and human nakedness literally and figuratively, and in the process creates a new kind of sexual society which is unafraid of the absolute miracle of you and me creating and re-creating

life in combination with our genitals and our brains. We need to rediscover ancient sexual values that preceded Judeaic and Christian and Moslem teachings: societies that recognize and worship the male and female principle that interlocks all activity, human or not, on this planet. We need leadership that no longer denounces human sexuality as sinful but instead sacramentalizes it.

Perhaps, for a short time, sick leaders can try to legislate a people's morality, but the kind of morality that will last and provide foundations for a strong society with a sense of purpose won't deny human sexuality but will integrate the sheer wonder of our sexuality into every aspect of life. For the first time in human history, using video tape and video discs, we can make warm, loving sexual video a part of our lives. We have the medium to do it...Who dares to propose the message?

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO A MORE  
LOVING AND ROMANTIC EROTICA

It's 1950. You are watching poor Freddy, the guy in high school who can't quite make it with girls. It's the high school dance, and everyone is making out except Freddy. He invites a girl for a ride in his car into lover's lane but when he tries to touch her she declares war on him: "Is this what you think of me?" she asks him angrily. In the meantime, his more sophisticated classmates are with the high school English teacher who has just told them to "drop their drawers"--she's going to teach them something they will never learn from Shakespeare. Back in the front seat of the car, Freddy is still trying to feel his squirmy girlfriend's pussy while his boyfriends are getting a complete sex education, after school, from their English teacher. When poor Freddy appears in front of his car in lover's lane, examining his pants, wet from premature ejaculation, his classmates laugh at him. Now you are watching Freddy save his girl from rape by two knife carrying hoodlums, and Mr. Perkins, his high school athletic coach, is telling him that his only problem is that he should take Mary Lou out on a date and "fuck her until her eyes pop out". You are watching HIGH SCHOOL FANTASIES. Before you are finished poor Freddy, who has heard his friends talking about spanish fly "that will make a girl so horny she will fuck the gear shifts," figures out how to make an even better aphrodisiac. Armed with this, even he can "score". And Freddy does. He gives it to his high school English teacher in a glass of Cocoa Cola, who, after drinking it, promptly relieves him of his virginity.

At the risk of being labelled a new style male chauvinist, I want to show women, and particularly feminist leaders how they could create a healthy new sexual society. The video techniques are available. The audiences are waiting. If feminists dared to offer a new sex positive philosophy and backed it up both in print and with new kinds of sexvids, they could build the springboard for a great leap forward in human sexual relationships. They could point the way to new societies which were guided by sexual expression and not sexual repression. If I seem to be overemphasizing the effect of video sex on the future of Western man, just keep in mind that, like it or not, we live in

visual world. Learning to read is much more difficult than watching pictures. Eventually only a small percentage of mankind will read very much.

Pornography, adult films, sexvids, or any form of visual sex expression reflects the over all emotional style of the society in which they are created. If one word can epitomize the kind of sexual exploitation that dominates America and much of the world which ~~in~~ ~~the past~~ has been sexually restrained by repressive religious philosophies, that word is: frustration. Sexual frustration, beginning in childhood, is at the root of most of our psycho-genic and interpersonal problems. We simply don't know how to dare to be the other person and love her or him. Sexual~~s~~ frustration paves the way for the high divorce rate, the break-down of the family as a nuturing unit, the total sadness of a million teenage pregnancies annually, and the general social malaise, anomie, boredom and hatred, which daily explodes in murder, suicide and ultimately war.

While women alone cannot untangle the sexual hang-ups created by thousands of years of a patriarchally dominated social systems and organized theologies overnight, they are, for the first time in human history, able to point the way. ~~and~~ Eventually <sup>they could</sup> lead men and themselves, out of the sexual morass we <sup>all</sup> live in. Because sexvids <sup>can</sup> bypass censorship, both of television and any other media, they can be produced in a way, which reflects joyous, unembarrassed, guilt-free loving and caring. <sup>Explicit sex</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>can be</sup> stories told in thousands of ways which exalt human sex making and augment the romantic, mysterious and sacramental aspects of flesh merger.

At first glance it may seem that asking women to propose a new A New Feminist Sexual Manifesto reflects a male chauvinism, or at

the very least a Phyllis Schlafly--"total woman" mentality. But <sup>as you will see</sup> I'm not suggesting that women should revert to the wife, mother, homemaker feminist syndrome that has dominated American marriage relationships for about one hundred years. Far from it! I'm proposing that women can win the battle of visual <sup>sex</sup> on Lysistrat<sup>ean</sup> principles and do it with the ultimate gratitude of men. Essentially <sup>women must understand</sup> ~~that means~~ that not only physically, but emotionally <sup>the</sup> ~~women~~ are, have been, and always will be the magnetic poles in human existence.. Most men have a compulsive genetic need for female flesh and nurturing. The Freudian nonsense that women are motivated from childhood and dominated by penis envy, if it is true at all--which I doubt--is counteracted by man's awe and worship of the female body and the drives of his penis-brain structure which commands him to find himself once again in the female vagina.

If I seem to be reiterating the obvious, remember that we live in a world where millions of men and women are very much afraid to admit the obvious. Unlike animals, where the female will flagrantly advertise her sexual necessities, the human sex drive is far more compulsive--at least, so it seems, on the surface--for the human male than the human female. Unfortunately, the lovely cosmic, male obsession for the flesh of the female has been culturally poisoned by the belief that like some animals (but not all) the male has territorial rights over the female. Many male religious leaders insist that man is not linked to his animal heritage, but is a special product of God. But at the same time they <sup>espouse</sup> ~~endorse~~ theologies based on male sexual supremacy over the female. Instead of recognizing that jealousy and sexual possession is a learned response, our laws and theologies underwrite sexual violence and hatred by supressing normal amorphous, poly-human sexuality.

Can women undo these sexual knots which have been tied tight by centuries of legal and theological conditionings? Can they teach men that loving is more satisfactory than possessing, and that loving begets loving? Can women love men, or a particular man, and accept the reality that his sexual demands may be more generalized than hers and that he could have sex with another woman without depriving her of the essential person that he is. Or vice versa... without vice entering the picture? <sup>OK</sup> I think women can, but they must take the initiative and lead the way with a new Feminine Manifesto of Human Sexuality. Instead of trying to deflect what they seem to think is "male rage" against women, can women take the opposite tack and delight in man's never ending horniness for themselves in particular and for women in general? If women could rally around a manifesto which dare extol their femininity and their need to love guiltlessly and affectionately, and <sup>if</sup> they could agree that they should have equal responsibility to initiate lovemaking or sexmaking whether or not they were getting an equal measure in return, and if they dared to offer the essential nurturance that their men, and their own children, both male and female never get enough of, and if they laughingly dared to challenge men with the key to western human relationships... "Love us not because you own us, but because life without loving has no meaning or purpose," <sup>then</sup> they really could initiate the final phase of the sexual revolution. Note the emphasis on the word dare. In my opinion, after centuries of patriarchal and theological conditionings and perhaps an innate, possessive-protective instinct, it is more difficult for the average male to give love and not demand it in return than it is for the female. Unlike the male, ~~and~~ when females aren't catering to the male's possessive

obsessions, my experience is that women are a-moral about loving. By this I do not mean immoral. Offering their breasts to nurture their offspring or their vaginas to nurture a man, or several men, is basic to the female nature. When it comes to loving one man, or two men, even at the same time, morality and the simple sharing of her body is not an issue for many women--unless men make it one.

This is not to say that women don't need nurturance as much as men. Harlow's famous experiments with monkeys of either sex, which were separated from their mother at birth, reveal that they become reclusive, fearful of their own species, hateful, and even vicious toward normally reared monkeys, <sup>he</sup> prove<sup>d</sup> beyond any doubt the importance of nurturance and flesh contact for animals as well as humans.

As they have from the beginning of human time, the female, if she is not censored or controlled by the male, is much more at ease with her basic sexual nature than the male. With her loving guidance and a new approach to human sexuality which accepts both the reality of the male sexual drives and his needs for nurture, women are finally in a position to dare men to escape themselves in a total sexual surrender and flesh merger with them.

In her article The Politics of Porn (Mother Jones, April 1980) Deidre English, a new style feminist, makes a number of observations about women and male pornography that point the direction that a new Feminist Manifesto for Human Sexuality could take. Visiting the seamy Times Square, 42nd Street area, with a women's group, she sees beyond the sad female exploitation: "Actually, since there are so few women (but hundreds of thousands of pictures of them)" she writes, "the overwhelming feeling is one of commercial exploitation of male

sexual desire. There it is--embarrassingly desperate, tormented, demeaning itself, begging for relief. If, as a woman, you can detach yourself for just one second from your fear of getting caught in a dark alley with one of these characters, you see how totally tragic they appear... It may be that what really make men hostile is a combination of exposure and deprivation and the attempt to prohibit pornography could even increase aggression. That, if true, would certainly be a cruel twist for women against pornography to consider...As women we sometimes get so paralyzed by our fear of men that we fail to see their weaknesses and fears. Whether we love men or hate them, as feminists, we have no task more necessary than understanding them." And she concludes: "What women need and want--and it could make you cry--are men who are more disengaged from performance anxiety, who are gentler, looser, more relaxed. <sup>And</sup> if the nation's sex counselors are right, that is exactly what men need to become, for their own sakes...If women can withstand the forces that seek to dominate erotica--misogyny on one hand and moralism on the other --we may still find that pornography of today is both and exploitative and inhibited beginning."

During the past ten years psychologists, sexologists and sociologists with Phds or M.D.s after their names, together with hundreds of free lance writers with no academic credentials have analyzed and dissected every aspect of normal and abnormal human sexuality. Hundreds of detailed sex manuals and guides to the joy of sex have been published. Books have appeared devoted wholly to pre-marital sex, post-marital sex, old age sex, extra-marital sex, oral sex, anal sex, masturbation, women's orgasmic ability and lack of it, bi-sexuality, homosexuality, cohabitation, sex for pleasure, sex for recreation, an dsex without love. During the past few years,



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running out of female as subjects, at least a dozen books devoted to male sexuality have appeared mostly written by males\*. But then Nancy Friday, who after devoting two books to female sexual fantasies, (My Secret Garden and Forbidden Flowers) played tit for tat and crashed onto the bestseller list with Men in Love a total expose of male fantasies which were provided to her by three thousand or more men who responded to her advertising.

Whether reading about other people's sexual fantasies is sexually enlightening or not, there is no question that Nancy's books have become a treasure trove for poorly paid porn writers, popular novelists and producers of sexvids whose wildest imagination cannot approximate the supposedly real life fantasies of men and women.

Horrifying the ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup>inists, Nancy claims: "In my books on women's sexual fantasies, the single greatest theme that emerged was that of 'weak' woman being sexually dominated 'forced' by male strength to do this deliciously awful thing (note Nancy's hyperbole) made to perform that marvelous forbidden act, guiltlessly raped again and again." At the same time Nancy admits that she has yet to meet a woman who wouldn't run a mile from a real rapist. Countering women's fantasies, her research on the male contributors to her book (68% were under thirty years of age and 42% under 20) reveal that "Men's fantasies of overpowering women against their will are still the exception." But nevertheless while "men's love of women is filled with rage" according to Nancy, "observation shows that love wins out over rage." If you have never read a so-called Gothic novel, millions of which have been and are being sold to female audiences, rape followed by romance is the underlying theme. The lovely young heroine sexually abused by a wildly handsome male

captor, or lover, who eventually mends his ways, sees the light, adores her and eventually marries her til death do them part.

You are walking into the reception area of a modern nightclub. Disco music is playing. There is wall-to-wall broadloom carpeting, flowing fountains and naked women hostesses. The presumably mechanical robot head of a beautiful woman is sucking off any arriving male who offers her his penis. You can ejaculate in her mouth, if you wish, or sprinkle your jism over face. In the background you can see a pyramid of naked men and women sex making and sucking each other. At the top if can manage to wiggle over the naked flesh is a beautiful woman who snarls at you: "I said fuck me...you son-of-a-bitch. Fuck me hard! Fuck me! Shove that thing into me!" Below her another woman demands a real man. "Send me a fucking stud who knows how to fuck a lady." Now you're in the central ballroom. A female reporter is told by a guest that she "gets off on strangers." She is lying on a cushion waiting for you. A few yards away is another lovely woman who tells you she enjoys cock. All around you men with big erections and women with sinuous behinds and vulvas rubbing against them are dancing together. And now you are just a big penis. Inserted through a sheet on which is painted the red mouth of a woman you are aiming it at a woman's naked buttocks and she is telling you while she groans in pain "I love it. I want your cock in my ass. Shove it in. Shove it in harder." You are watching PLATO'S THE MOVIE... photographed in the former Plato's Retreat in Los Angeles but not to be confused with the reality... well, not quite!

In most erotic fiction and sexvids produced for men there is little or no romantic action between the fucker and the fuckee. The woman in these male fantasies are nearly as non verbal as the men, but their saving grace is that they adore the male penis. Actually they are in command of the male penis,<sup>2</sup> but most women who believe that pornography objectifies women evidently haven't watched many sexvids. <sup>In most of them</sup> Men are total sex objects with aching, swollen protuberances which can only be relieved by a woman's mouth. Sadly, not only in sexvids but in most of our fiction both our sexual and interpersonal relationships are caricatures of realities. So extensive are the male fantasies which Nancy Friday has reported in her book that she catalogues them and presents them in separate

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chapters: Masturbation Fantasies, Sharing Living Out Fantasies, Oral Sex Fantasies, Semen Fantasies, Anal Sex Fantasies, Starry Eyed Oedipus Fantasies, Water Sports Fantasies, and Voyeur and Exhibitionism Fantasies.

Perhaps without realizing it she has legitimized fantasy. It is continuously used as a presumably innocuous word to defuse pornography. Promos for many adult films use the word fantasy to create the impression in the censor's mind at least, that what happens in this particular film or sexvid has nothing to do with reality. Babylon Pink which won the Erotic Film Award in 1980 for best picture offers the middle class fantasies of the average American salesman and his wife. Our hero, confronting a haughty female buyer, recreates her. Suddenly, submissive, she comes around her desk lifts her skirt, raises her ass in the air and begs him to fuck her. While he is having this fantasy, back in their apartment his wife, staring down floors below the high rise in which she lives, sees a handsome fruit peddler and imagines a delightful orgy with him. When the story concludes, even though the viewer has seen it happen in detail, on his or her tube or theatre screen, he or she <sup>presumably</sup> knows it "ain't for real" and <sup>if you believe in Freudian psychoanalysis</sup> the daydreams matching his or her own have presumably provided some new kind of harmless catharsis.

Apologist for men's magazines, adult films and sexvids, who continuously offer open-mouthed women with lascivious can't-wait-for-your-prick expressions on their faces, insist they are simply portraying hidden, normal but unrelizable sexual desires. Presumably, fantasy releases the steam in the pressure cooker between men's legs. But the truth is that sex fantasies are really a byproduct of sexual sickness and sexual repression. I agree that seeing a woman raped

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in a sexvid won't turn the average man into a rapist, or watching a tape where the male enjoys women urinating on his face or in his mouth, or giving him an enema won't turn most men into a "waterpower addicts", but the continuous outpouring of paraphilia (sex beyond or subsidiary to love) inevitably has a Gresham law effect. Orgasm becomes the goal and the miracle of human flesh is devalued and degraded.

In the previous chapter I quoted from Feshbach's and Malamuth's article on Sex Aggression. Presumably, they proved in their experiments that males were not only aroused by reading pornography but it made them aggressive to boot. But, the experiment overlooked one fundamental condition. No one asked the men who said they would rape a woman (under the conditions of the story, and, if they could get away with it) if the men had had normal sex relations with a woman prior to reading the story--or for that matter when they last had sex with any woman. Note that I'm not saying masturbation--Feshbach didn't ask about that either--I'm saying normal sex relations. For a young male at the age of the participants in this experiment, normal would mean at least once a day, and if the male was in his late teens he should have enjoyed normal sex since he was seventeen, at least.

Unfortunately, in our sexually frustrated society being able to enjoy that kind of normality is not easy. As we have seen in our survey of visual sex from the beginning of time, very few societies have existed where sexual expression is a normal way of life. Thus, pornography--or simply writing or visualizing sex, becomes a by-product of sexual frustration. In this respect it's interesting to look at the age range of Nancy Friday's respondents to her book Men in Love. 68% of them were under 30. 82% under 50. Only 8% of

the men told Nancy their sexual fantasies were over 50 years of age. It's obvious that repressing the sexuality of younger men who were at the height of their sexual powers is equivalent to trying to dam a rapidly flowing river. It will spill over in every direction. And this raises the previous question in a different context. Would young men be obsessed by sexual fantasies, if they had a normal sex life? And there's even a more provocative question. Isn't the historic process of the male treating the female as a sex object, the result of sexual repression, and not the cause? Doesn't sexual repression lead to rage against women and sexual violence? If there's any truth in these suppositions then obviously feminists should change their approaches, and dare to propose a new kind of society where both men and women could become fully realized loving, caring, sexual persons. Not just in monogamous marriage, but prior to it, and extra-maritally from the ages of 17 until 70, and beyond. For the first time in human history, we have the techniques of communication with the masses which could make such a society possible-- Loving sexuality revealed visually on sexvids! So-for women who dare, ~~I think we~~ <sup>here is</sup> offer the first draft of a New Feminist Sexual Manifesto, ~~beginning~~ <sup>I+ comment</sup> with a long preamble to establish the direction, and with the belief that there are many women who will find it intriguing and pick up the ball and run with it. ~~There is~~. "In order to form a more perfect union of men and women, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, we hold that these truths are selfevident. All men and women are created equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of sexual happiness. Unfortunately, the mistaken belief that sexual repression is necessary for social

progress, and civilization itself has created a sexually sick society. Sex tease, sex exploitation, sexual frustration dominates our lives and lays the ground work for sex rage, sexual disgust, sexual inhibition and sex guilt, which motivates our interpersonal relationships from childhood to the grave. We believe that there are no substitutes for the wonder of flesh intimacy and sexual surrender to another person. We live in a society where sex educators and popularizers like Nancy Friday, give the impression that these sexual fantasies are <sup>a</sup> normal way to sublimate sex drives and that everyone experiences them. We disagree. We believe that most sexual fantasies are a product of sexual deprivation reinforced by religious and legal dogma that has deprived men and women of warm, loving, guiltless, mind-exchanging, playful body contact with the other sex from the time that they were children and first became aware of their burgeoning sexuality right through their later years and old age when sexual and dirty have become interchangeable words.

We believe that no normal man or woman fears the other sex, nor do men hate women, nor are they suppressing some inborn rage against them. Unfortunately, in the kind of civilization we have devised normal sexuality is no longer a gift of God. For hundreds of centuries religious and educational and political leaders have brainwashed us. Sexual bigots have used the fear of God to control men and women for their own political power. Religious theologies have infected normal human sexuality with an aura of sin, guilt and laid the foundation for abnormal adversary relationships between men and women which frequently erupted hatred and violence. After nearly two thousand years of Christianity, we are still saddled with these false doctrines which presumably are the word of God. On October 8, 1980, Pope John Paul II, continuing <sup>to</sup> to elaborate these sick theories of sexual repression. He warned men not to look lustfully at women.

"Adultery in your heart is committed," according to John Paul II, "not only when you look with concupiscence (strong or excessive sexual desire) at a woman who is not your wife, but, also, if you look in the same manner at your wife. The husband must not use his wife, her femininity to fulfill his instinctive desires...Concupiscence diminishes the perennial attraction of persons for interpersonal communication."

We believe that the Pope and many other sexual leaders who deny the natural erotic response of the male to the female body in marriage or outside of it, is underwriting sexual sickness as much as those who go to the opposite extreme and try to insist that sex without love, recreational sex is a fulfilling way of life. In many primitive societies which have escaped this kind of sexual sickness young girls and boys are free to express their sexual drives with each other from childhood. In societies where sexual repression doesn't exist where young people experience loving sexual contact with each other through their formative years, male female adversary relationships do not exist. Grown males do not have rape fantasies, and women do not, as some of our sex philosophers insist, need to be overpowered by a male in order to assuage their guilty sex needs.

We believe that men and women need to continually remind themselves that the artifacts of civilization, including religions, are simply an overlay that too often distorts our basic purpose for existence and our meaning as persons on this earth. Men and women exist to glorify their creator by perpetuating themselves. The only way to glorify God is not to forsake all others and try to find some ephemeral god that may be--but rather to love the only God revealed to us the sheer amazement of each other's existence. The act of sexmaking, procreative or not, is a worshipful process.

exalting the only god that we will ever know--each other. Everything on Earth exists because of sexual attraction, not in spite of it. Men and women copulating are a trinity. God--Man--Woman seeking merger with each other. This is a laughing, joyous fact of existence. Men may deny it and women deplore it but from the age of fifteen, and for the next sixty years of their lives men can't help themselves. They are genetically, God-conditioned and God-driven to immerse themselves in the flesh of women. And women who have been culturally conditioned to deny their need for the male body until they are safely married are driven by the same God-given genetic necessities.

And finally, we believe that at even deeper levels we all carry with us the blissful memory of the security and safety of the umbilical attachment to another person. And we believe that after a person leaves the womb, the only way this can be re-experienced is in the caring committed act of sex making. We believe that the safety of the penis and the vagina and the vagina embracing the penis re-enacts a person's original total involvement with his or her mother, and In later life we all attempt to recapture this sense of well being and total safety by tasting, sucking and immersing ourselves in each other's flesh. And we believe that every man and woman needs to re-experience this primal ecstasy daily throughout his or her life. Based on our beliefs, we are proposing a new kind of interpersonal sexual world. A world where penises and vaginas attached to laughing, loving brains will provide each other throughout life with a continuous rebirth.



## A NEW FEMINIST SEXUAL MANIFESTO...

You are in Paris watching a young woman unzip the pants of an even younger male. While the camera focuses on his ecstatic face and his clutching hands, she sucks his penis very delicately. Now, the woman is leaving her office and she arrives at a very expensive upper class party. Men congregating together are discussing sports--a polo game. Undismayed that everyone in the room is suddenly conscious of what she is doing, our heroine, sitting on a sofa, has inched back her dress and now you can see her masturbating. Now you have followed her home and her husband is with her: "Don't I satisfy you?" he demands angrily. She shrugs. "If your friends are disgusted, ask them about their wife's sordid activities." Now after taking a bath our heroine emerges pristinely clean and beautiful from the bathroom. Her husband is watching her lovely naked body. She stares at him beguilingly but lo and behold her pussy is talking. "Wake up you lazy son-of-a-bitch," it says, "I want to fuck." Then her pussy screams at her husband who is lying in bed waiting for her, "Did you hear me? I want to fuck. Don't listen to her, she knows your short comings--Wham Bang Thank you Ma'am! That's your style. I'm going to teach you how to get it up." You are watching PUSSY TALK a French made sexvid. Before you are finished the wife's pussy tells her husband how she was nearly raped by her stepfather which has caused his affliction and innumerable tales of the men that she has screwed both premaritally and post-maritally. Whenever her pussy talks it is in spite of her owner. Her talking pussy becomes a 'cause celebre' when a newsman catches her, after she is slightly drugged and pokes the microphone of a recording machine into her talking snatch.

Reading the preamble in the previous chapter, whether you are male or female, I hope you are still smiling. I have often been accused of proposing Utopian solutions to human problems but I would prefer to think that I am casting seeds on the wind. If nothing else this preamble points the way to a more exciting and more romantic and adventurous way of life. It also offers an antidote and eventual cure for the kind of sick visual sex making that could prevail in America unless women dare to propose new alternatives.

Modify it or embellish it in any way that you wish. It takes more than one person to create a "dancing god" and remember, you are not alone! If you toss out a lifeline and dare to propose a specific way to achieve a new world of sexual sanity, a lot of people are sure to grab it.

During the past quarter of a century millions of women, led by feminists have tried to achieve a more equitable balance of power in the world. Most of their efforts have coalesced around the demand for equal rights. If nothing else, today--with more than half of married women working in America, women have achieved the right to suffer male stress and discover that for the most men work has never been creative, but is a learned routine--necessary for economic survival. Before women, like Pavlov's dog, became so conditioned by the work ethic that they don't know how to play either, (sexmaking being play, too!) and finally, like men, are working for their own salvation, it's time women, and particularly their feminist leaders, offered a positive sexual philosophy that would free both men and women to really share the most important thing they have in life--the never ending wonder of each other.

So instead of being sex negative and villifying all the ugly nuances of centuries of patriarchal societies in hundreds of more books than they have already written I'm offering the following guidelines for a female, sex-positive approach to male-female relationships. If the feminists adopted them, in whole or in part, they might catalyze Western society with a new sense of purpose. At the same time they would lay the groundwork for a new kind of sexual equality based on women daring to challenge men, not with their similarities but their differences--both mental and physiological.

Feminists are already skilled at using the media to present their points of view. They have infiltrated the middle-of-the-road female magazines like Cosmopolitan, Redbook, McCall's, and they have their own flagship magazine of the movement Ms. In combination with the regular printed versions of all women's magazines, or new ones, I am proposing that the <sup>publishers of these magazines</sup> should offer monthly video-sex magazines which would bypass sex education in the high school. Using this approach feminists could launch a new kind of parental supervised sex education, in the home, with one or two hour long monthly sexvids. While video-sex magazines might be initiated on tape, as their audiences grew, video discs would probably become the preferred medium. In addition to the physiology and biology of sex education, these hour long discs could interweave a sex value education on several different levels. One level would be sexual values that would be immediately endorsed by millions of women. On another level, video disc magazines could explore human sexual potentials both on realistic premarital levels as well as new Utopian post-marital ones.

On the premarital level, to achieve the widest possible audience, feminist magazine editors could offer new educational sexvids with simple story lines which would show young teenagers falling in love, talking together about making love, and mutually exploring each other's bodies in playful loving ways. Using voice over, added later by the actors, they could give insights into their own feelings. Many of the story lines could show young male and females discussing both birth control and actually using condoms or diaphragms. The basic editorial stance of the video sex magazine would be that abortion is the last resort form of birth control. The story lines would agree that many young women would like to have a baby at some point in their lives, but conception should occur only when a woman

and her lover chooses.

The morality of premarital sex would not be questioned, but the immorality of having unwanted children would be. Incidentally, the morality of whether teenagers should see these kinds of sexvids or not is quickly answered by the 1979 research from Johns Hopkins University which reveal <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>44.8</sup> ~~forty-nine point eight~~ percent of ~~the~~ females from fifteen to nineteen years of age in metropolitan areas engaged in premarital intercourse. Although the researchers don't probe--these young women probably had sex with the seventy percent of the males in the same age bracket who were likewise experiencing their first sex making. In his book, Teenage Sexuality, Aaron Hass states that forty-two percent of the girls he surveyed and fifty-eight percent of the boys between fifteen and eighteen had seen one or two porno movies. He points out in a syndicated series which appeared in many newspapers: "Pornography fills the void created by the lack of education provided by parents and teachers. It is a source of education for most teenagers who have no one to talk with about sex." Which raises the questions you should ask yourself before you read further. Whether they be teenagers or young adults eighteen years or over: Are the kind of sick sex interpersonal values revealed on most sexvids today the way we want future generations to feel about their sexuality? Or do we dare really fight fire with fire?

Feminist sponsored video sex magazines would not question the morality of premarital sex but rather the immorality of having unwanted children. Offering sexvids to parents which they could share with their children and which actually showed teenagers sex making, learning intimate behavior together, and discussing interpersonal values is the only way to counteract the sick values that dominate

our society today, and provide the positive ones in their place. To be effective a New Feminist Sexual Manifesto must dare to offer healthy new sexual challenges to the younger generation as well as their parents.

To set the stage feminists could propose that actual sexual intercourse should be delayed until young men and women were at least seventeen, but prior to that age girls and boys should be encouraged to enjoy mutual touching and kissing of each other's bodies and genitals. Sexvid stories showing youngsters under seventeen bringing each other to orgasm, manually or orally, in a loving way would underscore this new approach to early sexual drives. In this framework here are some of the premarital guidelines which I believe feminists should endorse and which are not only basic but gradually would be approved by millions of women.

1. Girls and boys under the age of seventeen should not have sexual intercourse but they should enjoy sex play together, and they should enjoy all sports together. Group sport emphasis would be on games such as soccer, touch football, volleyball, hockey, basketball, etc., with the teams equally divided between male and female. Competition and rules for play could be based on skill rather than physical dominance or aggression. Locker rooms would be co-ed. Boys and girls would shower together and swim in the high school and YMCA pools together naked. Both boys and girls would be encouraged to notice the physical changes occurring in their bodies. Sexvid stories and sexvids produced in visual magazine format would project a sexual philosophy for this age in both fact

and fiction. Girls and boys <sup>under sixteen</sup> ~~can~~ kiss each other, fondle each other, play with each other's genitals and discover the delight and amazement of bringing each other to orgasm but only orally and manually.

An interesting <sup>side light</sup> ~~brought~~ on this new approach to child sexuality is John Money's observation in his book Love and Love Sickness; "The number of studies of the effect of depriving human infants and juveniles of sexual rehearsed play is exactly and precisely zero. Moreover, anyone who tried to conduct such a study would risk imprisonment for contributing to the delinquency of minors or for being obscene. Just imagine the headlines on the fate of a research grant application requesting funds to watch children play fucking games! Imagine by contrast headlines accusing parents, priests, teachers, of criminal neglect and abuses of children for depriving them of sexual rehearsal play or punishing them for it."

2. A young man's or woman's seventeenth birthday would become and important rite of sexual passage. Now, for the first time, with parental blessing, <sup>teen-agers</sup> ~~they~~ may have actual sexual intercourse. Sexvids that would be viewed by this age group, and even by their younger brothers and sisters as they approach seventeen, would explore in detail the various methods of contraception. They would show young men and women how to use the diaphragm or a condom so that it is inserted, or put on, in the presence of each other <sup>during</sup> ~~in~~ playful, <sup>loving</sup> interludes preceding <sup>the</sup> actual penetration of the male. Young males and females would learn how to prolong sex making and delay ejaculation for at least an hour prior to penetration and the use of a contraceptive. Laughter and failure at the male's inadvertant ejaculation

outside the vagina would be a joyful subject of discussion.

3. Prior to marriage, the use of the birth control pill would be discouraged, unless for some reason the young lovers were sex<sup>making</sup> daily. Via sexvids, young men and women would learn how to determine the female menstrual cycle and the <sup>relative</sup> ~~rate~~ of safety <sup>from menstruation</sup> ~~of certain times~~ during <sup>certain times</sup> ~~the~~ of the month, but only when <sup>made doubly safe by using</sup> ~~enjoyed with~~ a diaphragm or condom. In stories and factual treatment, getting pregnant would be shown as a socially irresponsible act. Should the necessity to have an abortion arise it would be a reflection of lack of caring and loving between sexual partners.
4. Sex<sup>making</sup> between young lovers in their parental homes would be an accepted fact of life. Young women and young men ~~would have~~ <sup>enjoy</sup> the privacy of ~~a~~ <sup>one</sup> room in their parental home. ~~or~~ If they ordinarily slept with siblings, there would be specified times when they could be alone with a member of the other sex. Parents would not attempt to keep tabs on the amount of sex<sup>making</sup> or the details of their children's premarital sex life. But they would be happy to offer interpersonal and sexual wisdom from their own experiences and they would never create awkward invasions of at-home sexual privacy.
5. Marriage, via sexvid stories, would be discouraged until a young man or woman were in their middle twenties. Story lines would continuously suggest that the five years between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two were a learning and development period in which young people should

experience at least four or five members of the other sex intimately and lovingly, both in the act of sexmaking and as companions. Since, for many people, this pre-marital period of their lives would occur while they were away at college, feminists would advocate co-ed rooming together and endorse undergraduate pre-marital education (along lines I have suggested in the Harrad Experiment and the Premar Experiments.) which would insure their children received a sexual values education and the opportunity to live with members of the other sex, and other races, not of their own choosing, on a rotational basis.

6. Via sexvid magazines and editorially in print, feminists would extol nudity and the concept of being naked, on one's own option, when it was personally and socially convenient to be naked. They would advocate and demand free beaches where people could swim and bathe together naked.
7. To defuse the lascivious and lustful aspects of human nudity and create a society which exalted the human body <sup>feminists</sup> ~~they~~ would encourage local and national beauty contests sponsored by organizations of all kind which would choose the most beautiful naked men and women. Qualifications for physical beauty would be weighted in such a way to de-emphasize so called perfect female or male shapes and would make it possible for women with pretty faces but with other less provocative sexual features, or vice versa to win. A Prototype for such beauty contests now exist and have been held for the past seven years at the Seminole Health Club, Davie, Florida.\*

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\* A very laughing, joyous hour long tape of the proceedings, Miss Nude Florida, 1980, is available from Broadcast Quality, Inc. , 7800 S. W. 57th Avenue South Miami, Florida 33143



Any woman can enter the contest. The participants appear first in evening gowns, then in a one-piece bathing suit, and finally naked. Via sexvids and personal attendance the emphasis on naked beauty contest would be on the delight and wonder of the human body, and, of course, stage designers and photographers and cinematographers could compete for the most aesthetic portrayals of the human body at rest and in motion. While David Clark, President of Broadcast Quality insists that the <sup>video</sup> ~~tape~~ of Miss Nude Florida, 1980 "wouldn't turn on an ant", feminists would disagree. ~~If~~ <sup>now</sup> Viewed both subjectively and objectively the human body, is a lovely <sup>sexual</sup> turn-on ~~sexually~~ which is equal or superior to any <sup>other</sup> aesthetic experience. ~~The~~ <sup>participants</sup> in naked beauty contests would laughingly respond to the sexual implications and encourage the <sup>natural</sup> ~~natural~~ underlying sexual feelings ~~by~~ <sup>of</sup> seeing men and women naked. Both male and female participants, individually and together, would be required as a condition of winning a contest to be evaluated on their ability to dance erotic dances, using music of their own choosing. Many would no doubt be intrigued to offer rare versions of ancient primitive and ethnic folk dances which were danced both for sexual provocation and invitation. Some naked beauty contests would be held where two winners, a male and female (lovers who had entered the contest) could compete for the most erotic preliminary to lovemaking, within predefined limits of three to five minutes. So that the live audiences of these contests could see the participants faces and bodies in detail, cinematographers would be recording the action

in process on the stage with multiple video camera hook-ups, from their point of view, and projecting the simultaneous recording they were making on big screens over the stages.

8. ~~Since~~ Extolling the human body would be basic to the New Feminist Sexual Manifesto. The continuous emphasis of feminists would be to keep one's physical body in good shape throughout one's life. Naked physical play and exercise, such as tennis, golf and bowling, frisbee, throwing etc. together with controlled caloric eating would be a fun life-style. Since substituting food for sex in later married life now creates a vast middle-age society of sexless women, feminists would continuously propagandize that women who maintained their weight could extend their active sex lives to seventy years or more and have lovers, young and old, to enjoy themselves with (See below). To encourage life-long sexual fitness, sexvids would be offered of naked beauty contests for men and women in separate age groups. 20 to 30 year olds, 40 to 50 year olds, and 60 and above would compete against each other in their particular age groups. Many stories in fact and fiction would be offered via <sup>sexvids to</sup> ~~sex for~~ showing warm, loving, explicit sex between older lovers. They would prove conclusively that older women who <sup>now</sup> have slightly sagging breasts do not necessarily have to have bulging stomachs and bulbous behinds.

Before I examine the New Feminist Sexual Manifesto at the post-marital level, let me underscore the potential joy of physical sexual health with a pervasive male fantasy that none of her correspondents admitted to Nancy Friday, but is known to practically every producer

of sexvids. Millions of men past thirty daydream of sex with young women. Some feminists confuse this teenage-lover fantasy with child porn. Granted that sexvids have been made with girls under sixteen, ~~and~~ Obviously adult males engaging in sex with girls who are still in their puberty is sick. But keep in mind based on a John Hopkins 1979 research study, mentioned previously, 49.8% of all girls between 15 and 19 have had sexual intercourse. In 1976 the average age for females who had experienced sex was 16.4 years. Older people who see a sexvid with young girls in ~~it~~<sup>them</sup> gasp in shock. Presumably, the girls are all over eighteen, but thanks to make up and hair styles, facially and bodily, they look sixteen years or under. (See Little Girls Blue, as one example).

Despite the physical evidence in front of them of matured breasts, and hirsute deltas many people think this is child porn. And, of course, feminists see this kind of sexvid as one further example of male perversion. Gloria Steinem, who I'm sure would put many of the teenage sexvids in the category of child porn accuses "obsessed power hungry purchasers of child pornography of being convinced of the need and permission to be violent, <sup>and</sup> to conquer sexually, and <sup>with</sup> a false superiority inflicted on men in order to perpetuate the male's dominant system."

But more likely the male enjoyment of young women is actually remembrance of things past. Every <sup>man</sup> past thirty has fond recollections of the breath-taking day or night that the first girl--woman (and perhaps the last) kissed him with tears of love in her eyes and told him that she adored him, and couldn't live without him and he knew that he couldn't live without her, and he remembers <sup>her</sup> ~~the~~ trim, flat stomached, full breasted, round-behinded, agile, body without an inch of fat on it. And he remembers the sheer ecstasy of touching her ~~and~~

kissing her almost sacred flesh while she admired and played with his rock hard penis. The fantasy lives on for many men throughout their lives, I have no doubt there are equivalent male fantasies of a woman's first lover (perhaps <sup>over</sup> the man she is now married to who has gone to seed) and she remembers his once muscular hard-stomached body and lean sharp-jawed face. Female fantasies haven't surfaced yet in sexvids, but they most certainly will. But the prevalence of male desire to relive his youth is revealed in the titles of fifty or more adult films which are available as sexvids. Teenage Bikers, Teenage Lovers, Teenage Nurses, Teenage Cowgirls, Teenage Cruisers, Teenage Housewives, Teenage Sex Kittens, are just a few with Teenage in their titles. Many more such as Lollypop Pals, Little Angels, Girl Scout Lovers, High School Honeys, Bad Girls, and Little Girls Blue reveal the consistant male fantasy.

~~These~~ Women who still look like girls, in these sexvids, evoke memories of ~~the woman~~, breathless, nubile, first love. Where are the snows of yesteryear? Instead of violence against women, many paunchy men, past thirty, are wistfully daydreaming of the teenage girl they could carry. The girls who could never get enough kissing and touching and who adored ~~him~~ <sup>them</sup> with words dipped in honey instead of sour acid. ~~Instead, they now have feminists who have shattered their fragile egos and~~ <sup>Instead, they now have feminists who have shattered their fragile egos and</sup> ~~feminists refuse to adore men and many of them~~ are so intent on equality and being treated like a male that they have become as erotically uninspiring ~~as their male bosses and supervisors.~~ <sup>as their male bosses and supervisors.</sup> ~~Many~~ feminists don't seem to realize that most men don't have many male friends. Men are competing with men, not for women, but <sup>with each other</sup> for economic survival. Most men don't trust each other, <sup>do they even</sup> Nor <sup>do they even</sup> establish Damon and Pythias relationships. On the contrary, most men prefer <sup>feminine</sup> women as friends and confidants, but ~~they~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~want~~ the psuedo-male woman. If feminists dared, ~~to read the way~~ they could show men that a woman in

her thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, is really the same and even better sex companion, who adored them in their teens--but not if he has become<sup>a</sup> phlegmatic and flabby-stomached, beer breathed watcher of the television tube <sup>to whom</sup> and she has responded by becoming tubbily sex-negative.

You are somewhere in Southeast Asia in 1968. A woman with an eye patch is leading you (male and naked into a compound where Ming Lee, a Chinese Red is lying naked ready to fuck you. When you mount her, the most beautiful Oriental woman you've seen, your female guardian stabs you with a trench knife and Ming Lee enjoys an excruciatingly slow orgasm as your blood drips on her body and she rubs it laciviously over her breasts and delta. Will you die bleeding to death in your last fuck? Now you're in San Francisco. The time is the present. You have survived. You are being recruited to investigate the infamous Colonel Krieg who went native during his Vietnam career, shrunk human heads, and copulated with all and sundry. He finally was captured by the U.S. Army and sent to the looney bin. But now he is loose again living in middle class tenement in San Francisco and he is running a menage that makes the Marquis de Sade look like small change. Can you apprehend him? You meet his daughter outside the house. After saving her from being molested, she invites you into the horror chambers where she is immediately accosted by a black man dressed in Vietnamese uniform. He rips off her clothes. Forcing her to suck his big dick he slaps her silly while she's screaming in fear but occasionally looks at him with orgasmic ecstasy. Then, after this weird charcter has knocked you unconscious thus prevented you from intervening, you hear the infamous daughter who has been beaten to a moaning pulp by her assailant sigh and tell him; "OH, man, that was the best fuck yet!" And you discover that it's all part of an act. You are watching CHINA de SADE. Before you finish, you'll start asking questions like: "I love watching Ming Lee being laid--but why do I thrill when they hurt her? Why did it make my pleasure so much intense? " And now you're watching Ming Lee, your Chinese Communist Lover trying to escape the mad Colonel Krieg. He takes out a revolver and shoots her. The blood is flowing over her naked pussy. Suddenly you go crazy and with a rifle shoot everyone including the Colonel and his mad entourage. Then, once again, you find the Colonel's daughter. ~~Seriously~~ <sup>seriously</sup> you rip off her clothes. "Suck my cock you bitch...I'm going to choke you to death with it, you fucking bitch. I'll shove it in your mouth until you die!"-- and she does! To your horror you've murdered everyone in this horrible house. But wait--suddenly they all reappear. The bullets were blank! It's all a game... a delicious fantasy in which you have discovered how much

pain contributes to sexual pleasure.

Using the mass visual communication made possible by sexvids feminists can show both single and married women past thirty, how to dare to use their bodies as well as their minds to pleasantly eroticize all men before, after, and during marriage and make romance a continuous part of their lives. This is not so far-fetched as it may sound. Reality and the potential<sup>of new erotica now male-female relationships</sup> are constantly converging today.

During the month of October, 1980, the story of Mary Cunningham, the ill-fated Vice President of Bendix and her boss and mentor William Agee, President of the company jarred the corporate world of America. The true story of William and Mary immediately became a focal issue for feminists, proving that they were not winning the battle of female equality in the work place. Fortune magazine (Nov. 3, 1980) reported: "Corporate executives in the United States have been accused of almost everything imaginable except having romances. Now that the inevitable has finally happened, the business world is atwitter."

With overtones of the Prince Edward and Wally Simpson story yet to surface, Gail Sheehy pounced on the story. At the very latest Gail's retelling of the William and Mary affair lays the groundwork <sup>a</sup> for a controversial movie. She and many other female writers such as Ellen Goodman accuse the male patriarchal society of Mary's downfall. Presumably in male dominated corporations, no young woman (Mary was twenty-nine) could rise on her mental merits alone. William appointed her Vice President of Strategic Services with an office next to him, and announced in fifteen months after Mary had arrived at Bendix: "She is the most vital and important person within the company and has played an important part in conceptualizing strategy."

Unfortunately, the Vice Presidents that he bypassed and fired together with hundreds of other males down the line, obviously didn't think so. They were positive that no woman could advance so fast in the business (or artistic world) unless the trade-off was sex. Leaving aside for a moment that during her meteoric rise at Bendix, Mary was separated from her husband and William divorced his wife, and accepting their statement that there was no romantic interest between them--somehow Gloria Steinem got involved. She telephoned William and he agreed (obviously he is a man who enjoys playing with fire) that she could lobby his board of directors, all of whom, according to Gail Sheehy, Gloria knew. Her "knowing" was limited to the fact that she had addressed them a year previously on women in the workplace. While this was happening, Mary admitted publicly that Bill's divorce and her separation from her husband, and his relatively young age (he was made President of Bendix, a three billion dollar annual sale top Fortune Company four years before at the age of 38) coupled with Mary's even younger age and her sudden promotion to sit at the right hand of God, plus the fact that Bendix was in a state of corporate flux because William was trying to reinvent Bendix, all contributed to the uproar.

But then Mary fell back on the tried and true feminist gambit. "What is not isolated," she told Gail Sheehy, "is that the male corporate world and most of the public still holds to the preconception that says the only way women could achieve the unusual is by using their sexual favors. The degree to which my case shows the prejudice is still operating, I find appalling...the underlying issues here are something in the air of every living room in America whether it be a 40 year old housewife who's raised three kids and feels herself victimized to a degree because she hasn't lived the

full life, all the way to the 21 year old professional woman who's afraid that she can never get married and have children because men just don't understand her drive."

Gloria Steinem's reaction--"I hope they are sleeping together"--as reported by Gail Sheehy<sup>N</sup> is much more realistic and intriguing. Mary Cunningham's totally current-day feminist position is unrealistic. Even if she weren't a avery pretty woman, she is a woman. Assuming that men in the business or professional world<sup>can or</sup> should relate to women in their daily contacts, exactly as they do the men, and admire them for their brains, but have no sexual compulsions toward them is as silly as trying to turn men into some kind of androgynous creatures who can emote like women and assume women's roles. We may all be androgynous within the larger physical genetic limitations that condition our basic drives but most men are totally unable to separate a woman's brain from her over all femininity. William Agee probably has stronger feminine leanings than some men and his male nurturance drives toward women are obviously protective, ~~but~~ My own feeling as a Harvard Business School graduate (both William and Mary are alumnus of that institution)--and I'll wager it's true of many of my peers as well as the younger generation--is that a woman's brains are just as challenging a part of her sexual attraction as her breasts and vulva. For many men the joy of involvement with women like Ma<sup>ry</sup> is not to conquer them in bed but the sheer<sup>joy and</sup> amazement of having this kind of woman<sup>happy</sup> riding your penis or snuggled in your arms. A female with whom you are able to talk both before, during and after sex making on your own mental level. Playboy Bunny types beware! Lovely bodies without brains behind them, women incapable of catalyzing their lover's minds, ultimately are boring to be with. In ancient societies, men had haeterae and courtesans. In coming years<sup>to offer a New Sexual Manifesto</sup> feminists dare<sup>!</sup> millions of women could play the dual role of



corporate friend and lover.

For this reason I really believe that the following post-marital guidelines for a New Feminist Sexual Manifesto reflect what really 'is in the air in every livingroom in America.' No doubt if Mary Cunningham reads them she will be shocked at their implications. But one thing is certain if feminists propose these new approaches to post-marital sexuality which tie in closely with the previous premarital proposals, they would be laying the foundations for a loving sex positive society.

1. Using their magazines and new sexvids, feminists could endorse a new kind of legal pair bonding which encompassed sexual expression with more than one member of the other sex during a lifetime marriage. Secondary relationships, when and if desired would exist simultaneously with the primary relationship and would not trigger anger or divorce. These secondary relationships would not be one night-stands nor fast sexmaking on a Saturday night with swingers. They would be secondary commitments. In my novel, Thursday, My Love, I have called them synergamous marriages which would not be legal per se, but would be social commitments (church approved, if desired) to loving, caring relationships, and not necessarily a monetary commitment to another person. They would exist in addition to the primary pair bond. In his book, Eve's New Rib, Robert ~~Francis~~ur has called these "satellite relationships." Jim Ramey in his book of the same name has called them "Intimate Friendships." My feeling is that millions of primary pair bonds, or

what we now refer to as monogamous marriages, after five to ten years of sexual fidelity could encompass another person or persons who in all probability would be in a primary pair bond themselves. These intimate friendships would have no legal status but they would be spouse approved, and they would be self-limiting. One pair bond and one synergamous marriage (satellite or intimate relationship, at a time, being all the average man or woman would have time for. During a lifetime marriage the original pair bond might be involved in three or four intimate friendships chronologically but not simultaneously. If this concept were endorsed by feminists it would not be just for the enjoyment of multiple sexual intimacies over a long marriage but because in addition it would be a mind expanding, lifetime learning and self discovery experience for many couples.

These intimate friendships, socially validated in synergamous ceremonies would go far beyond "open marriage." A definite structure is involved. If they became a way of life, there would be times when only one member of the original pair bonding was involved in a synergamous relationship. But the additional person (or persons, if both spouses were involved) would be accepted into the basic marriage with the understanding that this intimate sexual friendship (or friendships) was not threatening to the original pair bond, but rather the satellites which were now included in the relationship would be caring friends of both persons of the original pair bonding.

While marital jealousy would be minimized, of course, it would still be a factor to triumph over. These multiple relationships

would offer endless potential for sexvid stories, fictional or factual, dealing with the interpersonal problems that would occur. Sexvid stories would show how synergamy could coexist with monogamy particularly if most cases it had built in restrictions such as monetary responsibility, avoidance of secondary parenthood, and a caring feeling toward the other spouse.

A recent CBS report on the Saudi Arabians give a side light on how different style structured marital relationships can be woven into the social fabric without occasioning jealousy. Interviewing numerous <sup>young</sup> very modern Arab women the CBS reporter asked how they could accept polygamy into their lives. "It is better," one woman responded, "that my husband have two or three wives than <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ or three girlfriends. I know these women. They are part of my life." Another young woman replied: "Our men can only have two or more wives if they love them all equally." When questioned if a man can do this she smiled, "Of course, why not?" Unlike polygamy which is male oriented, synergamy provides an enlarged interpersonal and sexual structure for both men and women.

If the story of Mary Cunningham and William Agee is told in a fictionalized television drama, it will probably conform to current morality. That means it can not conclude except in an approved American style of tandem-polygamy or divorce and remarriage. The present socially approved marital structure is that one can have many spouses in a lifetime, but only one at a time. Imagine on the other hand, a different social structure where the William and Mary of a fictional sexvid story could tell their spouses that they really liked each other very much, and in their daily work they reinforced and catalyzed each other. But their involvements, sexual and otherwise, was not "instead of" but "in addition to" their love

of their spouses. (Incidentally, in reality, Mary Cunningham's husband was black which adds an exciting dimension to the story.) If this kind of post-marital world were endorsed by feminists, William and Mary could now validate their relationship in a spouse approved synergamous marriage. Imagine the potential for women in the business world! It's well known that Presidents and Chairmen of top corporations exist in a lonely, dog-eat-dog, competitive environment where they don't dare to reveal themselves and have few, if any, close confidants. If synergamous relationships were socially approved then two-way male, female relationships within corporations could develop naturally with the man (assuming that most top corporate jobs are held by men) acting as mentor to a young woman, and, she unafraid of normal male-female relationship, could catalyze him. In a sexually sane world men and women who were involved in the corporate world could be intimate friends and express themselves intimately with each other as a natural extension of their relationship.

Straws in the wind reveal that many people, right now, are seeking intimate friendships with or without spouse approval. Here are a few typical personals which appear weekly in the New York Review of Books from the November 6, 1980 issue. "LA WOMAN, married, 37, classy and attractive, seeks outside amusement with aggressive achieving man. Prefers toughness tempered with taste and an appreciation of the arts. Business regularly takes her to San Francisco and NYC." or "I am 34, easy going, attractive, athletic, married physician, Jewish, anticipating comfortable sincere relationship with married woman to help broaden the confines of traditional marriage, Boston area," or "Married man, 44, good looking, seeks married woman 30-50 for discreet relationship."

2. At the same time that feminists were endorsing synergamous relationships, and proposing that other post-marital groupings, such as menage a trois, or two and three couple corporate marriages be legalized, basic to all their premarital and post-marital proposals feminists could call for a Return-to-Romance in male and female relationships. And they could propose that the peak experience of being in love, (which may be impossible to sustain for any length of time) is recapturable on a regular

basis. Feminists would insist that if we dare we can all learn how to create environments and two way mental rapport between men and women that would make this evanescent experience much more predictable. At the very least, sexual merger would frequently become a joyous escape into ecstasy and sexvid stories would extol this occurrence.

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Two books appeared in 1980, Dorothy Tennov's Limerence and Love and Nathaniel Branden's The Psychology of Romantic Love which reveal how basic the need to love and to be reaffirmed by another person is. While Dorothy Tennov doesn't link limerence (Her word) with a peak experience, but rather uses it to define temporary addiction for another person, her definition of limerence points the underlying psychological experience which initially, at least, is filled with joy. "Limerence", she writes: "A constellation of features constituting an experience that has certain "wholeness" about it. One thing is certain limerance is not mere sexual attraction...sex is neither essential nor in itself, adequate to supply the limerant need. But sex is never entirely excluded in the limerent passion either. Limerence is a ~~desire~~<sup>act</sup> for more than sex, and a desire in which the sexual<sub>act</sub> may represent the symbol of highest achievement: reciprocation. Reciprocation expressed through the physical union creates the ecstatic blissful condition called "the greatest happiness" and the most profound glorification of the limerent aim."

Nathaniel Branden's definition of romantic love is: "A passionate spiritual-emotional-sexual attachment between a man and a woman that reflects a high regard for the value

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of each other's person." Branden develops the "reciprocation" element of male female confirmation of each other at some length." All positive interactions between human beings produce the experience of visibility to a degree," he writes, "the climax of that possibility is achieved in romantic love... when we encounter a person who thinks as we do, who notices what we notice, who values the things we value, who tends to respond to different situations as we, not only do we experience a strong sense of affinity with such a person but we can also experience ourself through our perception of that person. This is another form of experience, object=ivity...this is another form of experiencing psychological visibility.. The experience of visibility then, is not merely a function of how another person responds to us, it is also a function of how the person responds to the world. These considerations apply equally to all instances of visibility, from the most casual encounter to the most intense love affair."

Obviously, at the moment story lines of current sexvids (when there <sup>two can</sup> ~~be one~~) do not concern themselves either with the 'reciprocation' or 'visibility' and as such offer nothing to fill the psychological need for romance. On the contrary, they debase and vulgarize flesh attraction and body merger and sex making. Thus feminists really only have two choices. They can continue to try to censor adult films and sexvids out of existence for their over all demoralizing effect on society or they can remoralize love and sex, <sup>offering their own</sup> ~~and using~~ sexvids <sup>that can</sup> ~~of their own creating really~~ give the average man and woman

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something to aspire to: Romantic--reciprocal--spiritual--  
emotional--explicit sex should be a major content of all the  
arts. For some feminists who have embraced a shrugging  
sex without love philosophy or who approve of non committed  
recreational sex this approach <sup>work</sup> ~~work~~ require a complete  
turnabout. But the potential for exploring romantic <sup>love</sup> and  
limerence in sexvid story and fact <sup>and</sup> revealing how proximity  
and repetition in male and female relationship lowers the  
level of high emotional states <sup>as well as</sup> ~~and~~ the teaching how-to's of a  
continuous romantic love (Nathaniel Branden's approaches are  
basic) is much more sex positive than most current feminist  
thinking.

You are watching a handsome young executive arriving  
home from New York in his New York city apartment.  
Roaming through the rooms he calls his wife Jill. Then  
he finds a note she has left. She's gone shopping with  
her mother. The doorbell rings. Jack opens it and a  
blowzy blonde bursts in:

"What happened to you, you scumbag? You owe me fifty  
dollars. I came here to fuck. It's going to cost you  
fifty dollars to get rid of me. What do you want a  
blow job?...A trip around the world?...I think I'll  
piss on you!"

"I know what you want," Jack replies, "you want my  
hard cock down your throat. I'll fix you you fucking  
cunt." The blonde is now naked. "I'll bet you're  
dying to get my cock in your mouth and feel my balls  
flipping against your chin. How many cocks have you  
had in your snatch today? How did they feel?"

"Oh I had a lot of cocks today," the blonde replies,  
getting ready to suck Jack's. "One after another.  
They came all over my face. It felt so good!"

"Okay bitch, get down on your hands and knees, I want  
you to beg for it! Undress me. Tell me how much you  
love my cock!"

"Oh I want your cock, I want to choke on it?"

"Oh that's nice. Suck that cock? Get it all the way  
into your mouth. Suck that fucking cock! Get down  
on your back. I'm not going to fuck you until you  
say fuck me, please!"

"Oh yes...yes...fuck me, you son of a bitch!"

"Okay you've got it now you fucking cunt whore. Do



you feel it getting bigger...filling your cunt? Here's the hot cum you've been waiting for. I'm going to spray it all over your tits."

"You bag of shit you're nothing but a fucking bastard. Now you can eat my pussy you prick. Get your tongue in there. Lick it! It's better than your cock...on you lovely cunt sucker!"

You are watching JACK AND JILL. The blowsy blonde when she tears off her wig is really Jill and is a dark brunette. This is only one of the games that these young marrieds play in this sexvid which includes wife swapping and playing slave with and to various strangers who happen by. When you're not laughing, you may cry a little. It's not very romantic.

If feminists wish to eliminate sexual repression and sexual violence that is reflected not only in the sexually sexvids but in much of our story telling media today they should endorse legalized prostitution. So here is another fundamental guideline for a New Feminist Manifesto.

3. In place of street prostitution and brothels Nevada-style feminists should propose legalized sexual companionship homes run by a husband and wife team legally approved by the State which employed male and female surrogates. They should also endorse a free from venereal disease licensing program. There are many ways to devise such a program and it might not completely eliminate venereal disease but it would minimize and control it. For example, compulsory FVD licenses could be issued for 12 months. Everyone in the United States fifteen years or older would be required to have a medical examination which would be renewed annually and thus would receive their freedom from disease license. Persons with gonorrhea or syphilis should be given immediate no cost, government sponsored medical treatment, with the FVD license withheld if a person had venereal disease until he or she was cured. The fee would be nominal--say five dollars. While there would inevitably be

people who would flaunt the law and not bother to get such a license, two people sex making for the first time would become effective vigilantes over each other since the existence of a license would make it possible for them to laughingly confirm that they were free from venereal disease.

Half the revenues from FVD licensing would go to the state to underwrite the initial cost of sexual companionship homes. These homes would eliminate brothels and minimize street prostitution. Many over-sized homes, built around the turn of the century, were abandoned nursing homes and hospitals could readily be converted to sexual companionship homes. They would be managed by a husband and wife graduate psychology team. In addition to offering sexual companionship would also provide sexvid entertainment and discussion and sexual learning behavior in ground floor sitting rooms.

Supervised by husband and wife teams, the homes would employ males and females between the ages of twenty to fifty who would provide intimate companionship and normal vaginal and oral sex. Surrogates would be paid the current highest hourly rate equivalent to that paid to industrial workers in industries such as the automobile or steel manufacturing. If, for example, this rate was fifteen dollars an hour, the services of a surrogate for an hour would be fifteen dollars. Appointments could be made in person to the managers of the Sexual Companionship Homes who would conduct a quick friendly interview with the purchaser. Surrogates would be available for one or two hours or for an entire evening to enjoy sex with, talk and sleep with in private rooms with the home. An eight hour evening with a surrogate would cost twenty-five percent less than the hourly rate. (Example:  $8 \times \$15 = \$120 - \$24 = \$96$  for an evening). Surrogates would be limited to five sex partners

a week and would have had several days of prior class instruction by the husband and wife team. They would be taught how to offer a caring sexual relationship for an hour or longer with a stranger. The surrogate would receive two thirds of the \$15 or \$10 an hour. The difference would go to the maintenance of the home and payment of the husband and wife team salaries. Appointments with sex companions could only be made through the husband and wife team. The purchaser would not meet the surrogate prior to his or her appointment. But he or she would be guaranteed that the surrogate was in good physical health. Obviously, if a particular surrogate and purchaser

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liked each other, they might meet outside the <sup>Sexual Companion in Home</sup> home, and enjoy normal sexual freedom with no monetary exchange. In some cases ~~even~~ intimate pair bonding might ensue. All paid-for-sex, outside state supported, or state regulated homes (most homes would probably be self supporting) would be illegal and subject to prosecution as they ~~now~~ <sup>today</sup> are in most states.

In essence, if feminists <sup>would</sup> endorse a national program of this kind they would not only be defusing sexual repression but they would be providing sexual outlets for millions of men and women who are now sexually deprived because of age or lack of <sup>a</sup> suitable sexual companion. There are ten million widows in the United States and millions of men and women who are single and for many reasons do not wish to make a sexual commitment to one person. Incidentally, many older men and women might find that becoming sexual surrogates themselves was an antidote for human loneliness.

INDENT → 4. Feminists would challenge all existing religions to acknowledge their sexual origin and they would not only endorse normal pair-bonding for Catholic priests, but would encourage priests, rabbis, and ministers (male and female) to incorporate human sexuality into their worship programs. While there are hundreds of thousands of churches in this country and innumerable religious cults, there is no religion that focuses on the sheer wonder of male and female attraction, and the amazement of procreativity and the joyous potential of human loving. There is no religion which ultimately might produce a completely new kind of liturgy and eucharist or rejoicing to go along with it. Feminists would insist that sex become a sacrament. Incorporating human sexuality into a revised sacramental meaning is not so difficult as it may sound.

As William James pointed out, in every religion there is some sort of awareness of what is called divine. Sacraments, of which the Catholic Church has seven, most Protestant churches two, and the Jews the Ark and Covenant (which definitely has sexual symbolic overtones) are spiritual experiences and represent divine realities. The seven sacraments of Catholicism are: Baptism, Confirmation, The Eucharist (spiritual communion with God by eating the bread and drinking wine), Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony.

Feminists should insist that the Sexual Merger is a sacrament, and that it could be easily blended into a new interpretation of the sacrament of marriage for Catholics as well as Protestants. The most important sacrament, for those who believe that humans can experience the flesh and blood of Christ, is the Eucharist. It could be easily be readapted to include a spiritual sexual interpretation. The potential for revitalizing sexual spiritual interest is enormous. According to a study made by Gallup, there are sixty million Americans with no church affiliation. Religions which embraced a humanistic theology and a fundamental belief that individual man and individual woman is the only manifestation of Him that any of us will ever experience and that a man and a woman can recapture the essence of God in the act of sex, would attract many unchurched Americans. The symbol of such churches might be an idealized naked man and a naked woman standing together--joined in total sexual embrace. If there is a God, then the essence of God is love. His symbol is the merger of the penis and vagina. Priests, rabbis, and ministers could teach that a man and woman, searching for God, ecstasy, or a return to cosmic essence could find it most easily in the act of love.

5. Using sexvids, cable television channels, and every

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form of the media which they can control or co-opt, feminists would continuously expose devalued human sexuality in any form that it appeared.

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↓  
They wouldn't hesitate to use any of the sexvids made in the past of new ones, or those listed in the Filmography of this book and offer excerpts from them with voice-over-commentary. But in doing so they wouldn't <sup>in their own sexvid</sup> show anger or rage at the sad, sick-sex being portrayed. <sup>never</sup> Rather they would respond with ~~and~~ laughter at the poor, neglected, frustrated male audience, who for one reason or another were unable to experience flesh merger with women who would really care for them, <sup>women who were</sup> ~~and were~~ just as sexually hungry as any woman actress in these sexvids presumably are. ¶ Using especially created sexvids and their magazines, feminists would review all current adult films, sexvids, commercial Hollywood and network television, and current novels which portrayed sexual devaluation and sexual objectivization of both <sup>the</sup> male and female and <sup>they would</sup> do it not in a censorial way but insisting that the only sexual salvation for men and women would be to adopt <sup>their</sup> a new sexual manifesto. And where <sup>ever</sup> sex merger did not reflect sexual celebration and <sup>sex</sup> exaltation, feminists would ridicule it and laugh it out of existence. They ~~would~~ even interview ~~many of the~~ women who were starring in porn films and show cuts from these films in their magazines and on sexvids. In all probability, as I have shown in Chapter 12 many of the female porn stars would become enthusiastic allies of the feminists.

No indent In their half hour weekly public broadcast program (October 1980) Roger Ebert and Gene <sup>Siskel</sup> ~~Shere~~ showed one approach that feminists could take in attacking the commercial Hollywood sick sex product which is often far worse than many current adult films and in the late 1980s was flooding the suburban movie houses. Lumping together what they called the women-in-danger films Ebert and <sup>Siskel</sup> ~~Shere~~ offered short excerpts from the following R rated films: Don't Go In The House,

The Howling, Boogeyman, Phobia, Friday the 13th, Mother's Day,  
Silent Screen, and I Spit on your Grave, not all by any means of  
the films which seem to have a new common denominator. They por-  
tray ~~ed~~ women screaming in abject terror. All of these movies which  
were well patronized at the box office show women being repeatedly  
stabbed by manical killers, tied up in closets, attacked with knives.  
beaten, gagged, tortured, sliced up bleeding and raped (offscreen).  
They, also, reflected a new technique with the victim being watched  
through the eyes of the killer which Ebert and Siskal pointed out  
makes male audience identification with the killer very much easier.  
They asked if the films were so popular because they represent a  
coalesced dream of revenge from men who are angry with women and  
didn't know how to cope with them. <sup>of</sup> The films all exploit women in  
various stages of undress, <sup>and</sup> who from the standpoint of many men <sup>are thus,</sup> ~~were~~  
"asking for it". Presumably the films ~~are~~ catering ~~ing~~ to a subtle male  
anger against the new liberated, aggressive woman. While Ebert and  
Siskal <sup>pin</sup> pointed the <sup>sexual</sup> ~~sickness~~ <sup>of these films</sup> in their half-hour survey, they really  
muffed it when they applauded the movie Halloween which has now  
become so profitable that it is repeated annually in October, and, <sup>if course?</sup> ~~there~~  
<sup>a</sup> sequel is being made. While the same women-in-danger element appears  
in Halloween, they applauded this particular film since it was artist-  
ically produced. Whether great art can excuse subject matter is a  
problem I <sup>have already</sup> ~~explored~~ <sup>explored</sup> in ~~an earlier~~ <sup>chapter</sup>. But there <sup>is</sup> certainly ~~is~~ no  
question that Ebert and Siskal's condemnation of these movies was  
appropriate. ~~Why~~ Unfortunately, no program on Public Broadcas ting  
which is still restricted in showing details <sup>and</sup> ~~of our~~ <sup>from sex</sup> ~~ex~~ movies and  
which reaches a limited audience, can stem the tide of sexual degrad-  
ation. And no program, <sup>and no article, magazine, book, sermon or public flame</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> do it by condemnation.



The only sound way to change a sick sexual environment is with a positive sexual philosophy.

*I want* → 6. Finally, feminists should <sup>advocate</sup> ~~start~~ a Society to Eliminate Sick and Sexually Aggressive Words from all Languages. In English, of course, the word fuck is the worst. A lovely woman softly sighing "Fuck me, oh, fuck me!" can never be sure that the nasty, aggressive overtones of the words don't flash through her lover's mind. "I got fucked today by the boss," to my fucking job, to fuck off, to what the fuck are you doing, to a fucking good time, to get the fuck out of here, to I'll fuck the shit out of you, or just fuck-off, the word fuck poisons romance and love.

But fuck is only a beginning. SESSAWAL must try to eliminate the hundreds of other sex slang words that demean human sexuality. Cunt, twat, frig, piece of ass, screw, nuts, blow job, give me head, get your rocks off, shoot your wad, ...you can name even more--deromanticize human sexuality and trivalize it and make it ugly and dirty. You may have noted that throughout this book (when I'm not "watching sexvids with you") I have avoided the word "fuck" and "screw" and used sex making in place of it. But this is not an interpersonal word either. It's simply generally descriptive. You can't passionately say, "Make sex with me,". Feminists should experiment with hundreds of words that are direct and not too euphemistic. The old English word swive" has no bad connotations today. In Love Me Tomorrow I adapted the word kitsa from the international language that James Brown created which he called Loglan. Kitsa denotes extended caring sex making, but here again this is not a word that can become a romantic verb in the act of love. We need active verbs to replace the word fuck" "Be" is a potential. "Be me...honey." is an expression that can be used by a male or female. Same with "ride

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me" or "Complete me." Female to male possibilities are "fill me", "ball me". Male to female possibilities are "sheath me". Other words that can be used by both sexes are "swirl me", "spark me", "twink me", or even "toll me". The basic meaning of toll is to strike a bell with rhythmic strokes. This might be a more appropriate female ex-  
 plative but it has other possibilities as all these words have. For example they tolled for hours. "Please, please, spark me!"

Unfortunately suck because of the hard sound of the word and the relationship to fuck has also become a sick word. But suckle hasn't. But SESSAWAL must get rid of "blow me", "eat me", "give me head". Some possibilities are "taste me", "lave me", "tounge me". I'm sure there are many others. The sick words degrading the human genitals should be targeted and shot down, too. Prick and pussy are still reasonably romantic, but big prick often no longer means just the male penis. Vulva, delta, mons, even bush, still are happy words and penis, rod, jigger have loving connotations. But "come" and even "jism" for the male ejaculation leave a lot to be desired. I'm sure that feminists can find a more romantic words. Obviously, if feminists adopt SESSAWAL, they'll have a ball!

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So, there is the beginning <sup>for</sup> a New Feminist Sexual Manifesto. Regardless of how you feel about it, one thing is certain no matter how far we may travel on the rocky road to sexual Utopia, we must make a start. Having drifted into a world of sexual freedom, instead of censoring it, we must redefine it. Sex degradation is not confined to adult films or sexvids that I've been writing about, It is endemic to much of our mass media. Even Adam Film World, a magazine devoted to the adult film couldn't help editorializing in their November issue about the raunchy <sup>1980</sup> fall commercial television season.

"Far be it from us to condemn honest sex on the screen or tube," their editor wrote, "what we referred to as raunchy may be politely described as suggestive innuendo and risqué titillation piled with leering smirks together with partial nudity." In a fall television serial on ABC titled It's A Living the first offering revealed scantily clad waitresses taking bets on whether a girl should lose her virginity with a remark "You don't have to do it, but if he spends more than forty dollars on dinner, you're required." ABC's Bosom Buddies has men dressed as women staying in an all girl motel. In the opening episode of The Secret Of Midland Heights, a girl wonders if she should sleep with her boyfriend in the same motel where her husband is having an affair. Future stories being shot for pay TV go much further and offer a pseudo sexual sophistication which isn't borne out in the havoc of our daily interpersonal lives. And legitimate Hollywood movies continuously mix sex with violence but by avoiding explicit sex manage to get away with it. A prime example is Brian dePalma's Dressed To Kill.

Imagine by contrast the potential for new kinds of sexvids which explored all the possibilities proposed in the New Feminist Sexual Manifesto. For example, do lovers who finally legalize their relationship, prior to and after, creating a nuclear family (one wife and two children) automatically forgo romantic love and limerence in their lives? How can the peak experiences of hearing a piece of music for the first time, seeing a sunset, or the first delicate embrace of lovers viewing each other's bodies and feeling each other's flesh, or any religious esthetic experience be recaptured? What combination of old and new elements excite the human brain and give the human being a sense of timelessness and joy? Will synergamous

marriages which continuously offer a romantic illusion since the secondary relationship has the advantages of distance, and a somewhat lesser commitment, help give all the participants new romantic perspectives on each other?

Thousands of articles and books and sexvids can be written and produced on this new sexual morality. While many answers may continue to elude us men and women can <sup>learn how to</sup> share romantic reciprocal spiritual emotional explicit sex and be aware of it when they personally achieve it in peak experiences in their lives. Do we dare to unembarrassedly make this kind of sexuality the central subject of all our arts? Can men and women learn to give each other the joy of reciprocation, high visibility, confirmation of each other, joy in each other's successes, laughter in each other's human failings, and quite simply--can women not only give nurturance at which women excel but can they teach men how to give it back to them not as children but as equals?

Visualize a society where the new sexual morality would provide a moral and sexual base. Human nudity would be commonplace. Sexvid stories featuring boys and girls growing up together enjoying themselves as naked sensual creatures, and all through their lives continuously encountering each other as loving naked people, would be easily available.. In this kind of society who would buy the men's magazines with pictures of naked women portrayed as sex objects? In this kind of society where human released from childhood in socially approved channels--rape and violence against women would rapidly decrease. With the potential for expanding one's life with intimate friendships, interpersonal and sexual frustration would decrease and the divorce rate would rapidly decline. <sup>IF</sup> ~~with~~ women's magazines

feminist leaders <sup>together with sympathetic</sup> ~~and men and women~~ <sup>(along with men)</sup> were producing an endless stream of sexvids reflecting the new sexual morality, the sick frustrated, kinky sadistic sex of most current sexvids would become historical oddities. They would be laughed at and shown to young men and women as products of the final phase of the completed visual sexual revolution.

Do we dare to win the video sex revolution and return romance and sexual ecstasy to each other's lives? Do we dare recreate each other and every day experience other persons as the passionate, vibrant, caring human sexual beings we could be?

## Final Chapters

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